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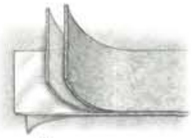

Hand-finished exoti wood trim reveals itself to be

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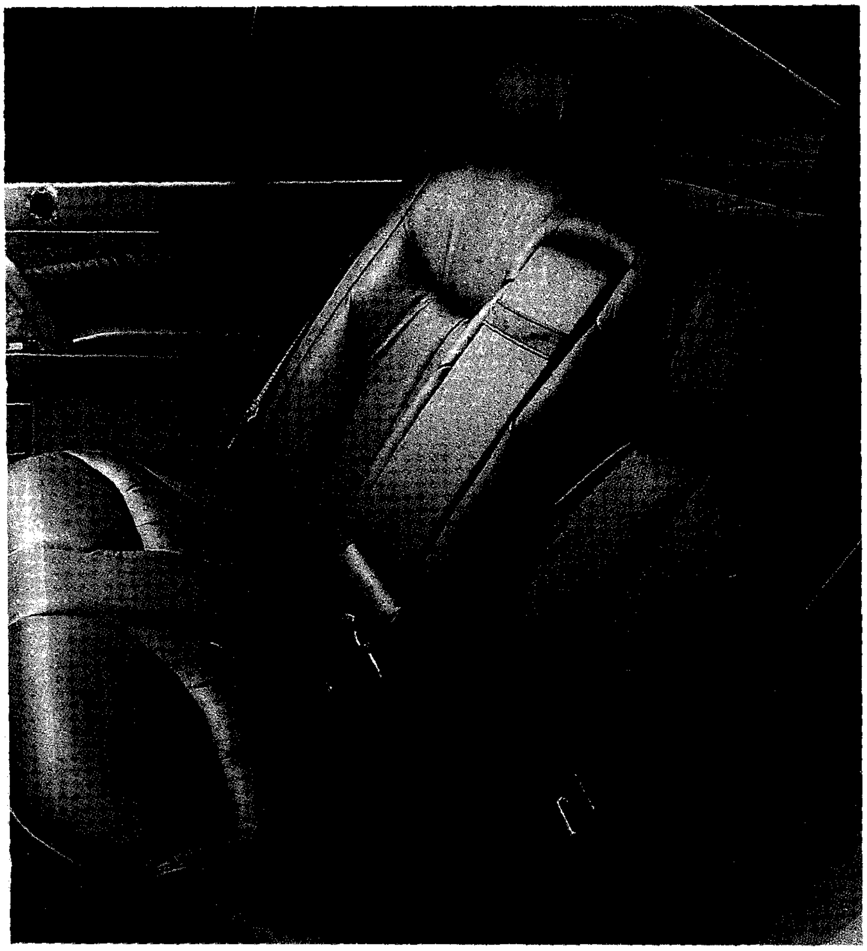

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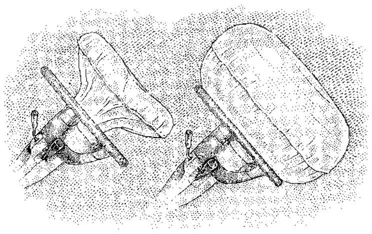

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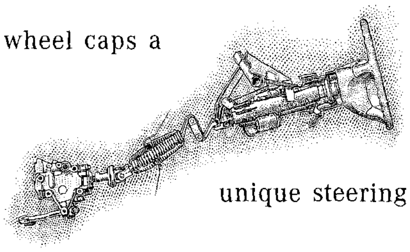

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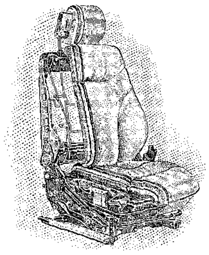

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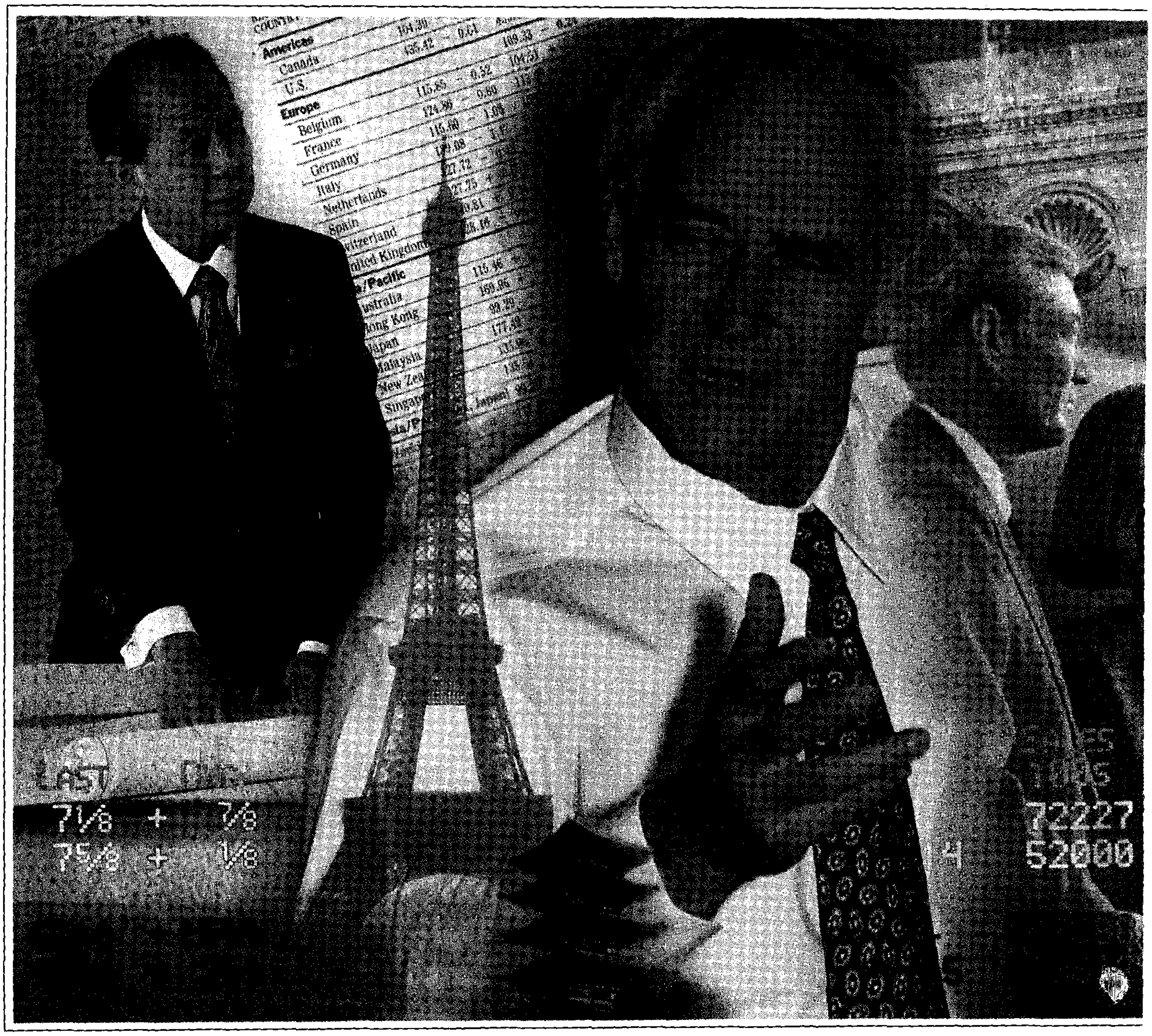

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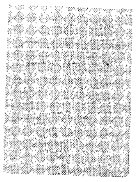

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COMMENT

A MINIMUM OF SENSE

CRIME waves are forever, or so it sometimes seems. See Henry Fielding's timely "Enquiry Into the Causes of the Late Increase of Robbers," published in 1751. The late increase in the American public's fear of crime has many causes, beginning with the real, and terrifying, rise in gun violence, particularly among the urban young. This abiding, often racially charged fear found expression at the polls last fall, when voters put law-and-order white Republicans in the mayors' offices of our two largest cities and in the governors' mansions of Virginia and New Jersey. Within days, President Clinton gave an emotional speech to black clergymen in Memphis about violent crime and "a great crisis of the spirit that is gripping America today." Black leaders held a major conference, convened by Jesse Jackson, in Washington this month to discuss violent crime and strategies for combatting it. And Governor Cuomo, in his State of the State message, declared crime his top legislative priority and went on to propose, among other things, mandatory life sentences without parole for three-time violent offenders.

But the top prize for riding the crime issue full speed around the political ring clearly belongs to the United States Senate, which added more than a hundred and thirty amendments to the Administration's omnibus crime bill, raising its ultimate cost to a budget-crippling twenty-three billion dollars, before approving it almost unanimously, in the second half of November. The federal government's direct role in fighting crime—especially street crime—is small, and, as George Mitchell, the Senate majority leader, has pointed out, the perennial Senate crime debate has "little to do with reducing crime and everything to do with increasing votes." But this recent debate took anti-crime grandstanding to new heights. Senator Robert Dole's contributions included an amendment making youth-gang membership a federal crime and setting a mandatory minimum sentence of ten years without parole for persuading someone under eighteen to join. (Once, there were only three federal crimes:

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treason, piracy, and counterfeiting. At the moment, there are more than three thousand, and nobody knows better how that happened than Mr. Dole and other latter-day opponents of Big Government.) Senator Joseph Biden caught the mood of the debate when he said, "If someone proposed barbwiring the ankles of anyone who jaywalks, I think it would pass." Mr. Biden voted for the anti-crime bill, of course. Mr. Mitchell did, too.

Nothing better illustrates the irrationality of congressional anti-crime legislation than the passion among legislators for mandatory sentencing. First passed in the nineteen-fifties, in a well-meant effort to reduce sentencing disparities caused by class and race, mandatory-sentencing statutes proved rigid and overly severe, and they were repealed en bloc in the seventies. (Many sensible moderates voted for the repeal, including Representative George Bush, who looked forward to "fewer disproportionate sentences.") Their political allure soon overcame their demonstrated unfairness, however, and since 1986 Congress has passed some sixty new mandatory-sentencing statutes. States have also resorted to mandatory sentencing, and the practice, in combination with the "war on drugs," has caused institutional havoc, jamming courts and prisons beyond the bursting point. Absurdly harsh sentences mandated for drug cases, and often imposed on nonviolent first offenders, have in many instances forced the early release of violent convicts. Mandatory sentencing has also, according to the Reagan-Bush director of the Bureau of Prisons, undermined prison discipline, by removing the parole incentive for good behavior. If the current Senate anti-crime bill becomes law, twenty-one new mandatory minimums will be added to the federal books.

If mandatory sentencing could be shown to reduce crime, its ill effects would be tolerable. But the fact is that between 1986, when Congress began legislating mandatory minimums in earnest, and 1992 violent crime rose more than twenty-two per cent nationally. You only have to look at New York, where mandatory minimums for drug offenses are heavily used, to see some of the unfortunate synergy between violent crime and mandatory sentencing. In 1982, sixty-three per cent of the state's prisoners were violent offenders; by 1992, that percentage had shrunk to thirty-four. The impact on the drug problem, however, has been negligible.

Some states, their courts and jails overcrowded, their budgets imperilled, and their crime rates still rising, have begun reconsidering mandatory sentencing. Florida, where prison admissions for drug crimes rose by more than eighteen hundred per cent during the nineteen-eighties, has started repealing its mandatory-sentencing laws. Eventually, the federal government will be forced to do the same. But in the meantime our senators and, to a lesser extent, our representatives (the two chambers will try to reconcile their respective anti-crime bills after they reconvene later this month) cannot seem to control their passion for a judicial mechanism that is deeply flawed and is opposed by all twelve regional Federal Judicial Conferences and a wide range of major national legal organizations, including the American Bar Association, the United States Sentencing Commission, and the Federal Courts Study Committee.

A comprehensive, sophisticated national debate on crime and punishment—something on the order of the great health-care colloquy initiated by the Clinton Administration—is clearly overdue. The population of our prisons has quadrupled in the last twenty years. With more than a million people behind bars, the United States has become by far the world's biggest per-capita incarcerator. What does this very dark fact say about us? Do prisons actually make a difference? They may punish miscreants, but experience shows that increased incarceration rates have only a slight effect on crime rates. What are the alternatives—less costly, more humane—to building ever more prisons?

While violent crime remains concentrated in our poorer communities, the fear and pain caused by violent crime have become pervasive American emotions. Yet our federal government's approach remains largely sidelong and symbolic, with the executive branch offering esoteric new death penalties and the legislative branch compulsively raising the mandatory-sentencing stakes. This sort of response by our political leadership to deepening social disorder is, despite its appealing "toughness," profoundly ineffectual. It smacks, in fact, of ritual, of fearful incantation. It pushes problems away, hoping to lock them up in a maximum-security box somewhere, rather than deal with them. It is also political, in the worst sense of the word: expedient, shortsighted, self-serving. In 1992, Bill Clinton the candidate vowed to shift the emphasis in drug policy from law enforcement to medical treatment, arguing that treatment has been far more successful than incarceration in reducing drug abuse. He was right, and that policy shift would almost certainly have reduced the violent-crime rate. Unfortunately, the drug policy of Bill Clinton the President, too sensitive to the political winds, has remained indistinguishable from his predecessor's. And on this subject Congress seems unable to learn from painful history. ♦

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IN THE MAIL

GUN CONTROL

It is understandable that the Comment "After Brady" (December 13th) chose to limit its scope by praising "what the Brady bill will do, not bemoaning what it won't." However, the mention of the Second Amendment ("A well-regulated militia being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed") raises an interesting point. Some legal scholars believe that the Founding Fathers intended this passage to insure only the existence of protective militias. It can therefore be argued that there is no *constitutional* right to private gun use. Are the American people entitled to a reëxamination of the Second Amendment, and the possibility that it has been misunderstood and misinterpreted for hundreds of years by legal scholars, governments, and the public? Ultimate judgment of the Brady bill might focus on whether or not it delays such a reëxamination.

LAWRENCE LITT
San Francisco, Calif.

UNEXPLAINED EVIL

"Liverpool's Children" (December 13th), Sue Coe's depiction of the murder of two-year-old James Bulger by two small boys, aged ten and eleven, shows these boys as shambling, menacing, subhuman thugs. But what made this case so horrifying was that these boys look like ordinary, normal kids. Coe surrounds the murder with so many pictures of deprivation and despair that her message is obvious: she wants us to believe that the boys killed the child because they grew up in such grim surroundings. Yet nobody in Britain—no politician, no churchman, no journalist, no academic, no policeman—has blamed Liverpool for James's death. Quite the contrary. It is widely accepted that his murder was an inexplicable act of evil that might have happened anywhere.

DEREK ROBINSON
Bristol, England

FLIGHT 007

I was struck by the ironic parallels between Mark Danner's El Mozote article (December 6th) and Murray Sayle's article on the downing of Korean Air Lines Flight KE007 (December 13th). A passage from each singularly captures the Cold War's mirror images of deception. In El Salvador, the cable the United States Embassy sent to Washington describing its investigation of the El Mozote massacre states, "It is not possible to prove or disprove excesses of violence against the civilian population of El Mozote by Government troops. . . . No evidence could be found to confirm that Government forces systematically massacred civilians in the operation zone." Soviet experts analyzing the contents of the Korean airliner's black boxes wrote in a report to Yuri Andropov, "We did not succeed in obtaining outright proof that the flight was performing an intelligence mission." These quotations demonstrate the Orwellian capacity of both sides in the Cold War for twisting language to mask the horror of their misdeeds. While we should be grateful that the Cold War is behind us, we must continue to bring its secrets to light, to make it harder for future governments to cover up the criminal acts they perform in the name of protecting their constituents' interests.

JOHN ADLER
Brooklyn, N.Y.

I was most impressed by Murray Sayle's "Closing the File on Flight 007"; it settled many questions about this tragedy. However, I thought that he was too easy on the involvement of the United States military in this incident. He mildly questions the lack of records of the Newenham and Romanzof radars in Alaska but makes no mention of the American radars in northern Japan, where this whole error in navigation must surely have been watched as it unfolded.

Our government seems to have used this situation as an opportunity to test the Soviets' response or to allow them to slip into the embarrassing position that developed, and was quite willing to gamble the lives of those on board to accomplish these things. Sayle says our military has no responsibility for civil air traffic, but its action here would be indefensible in a moral nation.

HERBERT G. SUSMANN
Palo Alto, Calif.

Murray Sayle replies:

I commend Mr. Susmann's suspiciousness but not his conclusion. The last minutes of KE007 were indeed observed by the Japanese radar at Wakkanai, on the northern tip of the island of Hokkaido, and probably by the American radar at the same site. The Japanese operator reported seeing a small blip pursuing a larger one, which disappeared toward the sea, but both radars are primary installations, which show only a rough indication of the size of a target. Nothing would have indicated that one blip was a fighter and the other an airliner. Military radars do not normally have the equipment to identify specific aircraft, nor are they supplied with civil codes or schedules, especially if, like Wakkanai, they are hundreds of miles from any recognized air route. No airliner was reported off course, so it is sadly understandable that no alarm was raised in the few minutes when, just conceivably, an alarm might have done some good.

Letters should be as brief as possible, and sent with the writer's name, address, and daytime phone number to "In the Mail," The New Yorker, 20 West 43rd Street, New York, N.Y. 10036. They may be edited for length and clarity.

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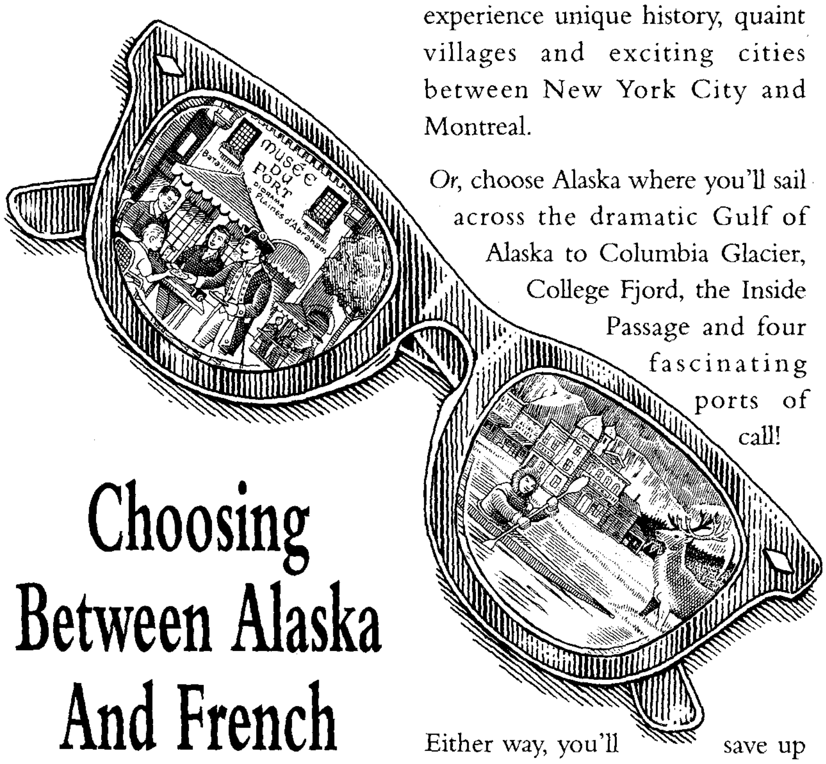

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Ernest & Harriet Baker
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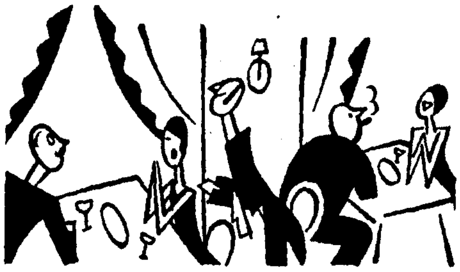

THE THEATRE

Be HERE *Now*

EVER since the mercury began to plummet, one of the city's hottest spots has been the downtown cultural complex known as HERE (145 Sixth Avenue, at Spring Street). On a typical evening last month, you could have seen a lively work in progress from the sexy trio Instant Girl, directed by Ethan Silverman; a knockabout satire called "Generation X," by John Augustine; a lobby replete with stars; and as many show-biz know-it-alls as attend a William Morris Agency retreat. The sheer breadth of the offerings at HERE—the huge ramshackle space includes three theatres, film- and video-screening facilities, an art gallery, and a café—insures that the scene in the lobby changes hourly.

The play lineup changes often, too. This week, an intrepid theatregoer might take in David Greenspan's "Son of an Engineer," the story, inspired by nineteen-fifties-TV families, of a young man's unusual homecoming; the Hogar Latino Lab's production of "Macbeth"; and a late-night performance-club series featuring "King Lucky," a musical serial with a Presley-like hero, by Todd Alcott and Chuck Montgomery, and "Y'HERE" (as in "Y'all Are HERE"), in which some of the usual downtown suspects threaten, through their collective caterwauling, to resurrect the hootenanny. With this much going on, it shouldn't surprise anyone that the Coney Island Circus Side Show is also in residence this winter.

OPENINGS AND PREVIEWS

(Please call the phone number listed with the theatre for timetables and ticket information.)

As You Like It—Theatre for a New Audience presents Shakespeare's comedy, directed by Mark Rylance, who also plays Touchstone. Miriam Healy-Louie is Rosalind. Previews through the matinée on Jan. 22. Opens that night at 8. (St. Clement's, 423 W. 46th St. 279-4200.)

Booth—Austin Pendleton's play about the nineteenth-century actor Junius Brutus Booth and his son Edwin, who are portrayed by Frank Langella and Garret Dillahunt. Presented by the York Theatre Company. Previews through Jan. 21. Opens Jan. 22 at 8. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 534-5366. Closes Feb. 13.)

Circle Repertory Company—Jenna Zark's play "A Body of Water" begins previews on Jan. 19. It will alternate with Regina Taylor's one-woman show "Escape from Paradise," starting Jan. 26. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S. 239-6200.)

Gilbert and Sullivan: "Ruddigore" at Symphony Space.

WOJCIECH WOLYNSKI

Day Standing on Its Head—A play by Philip Kan Gotanda. Previews through Jan. 23. Opens Jan. 25 at 7:30. (Manhattan Theatre Club, at City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 581-1212.)

Hello Again—A new musical by Michael John LaChiusa, loosely based on Arthur Schnitzler's play "La Ronde." With Judy Blazer, John Dossett, John Cameron Mitchell, and Donna Murphy. In previews. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200.)

The Illusion—A 1636 play by Corneille, adapted by Tony Kushner. Opens Jan. 19 at 7. (Classic Stage Company, 136 E. 13th St. 677-4210.)

Irene Worth's Portrait of Edith Wharton—A one-woman show, adapted, by the actress, from Wharton's writings. Preview on Jan. 19. Opens Jan. 20 at 8. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150.)

No Man's Land—Christopher Plummer and Jason Robards star in Harold Pinter's 1975 play. David Jones was the director. In previews. (Roundabout, Broadway at 45th St. 869-8400.)

Smiling Through—Music of the forties is spotlighted in this show about a music-hall performer, portrayed by the British actress Vicki Stuart. Written by Ivan Menchell, Miss Stuart's son. Previews begin Jan. 21. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 757-3900.)

Those the River Keeps—A play by David Rabe, with Paul Guilfoyle and Annabella Sciorra. Mr. Rabe directed. In previews. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 239-6200.)

Wifey—A comedy written and directed by Tom Noonan, with Julie Hagerty, Wallace Shawn, Karen Young, and Mr. Noonan. Previews through Jan. 22. Opens Jan. 23 at 7 and runs through Feb. 6. (Paradise Theatre, 64 E. 4th St. For information about tickets, call 979-7362.)

OPENED RECENTLY

All in the Timing—An evening of six one-act comedies by David Ives. The subjects are various (the death of Trotsky, Philip Glass goes shopping), and the literary technique is sparkling. Directed by Jason McConnell Buzas. (Primary Stages, 354 W. 45th St. 777-7474.)

Angels in America—"Perestroika," the second half of Tony Kushner's "Angels in America," is a masterpiece. Every line sings with hurt and humor. Epic in scope, superbly acted, and directed with passionate restraint by George C. Wolfe, the play employs an original, impressionistic theatrical vocabulary to show us the heart of a new age. It runs in repertory with the first half, "Millennium Approaches." ("Perestroika" was reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93; "Millennium Approaches," 5/31/93.) (Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. 239-6200.)

Annie Warbucks—Kathryn Zaremba, an infant phenomenon if ever there was one, has the title role in this beguiling sequel to "Annie." (8/23 & 30/93) (Variety Arts Theatre, Third Ave. at 14th St. 239-6200.)

Blown Sideways Through Life—In her sixty-fifth job, Claudia Shear charmingly and observantly tells us about her previous sixty-four, which have ranged from working in a hardware store to being a "phone girl" at a whorehouse, with a stint as a Bloomingdale's cosmetics salesgirl thrown in. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2285.)

Cyrano: The Musical—The nose have it. (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 307-4100.)

East Texas Hot Links—A play by Eugene Lee about a Southern black community in 1955. The cast includes Loretta Devine, Earle Hyman, and Ed Wheeler. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Closes Jan. 30.)

Family Secrets—Sherry Glaser is the sole, physically adept, very funny performer in this comedy about a Jewish family, which she wrote with Greg Howells. (Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 307-4100.)

Four Dogs and a Bone—The "bone" of John Patrick Shanley's satiric comedy is a movie, and the "four dogs" are its producer, writer, and two actresses, who together make the funniest foursome in town. (11/15/93) (Lucille Lortel, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782.)

The Government Inspector—The National Actors Theatre presents Nikolai Gogol's satiric comedy. The cast includes Lainie Kazan and Tony Randall. (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6280. Closes Feb. 6.)

Greetings!—Tom Dudzick's comedy is a hilarious boy-brings-fiancée-home-at-Christmas story. Aaron Goodwin is terrific as the brother who occasionally becomes possessed by a New Age "entity." The rest of the cast—Lenore Loveman, Darren McGavin, Gregg Edelman, and Toby Poser—are also topnotch. Directed by Dennis Zacek. (John Houseman, 450 W. 42nd St. 967-9077.)

Howard Crabtree's Whoop-Dee-Doo!—A witty and topical musical revue. (Actors' Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. For information about tickets, call 777-7474.)

Jean Cocteau Repertory—Performances of Shaw's "Heartbreak House" alternate with David Fishelson's dramatization of Dostoyevski's "The Brothers Karamazov." (Bouwerie Lane Theatre, 330 Bowery, at Bond St. 677-0060.)

Jewish Repertory Theatre—In Arthur Giron's drama "Edith Stein," Laura Esterman plays the German Jewish nun and philosopher who was gassed at Auschwitz in 1942. (Playhouse 91, at 316 E. 91st St. 831-2000. Closes Jan. 30.)

Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat—Like a kaleidoscope, Andrew Lloyd Webber's flippant new mega-version of his first musical is bright, ever-changing, and utterly meaningless. As Joseph, Michael Damian is physically nimble and vocally wan. Everyone else conspires to wring an ovation out of the overstimulated audience. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 307-4100.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—A musical, based on the novel by Manuel Puig, with a distinguished book by Terrence McNally and a star performance by the redoubtable Chita Rivera in the title role. Harold Prince was the director. The songs are by John Kander and Fred Ebb. (5/24/93) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200.)

Laughter on the 23rd Floor—Neil Simon's twenty-seventh Broadway play, about a group of writers for a fictionalized version of "Your Show of Shows," is one of his finest comic efforts. The subject allows Simon to do what he does best: tell jokes about the making of laughs. Directed by Jerry Zaks, with Mark Linn-Baker, Lewis J. Stadlen, Nathan Lane, Ron Orbach, John Slattery, and J. K. Simmons. (12/20/93) (Richard Rodgers, 226 W. 46th St. 307-4100.)

My Fair Lady—Howard Davies' genial new production of the Lerner and Loewe musical. Richard Chamberlain is all charm and suave good looks as Professor Henry Higgins, and Melissa Errico lends a fine voice and an attractive presence to the role of Eliza. With excellent support from Paxton Whithead, Dolores Sutton, and Julian Holloway. (1/17/94) (Virginia, 245 W. 52nd St. 239-6200.)

My Head Was a Sledgehammer—Richard Foreman's new play, performed by his Ontological-Hysteric Theatre. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. For reservations, call 533-4650.)

Objects Lie on a Table—Target Margin Theatre performs a 1922 play by Gertrude Stein. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Jan. 23.)

Old New York: False Dawn—The New York Art Theatre Institute's charming version of the first chapter of Edith Wharton's novella "Old New York." (Old Merchant's House Museum, 29 E. 4th St. 226-6211.)

Out Is In—Comic Kate Clinton solos in her Off Broadway début. (Perry Street Theatre, 31 Perry St. 777-7474. Closes Jan. 30.)

The Rez Sisters—A group of Native American women leave the reservation to play in a million-dollar bingo game in Toronto. Though the show is very uneven, there are several superb confessional monologues, and good performances by Gloria Miguel, Muriel Miguel, Elvira Colorado, and Louis Mofsie. Kevin Tarrant's drum-and-chant music is effective throughout. (New York Theatre Workshop, 79 E. 4th St. 302-6989.)

Ruddigore—New York Gilbert & Sullivan Players present the operetta, Jan. 20-23. (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400.)

She Loves Me—The Roundabout's production of the 1963 Bock-Harnick-Masteroff musical. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 307-4100.)

Stitches—A comedy by David and Amy Sedaris about the price of celebrity. (La Mama, 74A E. 4th St. 475-7710. Closes Feb. 6.)

Twelfth Night—The Pearl Theatre Company performs Shakespeare's comedy. With Robin Leslie Brown (Viola), Andrew Sellon (Sebastian), Michael James Reed (Orsino), Raye Lankford (Olivia), Robert Hock (Malvolio), and Frank Lowe (Sir Toby Belch). (125 W. 22nd St. 645-7708. Closes Jan. 29.)

LONG RUNS

BEAU JEST: Lamb's, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. . . . **BLOOD BROTHERS:** Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **BLUE MAN GROUP/TUBES:** Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. . . . **CATS:** Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. . . . **CRAZY FOR YOU:** Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. . . . **FOREVER PLAID:** Steve McGraw's, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. . . . **GUYS AND DOLLS:** Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **LES MISÉRABLES:** Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. . . . **MISS SAIGON:** Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 239-6200. . . . **NUNSENSE:** Douglas Fairbanks, 432 W. 42nd St. 239-4321. . . . **PERFECT CRIME:** Duffy, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. 695-3401. . . . **THE PHANTOM OF THE OPERA:** Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. . . . **THE SISTERS ROSENSWEIG:** Ethel Barrymore, 243 W. 47th St. 239-6200. . . . **TONY N' TINA'S WEDDING:** St. John's Church, 81 Christopher St. 279-4200. . . . **THE WHO'S TOMMY:** St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 239-6200.

IN ANOTHER CATEGORY—PERFORMANCE ART, ETC.

"Birdbones"—Kentucky native Dudley Saunders presents a performance piece about a Southern family in decline. (The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793. Jan. 20-23 at 9. Through Jan. 30.)

Reno—The writer and performer continues to work on her new show, "Reno Besides Myself." (P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288. Jan. 21-22 at 10:30.)

Yangtze Repertory Theatre—In a version of Aeschylus' "Prometheus Bound" that incorporates elements of Peking Opera. (Schaeberle Theatre, Pace University, 41 Park Row, tenth floor. 889-9332. Jan. 21 at 7:30 and Jan. 22 at 3 and 7:30. Through Jan. 29.)

"Dirty Dishy Divine"—A music-theatre work composed and written by Tiyé Giraud and directed by Laurie Carlos. The piece concerns African-American entertainers in the early twentieth century. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 19-22 at 8 and Jan. 23 at 3.)

IN BRITAIN, there is a tradition of modesty at the very top.

Thus, a tremor ran round at Macallan when it was suggested that *a pictorial representation* of their malt whisky bottle should appear in an advertisement.

It smacked too much of the **'hard sell'.**

Their Publicity Advisers, however, assured them that there is occasionally a need for this sort of thing.

So, with some misgiving, they have consented to a small scraperboard reproduction being displayed.

The MACALLAN
Single Highland Malt Scotch Whisky
12 YEARS OLD
BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND

"One sip is worth one thousand pictures."

**THE MACALLAN.
THE SINGLE MALT
SCOTCH.**

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DANCE

The Beginner

ERICK HAWKINS, now eighty-four and celebrating sixty years as a dancer, started out as a classics major at Harvard. After seeing Harald Kreutzberg, the German dancer, perform in New York in 1931, he decided to become a dancer and studied with Kreutzberg in Salzburg. When he came back to New York, he heard that Lincoln Kirstein was bringing George Balanchine to America, and he was the first to enroll at the School of American Ballet, which opened in 1933. He was in the première of "Serenade," Balanchine's first American work, and he was a member of American Ballet, New York City Ballet's predecessor, until 1937. Hawkins also danced with Ballet Caravan, another New York City Ballet forerunner, and it was there that Balanchine gave him his first choreography assignment. In 1938, he joined Martha Graham's company, as its first male dancer. He and Graham were married in 1948, but they were subsequently divorced, and in 1951 he went out on his own.

This week at the Joyce Theatre, the Erick Hawkins Dance Company offers six evenings of repertoire (from January 25 through January 30), including a revival of his 1960 landmark work "8 Clear Places," with a new score by Lucia Dlugoszewski, and a première, "Many Thanks," for the full company of fourteen. As always, his work will be rich with metaphor and adventurous lyricism. He likes to quote the last lines of E. E. Cummings' sonnet on the new moon: "teach disappearing also me the keen / illimitable secret of begin."

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Jan. 19 at 8: "Haieff Divertimento," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Fearful Symmetries," and "Who Cares?". . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 8: "Interplay," "Ives, Songs," and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8: "Interplay," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Fearful Symmetries." . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Sylvia Pas de Deux," "Variations pour une Porte et un Soupir," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 1: "Harlequinade" and "The Concert." . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 7: "Ballo della Regina," "Ives, Songs," and "Who Cares?" . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8: "Jewels." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Feb. 27.)

"ALTOGETHER DIFFERENT"—The final performances in a series featuring contemporary-dance companies. Jan. 19 and Jan. 22 at 8, and Jan. 23 at 2: Joe Goode Performance Group. . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 8 and Jan. 22 at 2: Donna Uchizono. (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

"LIBRE-ÉCHANGE"—The first of two weekend programs devoted to six United States choreographers, five of whom live in Montreal. With Hetty King and Jeremy Weichsel, and Yuji Oka and Stephanie Gottlob. (St. Mark's In-the-Bouwerie, Second Ave. at 10th St. 674-8194. Jan. 21-23 at 8:30.)

ERICK HAWKINS DANCE COMPANY—The opening performance of a one-week engagement: "New Moon," "Intensities of Space, and Wind," and "Many Thanks" (première). (Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Jan. 25 at 7:30. Through Jan. 30.)

NIGHT LIFE

Free and Clear

THERE'S a wonderful song at the end of Willie Nelson's latest album, "Across the Borderline," which, in a few spare lines, speaks volumes about this remarkable performer's unquenchable thirst for life—or, as he calls it, his education. "I can be moving or I can be still," he sings, "but still is still moving to me." Not that Willie has had much time to be still of late. Since reaching a settlement in early 1993 with the I.R.S. over a disputed tax shelter that cost him millions in fines and penalties, Texas Willie has spent the past year in the merry throes of both an artistic and a commercial renewal. "Across the Borderline," his best studio work in years, found him crossing musical boundaries, with the likes of Bob Dylan, Paul Simon, and Sinéad O'Connor. His face popped up on fast-food ads, his signature adorned tequila shot glasses, and his sixtieth birthday was celebrated with a prime-time network-television special.

Then, last fall, came the feather in his bandanna: at the Country Music Association Awards, in Nashville, Willie was inducted into the Country Music Hall of Fame. With characteristic grace and wit, he spent most of his acceptance speech extolling the talents of fellow-nominees who had *not* been elected—his buddies Faron Young, Harlan Howard, and Merle Haggard. "If you think I'm going to come in here and accept this award when all these guys are just as deserving as I am," he said, "you're damn right I am." At the Beacon Theatre, where he'll be performing on January 23, he'll likely sprinkle in a number of his old standards—like "Funny How Time Slips Away," which he wrote more than three decades ago. At this juncture, it appears that it's Willie Nelson who's giving time the slip.

CONCERTS

"ECHOES OF AFRICA"—A program with guitarists John Cephas and Phil Wiggins, the Georgia Sea Island Singers, tap dancer Lavaughn Robinson, and kora player/griot Djimo Kouyate. (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. 854-7799. Jan. 19 at 8.)

JIMMIE DALE GILMORE—A free concert by one of the most ethereal voices in country music. (Winter Garden, World Financial Center, Battery Park City. Jan. 20 at 6:30. No tickets necessary.)

JOHN HIATT—The brilliant singer-songwriter and perfectly good guitarist returns to the city. (Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 496-7070. Jan. 21 at 8.)

ADAM MAKOWICZ—The jazz pianist plays pieces associated with Art Tatum. (Kosciuszko Foundation, 15 E. 65th St. 734-2130. Jan. 21 at 7.)

LYRICS & LYRICISTS—The first in this series of five programs salutes Sammy Cahn. The performers include Julius La Rosa, Carol Woods, and Jim Lowe (narrator). (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 23 at 2:30 and 8 and Jan. 24 at 2 and 8.)

"HEAVENLY JAZZ"—Presenting the Kenny Davern quartet. (Church of the Heavenly Rest, Fifth Ave. at 90th St. Jan. 23 at 5. Tickets at the door on the day of the concert.)

WILLIE NELSON—Beacon Theatre. Jan. 23 at 8.

CABARET AND STANDARDS

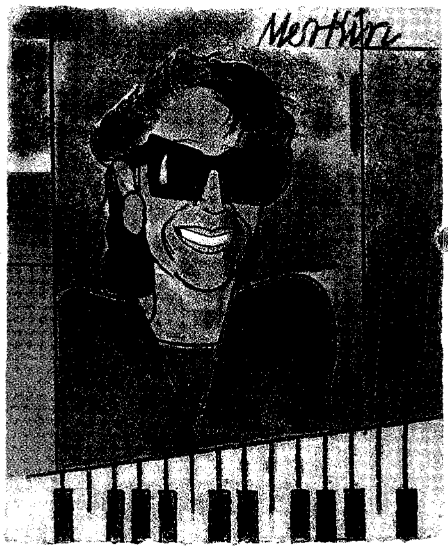
ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**WESLIA WHITFIELD** is currently at work in the woody nook known as the Oak Room. She is probably the most assured and affecting jazz-cabaret voice to grace New York in years. With Mike Greensill on piano.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—A cool green music hall that features a steady stream of international pop and cabaret stars, as well as the occasional drag queen. The Ballroom is also a tapas restaurant—if you haven't had dinner, you may never make it to the show. The Brazilian season continues, providing a buffer to the New York wind-chill factor. **ANGELA RO RO** is here through Jan. 29. **BLOSSOM DEARIE** quavers into earshot, at the early shows on Fridays and Saturdays.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—The Café Carlyle, a snug, windowless enclave in the doorman district, features discreet waiters, wraparound pastel murals, and, through Jan. 22, the **MODERN JAZZ QUARTET.** At the intersection where bop and the blues meet classical music, you'll find the stalwart Modern Jazz Quartet, which has been brilliantly merging these elements for more than forty years. But there's nothing stuffy about the band. It remains incomparable, swinging as forcefully, in its own subdued fashion, as the Basie band did in its prime. **EARTHA KITT** begins an engagement on Jan. 25. . . . ¶ Across the hall, in Bemelmans Bar, **KURT WIETING** presides at the piano, through Jan. 22. **RONNY WHYTE** takes over on Jan. 25.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—A midtown restaurant and jazz lair for the tasselled-loafers set. The dark, sombre bar (carved-wood lions, iron grillwork) looks like a place you'd find in London's financial district; the dining room (putting-green green carpet, lime-green leather banquettes) has more of a country-club feel. Singer **GAIL WYNTERS** is here with the **BILL CHARLAP** trio for an open-ended run. Woody Allen continues his night job as clarinet player in the **NEW ORLEANS FUNERAL AND RAGTIME ORCHESTRA,** a Dixieland-jazz ensemble now in its twentieth year. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW & STARS, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (632-5000)—Not to be confused with its richer cousin, the Rainbow Room, which is just down the hall. There you'll find expansive Art Deco glitter; here intimate nineties glitter. The performers, with their backs to the window,



Valerie Capers at Knickerbocker.

RICHARD MERKIN

have to compete with a view of the Hudson, the George Washington Bridge, and beyond. **"THE LEONARD BERNSTEIN REVUE: A HELLUVA TOWN!"** continues, featuring timeless songs and a stellar cast of Broadway alumni—Marilyn Caskey, Lauren Mitchell, Mark Hardy, Patrick Quinn, Ruth Williamson, and musical director Lee Musicker. The director, Richard Sabellico, who conceived and developed the revue with songwriter Stan Freeman, says the cast's job is to show "humanity revealing itself to itself," with Bernstein's divine melodies enhancing and deepening the revelation. There are selections from all Bernstein's major theatrical works, including the light opera "Candide" and the composer's three New York musicals "On the Town," "Wonderful Town," and "West Side Story." Closed Mondays.

JAZZ AND BLUES

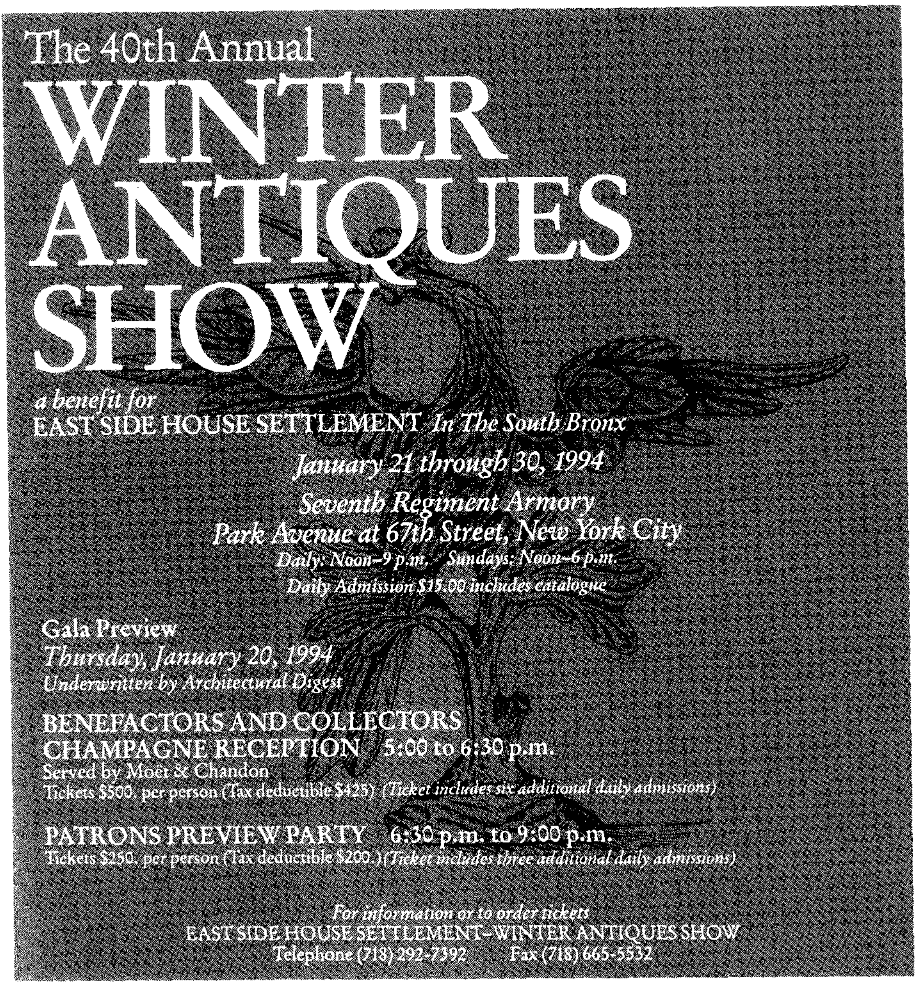
ARTHUR'S TAVERN, 57 Grove St. (675-6879)—A quirky, endearing Village watering hole, perpetually decorated for the holidays—all of them. The musicians work in the back of the room, in a well ringed by a bar—a setup that seems to bring out the latent show-biz tendencies in some of the bar's patrons. Mondays belong to the Grove Street Stompers, Tuesdays through Thursdays to Al Bundy and John Parker, Fridays to the George Stubbs trio and the Freddy Francis trio (also here on Saturdays), and Sundays to Lee Lorenz and the Creole Cookin' Jazz Band.

BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—Jazz, mirrors, and a gift shop. Through Jan. 23: the popular fusion outfit **SPYRO GYRA,** which is regarded about as highly among jazz purists as Michael Bolton is among scholars of rock and soul. **JOSÉ FELICIANO** begins an engagement on Jan. 25. Dining.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—On any given night, and well into the morning, one or another of New York's many formidable pianists can be found here, shoehorned into a corner with the resplendent Baldwin that Paul Desmond bequeathed to the late Bradley Cunningham. **JACKY TERRASSON, LEON PARKER,** and **UGONNA OKEGWO** play through Jan. 22. Terrasson, who held down the piano chair in drummer Art Taylor's band, recently won the prestigious Thelonious Monk piano contest. An unusually supple player, Terrasson loves reshaping standards with off-kilter arrangements. Parker, a brilliant swing miniaturist, has reduced his drum kit to snare, bass, and a single cymbal—it's all he needs. The **JAMES WILLIAMS** trio begins on Jan. 24. In the mid-eighties, Williams held his own at the piano, in Art Blakey's last great band, alongside Wynton Marsalis; he's been impressing New Yorkers with his sturdy bop stylings ever since. Dining.

DOWN BEAT, 101 Seventh Ave. S. (620-4000)—A long, warm, wood-panelled room with upholstered banquettes, a nicely appointed bar, and a reliable roster of jazz names. Murals of Diz, Bird, and Basie adorn the walls, so the players are always in good company. The **TAL FARLOW** trio appears through Jan. 23. Farlow knows everything about bop-style guitar playing, period. His sound is velvet, his taste impeccable, his technique still astonishing. To watch him play full choruses in harmonics is to witness jazz magic. On Mondays, look for the **PETE (LA ROCA) SIMS SWINGTIME ALL-STARS.** As the handful of his recordings proves, Sims was one of the most resourceful drummers of the sixties. Having tired of his status as a historical footnote, Sims now leads a modernist band, with shifting personnel, that aims to swing relentlessly.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7900)—The seating arrangement in this long, narrow, red-velvet-and-mirror-walled basement makes flying coach seem roomy; nevertheless, it's one of the city's top jazz spots—thanks largely to the club's talent bookers. But watch your head. Singer **CHRIS CONNOR** performs through Jan. 23. The **JOE MORELLO** quartet starts on Jan. 25. On Mondays, guitarist-inventor **LES PAUL** leads a trio. Dining.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January 21 through 30, 1994
Seventh Regiment Armory
Park Avenue at 67th Street, New York City
Daily: Noon–9 p.m. Sundays: Noon–6 p.m.
Daily Admission $15.00 includes catalogue

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CHAMPAGNE RECEPTION 5:00 to 6:30 p.m.
Served by Moët & Chandon
Tickets $500. per person (Tax deductible $425) *(Ticket includes six additional daily admissions)*

PATRONS PREVIEW PARTY 6:30 p.m. to 9:00 p.m.
Tickets $250. per person (Tax deductible $200.) *(Ticket includes three additional daily admissions)*

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EAST SIDE HOUSE SETTLEMENT–WINTER ANTIQUES SHOW
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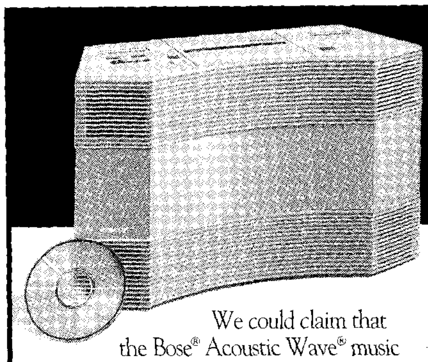

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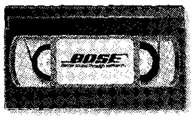

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Five Spot, 4 W. 31st St. (631-0100)—Set in a mammoth turn-of-the-century ballroom, this jazz club is all marble and gilt, with a few modern touches, such as the zebra-patterned carpeting in the V.I.P. room upstairs. **JIRO YOSHIDA** arrives on Jan. 19, followed by **TAKASHI SHIMAMOTO** on Jan. 20. On Jan. 21-22: **JOE CHAMBERS AND HIS MODERN JAZZ ORCHESTRA.** The most sensitive of the sixties' avant-leaning drummers, Chambers is also a composer of knotty, distinctive tunes, and a demanding bandleader who knows the value of form and design. Dining.

Knickerbocker, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—Brass rails, vintage posters, Hirschfeld drawings, bangers and mash, and a piano. While music often takes a back seat to conversation, some able piano-and-bass teams turn up regularly. **VALERIE CAPERS** (piano) and **JOHN ROBINSON** (bass) play through Jan. 22. On Jan. 23, **LARRY RIVERS** appears with members of the Climax Band.

Knitting Factory, 47 E. Houston St., near Mulberry St. (219-3055)—Situated in a neighborhood that boasts the Puck Building to the west and a host of windshield washers to the east, this modest space provides a forum for freethinking musicians. The **JAZZ PASSENGERS** perform on Jan. 20-21; **FLUID FOUNDATION, FAITH,** and the **VELDT** stop by on Jan. 22.

Manny's Car Wash, 1558 Third Ave., at 87th St. (369-2583)—The neon beer signs, Manny's caps, and funky drinks lend this blues bar a frat-house aura, but don't let that put you off: the long, dark, brick-walled room is a good spot to catch blues artists both major and minor. **MILO Z & Z FUNK** swing in on Jan. 19, followed by the **CITY BOYS** on Jan. 20. On Jan. 22, the **SANDRA WRIGHT** band makes an appearance.

Red Blazer Too, 349 W. 46th St. (262-3112)—A place where a fella and a gal can put on the feedbag, get a little tight, and cut a rug. Mondays belong to the Smith Street Society jazz band; Tuesdays to Jim Lawyer and his Bluebird Society Orchestra; Thursdays to Stan Rubin's big band; Fridays to Lew Anderson's big band and Sam Ulano and his Bourbon Street Swingers; and Saturdays to Bob Cantwell and his Stompers.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This jazz outpost deserves credit for a judicious booking policy. The mainstream is always well represented, but so are near-fringe jazz musicians, including some from Europe and Japan. Any club that serves as home base for both Nat Adderley and Steve Lacy is not likely to be pigeonholed. Through Jan. 23: **MC COY TYNER,** with **AVERY SHARPE** and **AARON SCOTT.** There's something so large about Tyner's piano playing—his thunderstruck chords, dual cross-rhythms that miraculously find each other, and Tatumesque dashes all seem noble. Sharpe (on bass) and Scott (on drums) round out the trio. In for a night, on Jan. 24, Zebra Coast Expand, directed by Gil Goldstein. Starting up on Jan. 25: the **WORLD SAXOPHONE QUARTET,** with **AFRICAN DRUMS.** Dining.

Time Café, 380 Lafayette St. (533-7000)—Hidden inside this trendy restaurant is a two-story club called Fez. Upstairs is a sumptuous Moroccan bar and lounge appointed with satin couches, mosaic tables, and Arabian-style fixtures. The downstairs room, where bands perform, is rather plain in comparison, but still a sleek and comfortable spot to take in a show. The **MINGUS BIG BAND** packs them in every Thursday. The fourteen-piece ensemble, directed by baritone saxophonist Ronnie Cuber, concentrates exclusively on the tricky, cacophonous work of its catalyst, the late Charles Mingus. On Jan. 21: **"GUITARS PLAY MINGUS."** The brainchild of a music professor at Concordia University, in Montreal, the program made its New York début at Lincoln Center this past August, then swung over to Fez in October. The lineup includes five guitarists, along with members of the Mingus Big Band's rhythm section. The **HOLLY COLE** trio begins on Jan. 25. The trio's savvy, minimalist approach to standards was gorgeously captured on disk last year by Don Was, who produced "Don't Smoke in Bed." Among the album's gems is a bolerolike rendition of "I Can See Clearly Now," in which Cole's voice starts off cool and misty, then gradually opens up to evoke that bright, bright sunshiny day. Dining.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—The world's most famous jazz club is also the last place in town that still looks, feels, and smells like a classic jazz club—subterranean, smoky, and thick with the spirits of past masters. The **VON FREEMAN** quartet continues through Jan. 23. At seventy-two, Freeman may be jazz's most adventurous tenor saxophonist. This Chicago-based musician follows his own personal road map, offering daring, assured solos. A sly radical, Freeman celebrates the grand tradition while subverting it at every turn. The **CYRUS CHESTNUT** trio begins on Jan. 25. Why does the twenty-something Chestnut stand out from the gaggle of young hot-shot pianists in New York? It's a matter of authenticity: Chestnut's fluency with blues phraseology, his unaffected romanticism, and a splendid touch that never glosses over a battering-ram rhythm section. He loves detailed arrangements full of crafty, shifting dynamics, just the way his sometime boss Betty Carter does. The **VANGUARD JAZZ ORCHESTRA** holds sway on Mondays.

Zinno, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—One of those snazzy eateries you've seen nestled amid brownstones in the Village and wondered about. The food is Italian, the atmosphere is pastels and soft lights, and the musicians, who set up in a room between the bar and the dining room, are first-rate. **JOHN BUNCH, JAY LEONHART,** and **BUCKY PIZZARELLI** join forces through Jan. 22. On Jan. 23, Leonhart plays with **TED ROSENTHAL.** Starting Jan. 24: **SONNY FORTUNE, JOHN HICKS,** and **SANTI DEBRIANO.** A quadruple threat, Fortune has mastered tenor, alto, and soprano saxophone and flute. Hicks is as prodigiously powerful a pianist as McCoy Tyner, but at times he seems heavy on technique, light on substance. The sensitive support of Debriano on bass should let his passion shine through.

ROCK AND FOLK

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A great black loft that's jammed with row after row of tables—it looks a little like the site of a standardized test. **MARSHALL CRENSHAW** is here with a band on Jan. 21, with Joy Askew. Crenshaw's career as a rock singer-songwriter and guitar ace is currently in a commercial lull, but his deep talents still serve him well, and he can bathe a club audience with the pleasures of pop-roots savvy and instrumental ingenuity. On Jan. 22: **LOUDON WAINWRIGHT III.** When this urban folksinger began making records, in the early seventies, he was hailed as the Charlie Chaplin of rock and the Woody Allen of folk, among other things. Many albums and several film and television appearances later, Wainwright has returned with a new live album titled, fittingly enough, "Career Moves," which he says commemorates "twenty-five years of making a damn good living on the periphery of the music business."

Café Sin-é, 122 St. Marks Pl. (982-0370)—Don't be misled by the sleepy, hole-in-the-wall atmosphere of this bohemian Irish café, or by the fact that the place has no stage. While patrons have been writing in journals, rolling cigarettes, or lingering over their Rolling Rocks, some pretty fine musicians have turned up and tuned up: Sinéad O'Connor, Marianne Faithfull, and Luka Bloom, to name a heady few. On Jan. 22 **RUTH GERSON** makes one of several appearances here this month. A recent Princeton graduate, Gerson is fast becoming one of the most talked-about singer-songwriters in town, thanks to her ability to offset satire with pathos. Another aspiring minstrel, **MARK GEARY,** brings his assertive folk-rock to the club on Jan. 23.

Grand, 76 E. 13th St. (777-0600)—A cross between an old-fashioned split-level night club and a parking garage decorated for a senior prom. Despite the balloons and the candy-colored lights, this is a serious room for serious rock-and-rolling. You can either vibrate up front, near a wall-o'-speakers, or lounge around the bar in the back and follow the show on a video monitor. On Jan. 19: **SUDDENLY TAMMY,** with **LOTION.** Unabashed children of the seventies, the fellows in Lotion approach rock from what they've called "the Leo Sayer point of view"—that is, with a keen ear for the sort of sweet, sunny hooks that abounded in pop music during AM radio's heyday. But if this Lotion is smooth and creamy where melodies are concerned, then its arrangements are decidedly bracing. On its début album, "full Isaac," the group offers aggressively pretty guitar rock rife with exotic instrumental flourishes.

Irving Plaza, 17 Irving Pl., at 15th St. (777-6800)—This two-floor establishment has been all things to all people: meeting hall, rock club, jazz club, Off Broadway theatre. **ACOUSTIC JUNCTION** plays on Jan. 21. On Jan. 22: welcome to **THE MACHINE,** a Pink Floyd tribute band. . . . ¶ The Swing Dance Society gathers here every Sunday night, at the Continental Club. The **GEORGE GEE** orchestra will be in on Jan. 23. The dancers all share a passion for the Lindy Hop, a dance that involves a lot of whirling and the occasional display of underwear. Sets from eight until midnight. For information on the society, call 696-9737.

Limelight, Sixth Ave. at 20th St. (807-7850)—A church turned eighties hot spot, this unholy venue currently plays host to a variety of techno and alternative acts. **STICK** plays on Jan. 23, with Stalker and Tribal Redd. The four members of Stick previously played together in a five-piece outfit called Kill Whitey, and their music is no gentler or less confrontational than you'd suspect. On its début album, "Heavy Bag," Stick blends metal and funk textures with hardcore sensibilities, yielding a thick, confrontational brew that's definitely not for the weak of stomach.

Ludlow Street Café, 165 Ludlow St. (353-0536)—Up until a few years ago, this stretch of the Lower East Side was only for the bold. But now that the artists have moved in, you have to go to Williamsburg if you want to get any more bohemian. The Ludlow Street Café, which was one of the first places to stake a claim on the new frontier, is an unassuming basement restaurant-bar, where you can eat cheap, drink cheap, and catch live music nightly. Mondays belong to **BEAT RODEO,** a straight-shooting bar band that plays a mixture of country, blues, Dylan, Byrds, Velvets, and various pop curiosities.

Paddy Reilly's Music Bar, 495 Second Ave., at 28th St. (686-1210)—This Irish outpost has become known as the birthplace of the roots-and-rebellion rock band **BLACK 47,** which acknowledged its origins by putting a picture of the joint on the cover of its new album, "Fire of Freedom." Prepare for a packed room, flowing Guinness, and an Irish-hootenanny atmosphere. Black 47 usually plays on Wednesdays and Saturdays, and Speir Mor (Gaelic for Big Sky) performs for a hearty following on Fridays. Séisiún—a traditional Irish jam—is on Thursday nights. When there's no live music, the jukebox blasts everything from the Chieftains to Greg Trooper to Paddy Reilly, the Irish folksinger who owns the bar.

RECORD STORE ARRIVALS

A highly selective list of new releases we're curious to hear.

BIOHAZARD, "Urban Discipline" (Roadrunner).

ZZ TOP, "Antenna" (RCA).

JODECI, "Diary of a Mad Band" (MCA/Uptown).

JOHN HAMMOND, "Trouble No More" (Pointblank).

MARK ISHAM, "Romeo Is Bleeding" (Verve).

BILLY TAYLOR, "It's a Matter of Pride" (GRP).

KRISTIN HERSH, "Hips and Makers" (Sire/Reprise).

Sounds of Brazil, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great grass hut with a fruit-and-bamboo motif, dedicated to such things as calypso, reggae, and bossa nova. On Jan. 20, a ska festival with **MEPHISKAPHELES** and **THE ASTONIANS,** followed by the **PHANTOMS** on Jan. 21. **OSCAR FIGUEROA** plays on Jan. 24. Closed Sundays. Dining.

Tramps, 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788)—A broad, spacious, and agreeable club, near what was once called Ladies' Mile but might now be termed the pool-hall district. The pillared, loftlike room is decorated in a hodgepodge, vaguely Bourbon Street manner. On Jan. 21, catch **GREG JOHNSON & FUNK FUNK,** featuring the original keyboardist for the R. & B. outfit Cameo. The **ANDREA BOCA** band opens.

Wetlands, 161 Hudson St. (966-4225)—With psychedelic graffiti adorning the walls and peace-espousing, environmentally correct literature displayed near the door, it's little wonder that this cavernous dive lures Deadheads and bands that share the Dead's penchant for endless jamming. That said, patrons in suits and ties can also be spotted swigging beer at the bar and taking in the various incarnations of rock, R. & B., and jazz featured on the small stage toward the back of the club. **URBAN BLIGHT** rolls in on Jan. 21. Having formed as a ska band about a decade ago, Blight has since mixed other elements of reggae and funk into its world beat. The resulting blend has made this eleven-piece band a big draw on college campuses and the club circuit.

OUT AND ABOUT IN TRIBECA

The Triangle below Canal is notorious for the democracy of its exteriors—everything looks like a warehouse, with the possible exception of Bouley and Chanterelle. But behind the brick walls and battered doors are some of the tastiest, and raciest, dining experiences around. Here's a sampling of Tribeca's treats.

El Teddy's, 219 West Broadway (941-7070)—Crowned by a faux Statue of Liberty tiara, this Mexican restaurant offers the ultimate self-conscious downtown experience. With hordes of dressed-to-kill patrons, it's not for the agoraphobic, but the margaritas are seductive, and the tequila bottles lining the bar reflect the light like jewels.

The Odeon, 145 West Broadway (233-0507)—This place used to be way hip, but it's not anymore, which actually makes it a lot more pleasant. Solid bistro fare, a great Art Deco bar (with neon clock), and red and black banquettes make it the equivalent of a coffee shop for the art-crowd regulars. Go late.

Riverrun, 176 Franklin St. (966-3894)—A gallery-cum-coffeehouse-cum-drinking establishment. There's art for sale, newspapers on the tables, characters at the bar, and no-frills booths at the back. Go in the morning and stay all day and most of the night.

Tribeca Grill, 375 Greenwich St. (941-3900)—*The* place to star-watch, owned by Robert De Niro and friends. The food is good, but it's beside the point, as are the large center bar (from the old Maxwell's Plum), the comfy (semi-private) banquettes, and the general egalitarian *brasserie* air.

Two Eleven, 211 West Broadway (925-7202)—Invoking the balmy lobby of a hotel in Kenya during colonial days, complete with dark-wood ceiling fans and giant palms, this restaurant-bar is an oasis of gentility, especially in the dark days of winter.

Walker's, 16 N. Moore St. (941-0142)—As neighborhood as it gets: red-and-white checked tablecloths, lots of dark wood, a TV, an antique bevelled mirror behind the bar, grumpy regulars, and proprietary barflies.

Yaffa's Tea Room, 19 Harrison St. (274-9403)—Tucked away on a dark side street, this Moroccan Casbah-style hideaway is a luxurious nook in which to while away the hours sipping tea or soothing your stomach with the warm Mediterranean fare. Check out the bathroom walls embedded with glass beads.

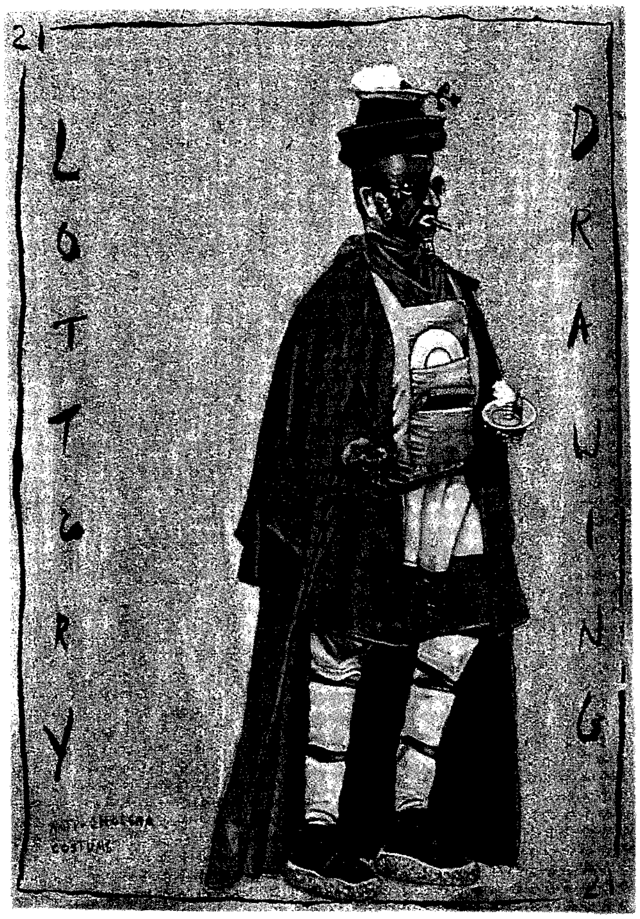
Also recommended: Alison on Dominick Street, 38 Dominick St. (727-1188), and Montrachet, 239 West Broadway (219-2777).

ART

Easy Viewing

The Guggenheim Museum has reached into the deep pockets of its permanent collection and installed in its SoHo branch a show of eighty watercolors, made between 1911 and 1944, by an old standby and crowd pleaser, the Russian artist Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). Such a predictable and by no means urgent exhibition, following on the heels of several adequate but uninspired shows, like the recent one devoted to Paul Klee, suggests a certain lack of purpose in SoHo. Still, even if this show provides no grounds for a reassessment of one of the pioneers of abstract art, at least there are some delightful, fragile works on view.

Kandinsky's art has been so well assimilated into the mainstream that it feels like a kind of modernism lite. Indeed, it is difficult to imagine that these delicate and witty works might once have seemed radical and outré. Of the major early modernists, Kandinsky was perhaps the most eclectic in his stylistic and thematic borrowings, drawing on Russian folk art, chinoiserie, Picasso, Klee, Malevich, and the Surrealists. The earlier works, with their nervous, liquescent, quasi-figurative shapes, represent Kandinsky's art at its strongest. His later work, while charming, owes perhaps too much to Klee. Then again, charm was Kandinsky's greatest weakness as well as his greatest strength. If the high points of this modest show move visitors to seek out the Kandinsky treasures at the uptown Guggenheim, it will have served the artist well.



Self-portrait by Neke Carson (Helander).

MUSEUMS

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Degas Landscapes" features seventy-five paintings, pastels, and monotypes that reveal a lesser-known side of Degas's œuvre: the great outdoors. The exhibit includes a tremendous range of styles and natural vistas, from early Italian countrysides to mature, deftly rendered French seascapes. Many of the images are on view for the first time since a solo Degas show in 1892. . . . ¶ An exhibition of sixteenth-century Italian drawings, with work by Caravaggio, Fra Bartolommeo, Bronzino, and many others. . . . ¶ "Recent Work," a mini-retrospective of more than fifty portraits by Lucian Freud. (An additional show of Freud's work is on view at the Marks gallery. See the Uptown gallery listings.) . . . ¶ The New Costume Institute celebrates five decades of the work of Diana Vreeland. The show, billboarded with photographs and magazine layouts from her years as fashion editor of *Harper's Bazaar* (1936-62) and editor-in-chief of *Vogue* (1962-71), illustrates Vreeland's canny vision, based on a fascination with nature, art, and the exotic. . . . ¶ "The Gold of Meroe" features the jewelry of Queen Amanishakheto of Meroe, an ancient Nubian ruler. The Queen's cache has more than two hundred pieces of colored glass, semiprecious stones, silver, and, of course, loads of gold. . . . ¶ "Elephant: The Animal and Its Ivory in African Art" includes seventy objects, from elephant masks to intricately carved tusks, representing more than twenty different indigenous cultures. . . . ¶ "Immortals and Sages: Fusuma Paintings from Ryoan-ji and the Lore of China in Japanese Art." (Open Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Designed for Speed: Three Automobiles by Ferrari," MOMA's first automobile exhibition in more than fifteen years. . . . ¶ "Projects: Sarah Lucas and Steven Pippin" showcases the work of two young British artists who use such objects as false teeth and razor blades in their installations. Through Feb. 8. . . . ¶ "Gesture and Pose: Twentieth-Century Photographs from the Collection." (Open Saturdays through Tuesdays, 11 to 6; Thursdays and Fridays, noon to 8:30.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Self-portraits by the photographer Robert Mapplethorpe (1946-89). Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Thursdays, 10 to 8.)

ART—*Cont'd*

Guggenheim Museum SoHo, 575 Broadway—An exhibition of eighty watercolors by Wassily Kandinsky (1866-1944). . . . ¶ "Industrial Elegance," a lobby exhibition, salutes design excellence in everyday objects, from ice-cube makers to Frisbees. Through Jan. 23. (Open daily, except Tuesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday through Saturday evenings until 8.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—More than a hundred and sixty paintings, sculptures, drawings, and site-specific installations by Mike Kelley. Through Feb. 20. . . . ¶ A dual exhibition of work by photographers Walker Evans (1903-75) and Dan Graham (born 1942). Both are heavy on urban and suburban drear: tract housing, diners, billboards, and the landscape of commerce are the recurrent motifs. Evans' severe black-and-white pictures are pure Americana, with an overlay of Baudelairean wandering and melancholia. By contrast, Graham's bright-colored pictures of suburban façades, back yards, and glass buildings resemble anonymous snapshots. Their mood is cold, ironic, Warholian. Graham also makes videos, and several are on display along with his photographs. (Open Wednesdays, and Fridays through Sundays, 11 to 6; Thursdays, 1 to 8.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—"Celestial Fender Bender: The Peekskill Meteorite" presents what may be the world's first cosmic car wreck: a 1981 Chevy Malibu and the meteorite that flattened it in Peekskill. Through Jan. 31. (Open daily, 10 to 5:45, and Friday and Saturday evenings until 8:45.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—An exhibition of more than five hundred Egyptian objects from the museum's extensive collection, spanning thirteen hundred years of Pharaonic history. The exhibit includes wonderful tiny pieces, like a bright-blue faience monkey with pierced ears, and monumental thanatological displays, like the sarcophagus and mummy of Thothirdes. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

American Craft Museum, 40 W. 53rd St.—"The Ideal Home: 1900-20." Through Feb. 27. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10 to 5.)

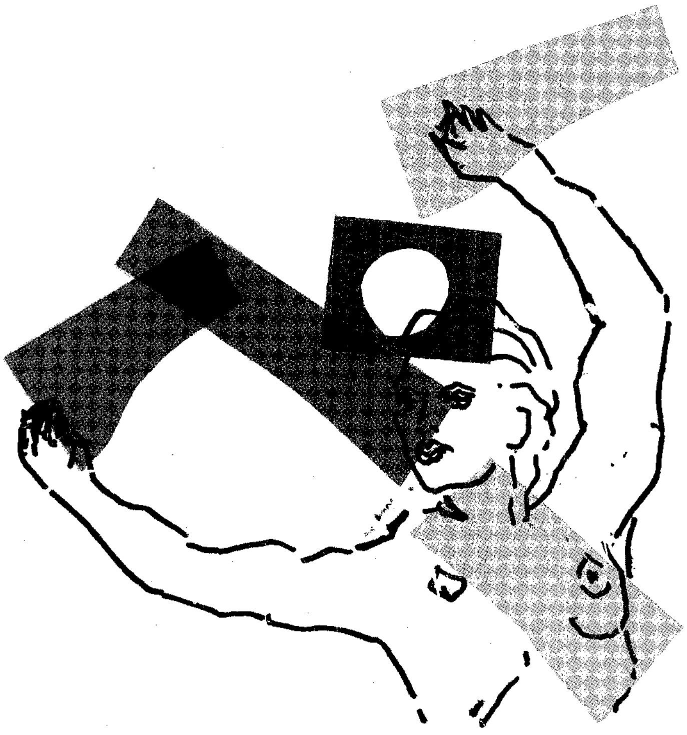
Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—"Fancy Fronts: Men's Waistcoats from the Eighteenth Century." Through Feb. 13. (Open Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St.—"Modern Japanese Ceramics in American Collections" includes a hundred and twenty works, created by ninety-five artists between 1935 and 1991. Many pieces have a captivating strangeness, such as a celadon vase by Kawase Shinobu that looks like an enormous poached egg; others, like Tsukamoto Kaiji's translucent teacups ornamented with lotus-petals, are timelessly exquisite. Through Feb. 6. (Open daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A permanent exhibition, called "Culture and Continuity," that examines issues of identity, values, and culture. (Open Mondays, Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 11 to 5:45; Tuesdays, 11 to 8.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—The origin of movable type and the history of the printed word are the focus of "Gutenberg and the Genesis of Printing," an exhibit that features the library's three awesome Gutenberg Bibles, a full-scale working model of Gutenberg's printing press, and celebrated incunabula. . . . ¶ "Seeds of Discord: The Politics of Slavery" contains, among other historical materials, abolitionary writings by Washington, Madison, Emerson, Frederick Douglass, and John Quincy Adams, who, in an 1837 letter to the House of Representatives, demanded the retraction of a new "gag rule" forbidding the discussion of anti-slavery petitions. . . . ¶ "To Trick the Eye: The Birth of Italian Theatre Design." (Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Museum of the City of New York, Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"His Honor, the Mayor." Boss Tweed, Jimmy Walker, Fiorello LaGuardia, and Ed Koch are among the hundred and six former mayors represented in a salute to New York City government (and attempts at government) over the past three hundred and thirty years. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)



Self-portrait by Judy Rifka (Information).

New Museum, 583 Broadway—"Bad Girls," a new exhibition that brings a subversive sense of humor to feminist issues. The show features painting, sculpture, photography, and performance art by more than forty women artists, including Janine Antoni and Nancy Dwyer. Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, noon to 6; Saturdays, noon to 8.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Virginia Woolf and Her Circle" is a quick literary tour of Bloomsbury and environs, focussing on the life of its central figure. Among the approximately two hundred items on display are letters, photographs, portraits, manuscripts, and first editions drawn from the library's Berg Collection, which is the major holder of Woolf's literary work. (Open Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 11 to 6; Mondays, and Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

P.S. 1, 46-01 21st St., Long Island City—Portraits of Stalin dominate "Stalin's Choice: Soviet Socialist Realism 1932-1956." Through Feb. 27. (Open Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—DOWNTOWN

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. The following listings lead off with new shows.)

John Currin—New paintings of couples and men, as opposed to his usual subject, voluptuous women. Opens Jan. 21. Through Feb. 26. (Rosen, 130 Prince St.)

Martin Kippenberger—Fifteen paintings. Opens Jan. 22. Through Feb. 19. (Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St.)

Bruce Nauman—A video installation titled "Falls, Pratfalls, and Sleights of Hand." Opens Jan. 22. Through Feb. 19. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway.)

Robert Wilson—"Three Rooms," an installation using the natural elements of earth, air, fire, and water to unify the separate spaces in the gallery, which are individually designed with lighting, sound, music and/or text. Opens Jan. 22. Through Feb. 26. (Ikeda, 130 Prince St.)

"American Self-Taught"—Ken Grimes, William Hawkins, Bill Traylor, and others. Opens Jan. 20. Through March 5. (Ricco/Maresca, 152 Wooster St.)

"From Media to Metaphor: Art About AIDS"—Works by Keith Haring, David Wojnarowicz, and others, in a show that includes literature on AIDS. Opens Jan. 19. Through March 5. (Grey Art Gallery, New York University, 33 Washington Pl. Closed Mondays; open Wednesday evenings until 8:30.)

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Neke Carson—In a black-and-white photograph, the artist as Mephistopheles gazes down on this retrospective, spanning twenty-five years of Carson's eclectic, energetic work. The wide-ranging show includes memorabilia from his performance work (including invitations and images from his 1972 show, "Sold!"), from his New Wave modelling agency, and from his School for Conceptual Artists. There is also an "apparitions" series that includes a photograph of Christ's face floating amid trees, and a multicolored construction of St. Agnes in a box. Especially delightful are drawings from the late sixties: "Atomic Meatballs and Spaghetti," for instance, was the inspiration for an atomic bicycle that he built and rode. In his oil-on-wax paintings, surreal images float on glossy, liquid backgrounds: "Milk Bottle" has an unearthly phosphorescent glow. His most recent painting, "The Great Reconciliation" (1994), done in acid green on a bright-orange background, is a psychedelic sacrilegious vision, showing the embrace of God and the Devil. Through Jan. 29. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

Judy Rifka—Square by square, Rifka constructs delicate collages out of handmade parchmentlike paper. Using a neutral palette of brown, beige, and white, she manipulates a set of recurring images—a classical profile, a circle, a turtle, and the letter "A"—into engaging textured patterns. The effect is at once sleek and comforting, like second-grade cutouts raised to a high level of sophistication. In "Cu" the collage has been grafted directly onto the wall. The empty squares at the outer edges—nothing but brown marker on the white wall—reinforce the sense that for Rifka each square is a choice waiting to be made. Through Jan. 29. (Information, 411 E. 9th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 7.)

Nancy Balliett—Landscape paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Atlantic, 475 Broome St. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Jennifer Bartlett—Steel plates painted with free-flowing patterns of dots in primary colors. Through Jan. 29. (Cooper, 149 Wooster St.)

Deborah Brown—Paintings of scientists and nature enthusiasts involved in their chosen activities. Through Feb. 5. (Ledisflam, 130 Prince St.)

Willie Cole—A chair made of hundreds of shoes, a flooring installation of linoleum and steam irons, and American flags with texts written on them. Through Feb. 12. (Brook Alexander, 59 Wooster St.)

Keith Coventry—A British artist who paints in both a Suprematist and a minimalist style. Through Feb. 19. (Marcus, 578 Broadway.)

Cheryl Goldsleger and Andrew Topolski—Two artists shown together for their shared architectural perspective: paintings and drawings by Goldsleger, drawings and sculpture by Topolski. Through Jan. 29. (Stephen Rosenberg, 115 Wooster St.)

Tomislav Gotovac—An installation concerned with totalitarian symbols, cinematic icons, and the former Yugoslavia. Through Jan. 29. (Franklin Furnace, 112 Franklin St.)

Clinton Hill—Multicolored geometric wood constructions. Through Jan. 29. (Zarre, 48 Greene St. . . . **Note:** A group show, "Thru Thick & Thin," features Doug Ohlson, Marjorie Strider, and Dan Wofford.)

Anish Kapoor—Five new sculptures by a prominent British artist of Indian descent. Through Jan. 29. (Gladstone, 99 Greene St.)

Massimo Kaufmann—The début of this Italian artist features painted screens hanging from the ceiling and patent-leather-clad mannequins lying on the floor. Through Feb. 12. (Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St.)

Ed Kerns—Semi-geometric paintings in luminous earth colors. Through Jan. 29. (M-13, at 72 Greene St.)

Karen Kilimnik—A subtly unnerving set of installations, including a sepulchral environment illuminated by votive candles and decorated with elegant pastels. Through Jan. 29. (303 Gallery, 89 Greene St.)

Sol LeWitt / Sara Sosnowy—Two ten-foot wooden cubes, one covered with black plastic foam, the other with white. / Minimalist works on paper. Through Feb. 5. (Weber, 142 Greene St.)

Nancy Lorenz—An installation of organic materials with circular motifs. Through Jan. 29. (Helander, 594 Broadway.)

Ann Preston—Drawings and sculptures of infants as strange biomorphic beings, plus works suggesting pacifiers, nipples, and condoms. Through Feb. 26. (Toll, 146 Greene St.)

Ellen Rothenberg—"Partial Index," a sculptural installation relating to the Anne Frank diaries. Through Feb. 19. (Kent, 67 Prince St. Closed Mondays and Tuesdays.)

David Salle—Recent works alongside paintings from his 1983 exhibit demonstrate a continuity of concept and method, incorporating three-dimensional found objects, photographic images, and painterly abstracts. Through Feb. 26. (Boone, 417 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Ten new paintings using collages of period advertising, and six cast-bronze sculptures with glass elements. Through Feb. 19. (Gagosian, 136 Wooster St.)

Fred Sandback—Austere drawings, plus studies for site-specific installations, by a minimalist sculptor. Through Feb. 5. (Nolan/Eckman, 560 Broadway.)

Joan Snyder / Jessica Stockholder—Lyrical abstractions of fields of flowers, incorporating sticks, velvet, and other materials. / Abstract sculptures in mixed mediums. Through Feb. 12. (Gorney Modern, 100 Greene St.)

Paula Stark—Rural landscapes exploring the changing light of day. Through Feb. 2. (Prince Street Gallery, 121 Wooster St. Daily, except Mondays, at noon.)

William T. Wiley—In these relatively small new canvases, Wiley combines drawing and painting, juxtaposing references to Old Masters with some conceptual puns. Through Feb. 12. (Protetch, 560 Broadway.)

Purvis Young—Paintings on found material by a self-taught artist who evokes his community—inner-city Miami—with images of burning buildings, burials, dancing, and so on. Through Feb. 19. (Thorp, 103 Prince St.)

Chi Watts—Abstract paintings based on ancient Chinese calligraphy. Through Jan. 27. (Wickiser, 568 Broadway.)

"Face to Face"—The human face, in a variety of mediums, as portrayed by six international artists. Through Feb. 12. (101 Wooster Street Gallery. Open Sundays and Mondays.)

"Old Symbols/New Icons in Russian Contemporary Art"—A show of works by both well-known (Komar and Melamid) and lesser-known (Larissa Zvezdochetova) artists. Through Jan. 29. (Levy, 588 Broadway.)

"Shape"—Works motivated by the desire to "conceptualize" painting, by Charles Fine, Ron Janowich, Robert Therrien, and others. Through Feb. 9. (Auchincloss, 558 Broadway.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

Cynthia Knott / Mary Frank—Landscapes done with an encaustic technique, reflecting both the quietude and the turbulence of nature. / Four bronzes of the female figure, plus related drawings. Opens Jan. 19. Through Feb. 26. (Midtown Payson, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Tony Cragg—Five large sculptures by a British artist. The most imposing is a piano combined with chairs and timber and covered with eleven thousand hooks. Opens Jan. 21. Through Feb. 19. (Marian Goodman, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Reorientations: Looking East"—Works by Georgia Marsh, Wade Saunders, and Ellen Brooks, all of whom take their inspiration from the East. Opens Jan. 19. Through March 5. (Takashimaya, 693 Fifth Ave., at 55th St. Open Mondays, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

"Sculptures"—By Donald Judd, Dennis Oppenheim, Richard Serra, and others. Opens Jan. 19. Through Feb. 19. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

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Bernd Dams and Andrew Zega—An architect and an architectural renderer, respectively, have collaborated on a show (and a book, to be published by Flammarion in the spring) titled "Lost Splendor: Pleasure Pavilions and Garden Follies of Ancien Régime France." Four dozen watercolors depict structures, built in the Île-de-France from the sixteen-thirties to the Revolution. The subjects, detached from their surroundings in the manner of botanical prints, have an intense clarity. It's apparent that everyone wanted to outdo his neighbor: the painted-wood peacock swing decked with garlands of porcelain flowers—from the Folly St. James, the Baron St. James estate and eighteenth-century English-style garden in Neuilly—is unsurpassed in winsomeness. Through Jan 29. (Aaron, 32 E. 67th St.)

James Aponovich—Hyperrealist paintings of objects mounted in pyramids, each culminating in a bouquet of flowers. Through Jan. 30. (Tatistcheff, 50 W. 57th St.)

Milton Avery (1893-1965)—Paintings, watercolors, and drawings of figures, landscapes, and still-lifes, exhibited alongside works by Braque, Derain, and Rivera, among other masters. Through Jan. 29. (Borgenicht, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Richard Baker—Recent still-life paintings. Through Jan. 22. (Washburn, 20 W. 57th St.)

Grisha Brushkin—Paintings relating to the Jewish Cabala; installations based on Soviet primers and instructional manuals; and sculptures of angels, demons, and other creatures. Through Feb. 5. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Lois Dodd / Warren Brandt—Small-scale landscapes focussing on contrasting shades of white in nature. / Still-lifes, in a survey of the artist's forty-year career. Through Jan. 29. (Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St.)

Lucian Freud—Recent drawings and etchings. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Gilbert and George—A new series, recently shown in China, of photo-based grid pieces with figures and self-portraits. Through Feb. 12. (Robert Miller, 41 E. 57th St.)

Gregory Gillespie—A hyperrealist artist whose paintings sometimes verge on trompe-l'oeil. Through Jan. 22. (Forum, 745 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

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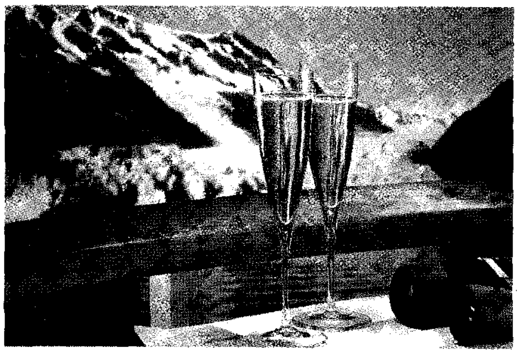

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CUNARD

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ART—Cont'd

Sidney Goodman—Recent large-scale figure paintings of the ordinary (domestic scenes) and the extraordinary (explorers and mountaineers). Through Jan. 22. (Dintenfass, 50 W. 57th St.)

Adolph Gottlieb (1903-74)—Paintings from 1946 to 1958, revealing major trends in the artist's career: for example, pictographs, imaginary landscapes, and labyrinths. Through Feb. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

Morris Graves and Mark Tobey (1890-1976)—Twenty-two paintings, dating from the forties to the seventies, underscoring the shared origins and objectives of these two visionary artists of the Northwest. Through Feb. 28. (Schmidt Bingham, 41 E. 57th St.)

Robert Jordan (1925-93)—Realistic landscapes of New Hampshire, North Carolina, and Missouri, dating from 1976 to 1993. Through Jan. 29. (French, 24 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

Gaston Lachaise (1882-1935)—Monumental cast-bronze nudes by the French-American sculptor. Through Feb. 26. (Salander-O'Reilly, 20 E. 79th St. Open Mondays.)

Jac Leirner—Sculptures by a young Brazilian conceptual artist, whose collection of discarded material—cigarette packs, airsick bags, and so forth—is the basis of her work. Through Feb. 19. (Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St.)

Hugh Miller (1911-88) / **Jerome Myers** (1867-1940)—Paintings of New York architecture, bridges, and waterways, as well as circus figures. / Works on paper of New York City and its inhabitants, and of the artist's family. Through Feb. 5. (Kraushaar, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Alexandre Petrov—Cityscapes of Moscow, Rome, and New York, bright-colored and concerned with the play of light, by a Russian artist who is now a United States resident. Through Jan. 29. (Marisa del Re, 41 E. 57th St.)

Dorothea Rockburne—Curvilinear abstract wall paintings done in a fresco secco technique. Through Feb. 26. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

"African-American Art: Twentieth-Century Masterworks"—Paintings and sculptures from 1910 to 1965, ranging in style from realism to abstraction. Among the artists are Benny Andrews, Elizabeth Catlett, and Norman Lewis. Through Feb. 12. (Rosenfeld, 24 W. 57th St.)

"Drawing on Friendship: Portraits of Painters and Poets"—Rudy Burckhardt by Red Grooms, John Ashbery by Rodrigo Moynihan, James Schuyler by Fairfield Porter, Larry Rivers by Nell Blaine, and the like. Through Feb. 1. (De Nagy, 41 W. 57th St.)

"New Works"—William Garbe, Jane Kaplowitz, Robert Zakanitch, and others. Through Jan. 29. (McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

"Sardinia: Sacred Art of the Fifteenth and Sixteenth Centuries"—Influences that shaped the culture of the Mediterranean island are examined through elaborate multipart altarpieces called retables, the principal artistic product of the period. Through Jan. 29. (I.B.M., 590 Madison Ave., at 56th St.)

"The Daniel Gallery (1912-32): A Tribute"—An exhibition honoring Charles Daniel, a champion of American vanguard art from just before the First World War until the Depression. On view are paintings by William Zorach, Alexander Archipenko, and Man Ray. Through Feb. 12. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

ANTIQUES

Winter Antiques Show—Manhattan turns Antiquesville in January, with the opening of this prestigious show at the Seventh Regiment Armory (Park Ave. at 67th St.). Nine new dealers will make their début, among them London's Oriental Art Gallery, which will offer such rarities as a Chinese terra-cotta horse from the Han period ($75,000), and the Gerald Peters Gallery, of Santa Fe, represented by Winslow Homer's "Entering the Rapids" (1897) and Albert Bierstadt's "Rainbow in the Sierra Nevada" (circa 1870), both estimated at between $450,000 and $850,000. (Jan. 21-22 and Jan. 24-25, noon to 9, and Jan. 23, noon to 6. Through Jan. 30. Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

Sacred Heart of N.Y.C. Antiques Show—The Convent of the Sacred Heart of N.Y.C., at 1 E. 91st St., is housed in two historic turn-of-the-century mansions: the Otto Kahn town house and the James A. Burden Beaux-Arts château. The show, on Jan. 22, from 11 to 7, and Jan. 23, from 11 to 6, will benefit the convent's fund to maintain these landmark buildings. Featured are eighteenth- and nineteenth-century American, English, French, Oriental, and Continental furniture and decorative accessories, ranging in price from $50 to $25,000. (Tickets at the door on the days of the show.)

Pier Antiques Show—Two hundred and twenty-five exhibitors from across the country come together, and offer something for everybody: American furniture and folk art, European and Oriental furniture and accessories, toys, posters, jewelry, tribal art, porcelain, rugs, quilts, and vintage clothing. (Pier 92, Twelfth Ave. at 55th St. Jan. 22-23, from 10 to 6. If you want to get the jump on everybody and are willing to pay $35 for admission—as opposed to $9—there are early-bird tickets for Jan. 22, from 8 to 10.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Robert Adams / Désiré Charnay (1828-1915)—Adams' monumental photographs of the modern West are full of rage and tenderness. His views of nature on the urban margins are actually images of ruins: broken trees, littered fields and lots, and smog-dimmed vistas. / Rare vintage prints of an 1863 exploration of Madagascar. Through Jan. 29. (Lowinsky, 578 Broadway.)

Nan Goldin and David Armstrong—A twenty-year friendship as seen through fifty images, from Goldin's familiar drag queens and débutantes to Armstrong's lesser-known black-and-white portraits. Through Jan. 29. (Marks, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

Kenro Izu—Recent floral studies and still-lifes of nudes. Opens Jan. 21. Through March 5. (Greenberg, 120 Wooster St.)

Tony Mendoza / Douglas Prince—Images of cats and dogs. / A twenty-year retrospective including unusual landscapes and acrylic-box photo sculptures. Opens Jan. 19. Through Feb. 26. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway.)

Charles A. Platt (1861-1933)—More than eighty vintage photographs of Italian gardens. (Paine Webber Gallery, 1285 Sixth Ave., at 52nd St.)

David Stephenson—Black-and-white photographs of Italy and New Zealand. Through Feb. 12. (Danziger, 130 Prince St.)

Hiroshi Sugimoto—Photographs of drive-in and indoor movie theatres. Through Feb. 5. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

"Devotion, Faith, and Fervor: The Faithful and the Damned"—Mythical images of the American South, by Eudora Welty, Walker Evans, and others. Opens Jan. 20. Through March 5. (Gallery 292, at 120 Wooster St.)

Phil Stern's Hollywood—Celebrity photographs from the late forties to the early sixties, full of grit and glamour. The showstopper is a mid-nineteen-fifties shot of John Wayne in hot pants. Through Jan. 22. (Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway.)

"Photographs Beyond Description"—A group show including work by Arbus, Eggleston, Frank, Stieglitz, and others. Through Feb. 12. (Laurence Miller, 138 Spring St.)

(See the museum listings for photography exhibitions at the Museum of Modern Art, the Guggenheim Museum, and the Whitney Museum of American Art.)

CLASSICAL MUSIC

Rising to the Occasion

Blessed is the singer who respects the limitations of his voice. Among the ranks of the discerning few who do is tenor John Aler, whose light but penetrating voice is in demand not only for oratorios but also for certain hard-to-cast operatic roles—principally from the Italian bel-canto and French lyric repertoires—which he has the good sense to sing in opera houses that don't force him to belt beyond his comfort zone. Breadth of phrasing, an appealing high-register sweetness, and excellent intonation and diction distinguish his singing. He does not, however, possess great variety of timbre, which can present a challenge on the recital stage.

Aler's January 19 program at Merkin Concert Hall, the second in the hall's three-concert survey of French art song, seems designed to obviate this limitation, its diversity insured by the artist's encyclopedic grasp of repertoire. He'll offer works by seven masters of the *mélodie*, including familiar items (such as Duparc songs and Fauré's cycle "Poème d'un Jour") as well as lesser-known songs by Bizet, Saint-Saëns, D'Indy, Hahn, and the obscure Norman composer Gabriel Dupont. To this diverse repertoire he adds further variety by inviting his pianist, Jeff Cohen, to interpolate two rarely played solo works, Bizet's "Variations Chromatiques" (a Chopinesque rumination on the harmonic implications of the chromatic scale) and D'Indy's "Schumanniana" (three "songs without words" assembled in tribute to the German master). Such programming acknowledges the audience's intelligence and the singer's abilities while promoting—rather than endangering—Aler's longevity as a performer.

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Avery Fisher Hall, 875-5030; for Carnegie Hall and Weill Recital Hall, 247-7800; and for Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St., 362-8719. For information about requisite free tickets at the Juilliard Theatre, 155 W. 65th St., call 769-7406.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—**lucia di lammermoor,** with Mariella Devia, Jerry Hadley, Juan Pons, and Dimitri Kavrakos; conducted by Nello Santi. (Jan. 19 and Jan. 22 at 8.) . . . **i lombardi,** by Verdi, with Lauren Flanigan, Luciano Pavarotti, Vahan Khanzadian, and Paul Plishka; James Levine. (Jan. 20 at 8.) . . . **aida,** with Sharon Sweet, Stefania Toczyska, Michael Sylvester, and Timothy Noble; John Fiore. (Jan. 21 at 8.) . . . With Andrea Gruber, Dolora Zajick, Michael Sylvester, and Timothy Noble; John Fiore. (Jan. 25 at 8.) . . . **elektra,** with Hildegard Behrens, Deborah Voigt, Brigitte Fassbaender, James King, and Donald McIntyre; James Levine. (Jan. 22 at 2.) . . . **le nozze di figaro,** with Helen Donath, Ruth Ann Swenson, Susan Quittmeyer, Dwayne Croft, and James Morris; Julius Rudel. (Jan. 24 at 8.) (Metropolitan Opera House.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall, Neeme Järvi conducting. Jan. 20-22 at 8 and Jan. 25 at 7:30: The United States première of Danish composer Rued Langgaard's Symphony No. 6 (a neo-Romantic work written in 1919), Bruch's Violin Concerto No. 1 (with Nadja Salerno-Sonnenberg), and Sibelius's Symphony No. 5. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2: As above, but without the Bruch.

New Haven Symphony Orchestra—Michael Palmer conducts Berlioz' "Benvenuto Cellini" Overture, Ezra Laderman's Symphony No. 8, Mozart's Clarinet Concerto (with Richard Stoltzman), and Strauss's "Till Eulenspiegel." (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 21 at 8.)

Focus! Festival—This year, the six concerts of the Juilliard School's festival of twentieth-century music focus on multiculturalism. Jan. 21 at 8: Bruno Ferrandis conducts the Juilliard Symphony in Milhaud's "Le Bœuf sur le Toit," in addition to works by Chinary Ung, Betty Olivero, and Ahmed Essyad. (Alice Tully Hall.) . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8: Chamber works by Steve Reich, Alejandro Iglesias Rossi, Louis Ballard, Tania Léon, Milton Babbitt, Conlon Nancarrow, Javier Alvarez, Kevin Volans, Donald Erb, and Paul Desenne. (Juilliard Theatre.) . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 8: Chamber music by Stravinsky, Grainger, Bartók, Wolpe, Leonid Hrabovsky, Jan Morthenson, and Paul Schoenfield. (Juilliard Theatre. Through Jan. 28.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Performing choral music from the nineteen-eighties, by Philip Glass, Leo Smit, and others. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Jan. 22 at 8. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Britten's "War Requiem"—Robert Shaw concludes a weeklong institute studying Britten's pacifist opus by directing the Orchestra of St. Luke's, the Robert Shaw Festival Chorus, the American Boychoir, and seminar participants, with soloists Christine Goerke (soprano), Richard Clement (tenor), and Benjamin Luxon (baritone). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 23 at 3.)

I Musici—The Italian string orchestra, performing Vivaldi's "Four Seasons" and concertos by Corelli, Tartini, and Alessandro Rolla. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 23 at 3.)

Lotsa High B-Flats—Luciano Pavarotti (the tenor) will anchor a program of arias and ensembles that will include appearances by sopranos Elizabeth Holleque, Aprile Millo, and Deborah Voigt; mezzo-soprano Dolora Zajick; tenor Stephen Mark Brown; baritone Juan Pons; and bass Roberto Scandiuzzi. Leone Magiera conducts the New York City Opera Orchestra. (Avery Fisher Hall. Jan. 24 at 8.)

Clarion Concerts—Newell Jenkins conducts his period-instrument orchestra in works by two Haydns (Michael and Franz Joseph), Mozart, Boccherini, and Florian Leopold Gassman; with various soloists. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 25 at 8.)

RECITALS

Paul Coletti—Violist, performing Bach's First Cello Suite, Mendelssohn's C-Minor Viola Sonata, Rebecca Clarke's "Three Pieces," and Schumann's "Märchenbilder," assisted by pianist Phillip Bush. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Jan. 19 at 6.)

Nathaniel Watson—Baritone, performing Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin," with pianist Herbert Burtis. (St. Bartholomew's Church, Park Ave. at 50th St. Jan. 19 at 6:30. Admission by contribution.)

Sequentia at Weill Recital Hall.

GRAHAM EVANS

John Aler—The tenor performs nineteenth-century French art songs, with the assistance of pianist Jeff Cohen, who will intersperse solo-piano works by Bizet and D'Indy. (Merkin Concert Hall. Jan. 19 at 8. . . . **NOTE:** In a pre-concert reading, beginning at 7:15 and open to ticket holders, actor John Horton will present coeval literary selections by Baudelaire, George Sand, Flaubert, Proust, and others.)

Joel Frederiksen and Gregory Hamilton—Messrs. Frederiksen (a bass-baritone and lutenist) and Hamilton (a specialist in plucked strings) perform florid Italian music from the opening years of the seventeenth century. (Church of St. Mary the Virgin, 145 W. 46th St. 921-2939. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Angelina Réaux and Colleagues—The soprano, bass-baritone Robert Osborne, pianist Malcolm Halliday, and the Aeolian Chamber Players present premières of works by Victoria Bond and Melinda Wagner, as well as pieces by Ives, Blitzstein, Rorem, Bruce MacCombie, and Ricky Ian Gordon. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Jan. 19 at 8.)

New York Philharmonic Ensembles—Members of the orchestra play chamber works by François Devienne, Max Reger, Tobias Picker (his "The Blue Hula"), and Samuel Coleridge-Taylor (his Clarinet Quintet). (Caspary Auditorium, Rockefeller University, York Ave. at 66th St. 327-8971. Jan. 19 at 8.)

Gwendolyn Toth—Harpsichordist, performing Bach's "Goldberg" Variations. (St. Michael's Church, Amsterdam Ave. at 99th St. Jan. 19 and Jan. 21 at 8. Tickets at the door on the nights of the concerts.)

Bargemusic—Pianist Anne-Marie McDermott performs a Fauré nocturne; cellist Christopher Costanza joins her for Fauré's well-known "Elégie" (Op. 24); and violinist Scott St. John completes the ensemble for piano trios by Haydn and Brahms (in B Major, Op. 8). (Fulton Ferry Landing, Brooklyn. 1-718 624-4061. Jan. 20 at 6:30 and Jan. 23 at 4; the Thursday performance is a candlelit dinner-concert.)

New York Philomusica—Performing Haydn's Piano Trio No. 27 (in C Major) and Beethoven's D-Major String Trio, as well as Schumann's Piano Quartet. (Merkin Concert Hall. 362-8719. Jan. 20 at 8.)

Kronos String Quartet—Performing a program that includes the premières of Sofia Gubaidulina's Fourth Quartet and Lee Hyla's "Howl" (in which Allen Ginsberg will read his own poem). (Carnegie Hall. Jan. 20 at 8.)

Mostly Manns—Robert Mann, the longtime violinist of the Juilliard String Quartet, performs two unaccompanied works—Bach's D-Minor Chaconne and Bartók's Solo Violin Sonata—as well as Brahms' Sonata No. 3; an ensemble of family and friends will perform two of Mann's compositions. Among the Mann family members participating in this free concert will be his wife, Lucy Rowan, as narrator, and his son Nicholas Mann, playing viola; unrelated but friendly instrumentalists will include pianist Rudolf Firkušný. (Juilliard Theatre. Jan. 20 at 8.)

Jean-Pierre Rampal—The flutist plays and discusses Bach's B-Minor Sonata; with harpsichordist John Steele Ritter. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 21 at 7.)

Sequentia—The medieval-music trio—singer Barbara Thornton, singer and harpist Benjamin Bagby, and fiddler Elizabeth Gaver—offers a program of songs and recitations describing the many facets of love in the Middle Ages. (Weill Recital Hall. Jan. 21 at 8.)

Concert Royal—James Richman directs the period-instrument ensemble in a program of French Baroque music by Louis-Nicolas Clérambault, Michel Pignolet de Montéclair, Couperin, and Rameau; featuring soprano Christine Brandes and bass-baritone Kevin Deas. (Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. 355-6160. Jan. 21 at 8.)

Orion String Quartet—Performing quartets by Kurt Weill and Schubert (his "Death and the Maiden"), as well as Schumann's Piano Quintet (with Edmund Battersby). (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Jan. 21 at 8. No tickets necessary. . . . ¶ Walter Reade Theatre, 155 W. 65th St., plaza level. Jan. 24 at 7:30. For information about tickets, call 875-5050.)

Emerson String Quartet—Performing Beethoven's A-Minor Quartet (Op. 132) and "Grosse Fuge" (Op. 130), as well as Shostakovich's Quartet No. 13. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100. Jan. 22 at 8.)

Chamber Players of the Riverside Symphony—Performing Bartók's "Music for Strings, Percussion, and Celeste," Bach's Third "Brandenburg" Concerto, and Jonathan Harvey's "Song Offerings" (featuring soprano Susan Narucki). (Miller Theatre, Columbia University, Broadway at 116th St. Jan. 23 at 3. For information about free tickets, call 854-7799.)

Parloff and Pals—An all-Bach concert centering on Michael Parloff, the principal flutist of the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra: a pair of sonatas, the trio sonata from "The Musical Offering," the A-Minor unaccompanied partita, and the Second "Brandenburg" Concerto. Numerous colleagues from the Met pit are among the assisting musicians. (Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, Madison Ave. at 73rd St. Jan. 23 at 4. Admission by contribution.)

Brahms Soirée—An all-Brahms program that includes his Clarinet Trio (Op. 114), performed by clarinettist Igor Bagelman, cellist Iris Regev, and pianist Avner Arad. (Hotel Wales, Madison Ave. at 92nd St. Jan. 23 at 6 and 8. Admission is free, but call 876-6000 to reserve a seat.)

Samuel Sanders and Charles Wadsworth—Two leading "collaborative pianists" collaborate with each other in a program of four-hand works: four "Hungarian Dances" by Brahms, Schubert's F-Minor Fantasy, and Barber's "Souvenirs." (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. 685-0008, ext. 347. Jan. 25 at 6:15.)

Christopher Parkening—The classical guitarist's program includes solo works as well as guitar duets (with David Brandon assisting). (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 25 at 8.)

SPORTS

Truckin'—This year's United States Hot Rod Monster Jam, aptly named the War on the Floor Spectacular, features an impressive lineup of vehicular mayhem, all in a safe, indoor environment. Highlights include the obligatory twelve-thousand-pound trucks battling on a bed of junkers, and New York's first sandpit drag-racing competition. (Nassau Coliseum. 1-516 888-9000. Jan. 21-22 at 8 and Jan. 23 at 2.)

N.H.L. All-Star Game—Professional Hockey's finest, including Wayne Gretzky, Eric Lindros, and Mark Messier, face off Jan. 22 at 3. (Madison Square Garden. 465-6741.)

HOME TEAMS

Knicks—Vs. the San Antonio Spurs, Jan. 19 at 7:30. . . . ¶ Vs. the Philadelphia 76ers, Jan. 23 at 6:00. . . . ¶ Vs. the Phoenix Suns, Jan. 25 at 8:00.

Nets—Vs. the Minnesota Timberwolves, Jan. 19. . . . ¶ Vs. the Golden State Warriors, Jan. 22. (Game time, 7:30.)

(The Knicks play at Madison Square Garden, 465-6000, and the Nets play at the Meadowlands Arena, 1-201 935-3900.)

FOR KIDS

(A list of activities for children and their parents or other adults.)

The Paper Bag Players—In "The Paper Bag Players, *Rain or Shine,*" *the Bags take you* to a rain forest, visit a city park, and encounter a dragon, all by way of their usual assortment of paper products. It's recyclable silliness, punctuated by some hummable, toe-tapping tunes courtesy of Donald Ashwander and his electric harpsichord. Written and directed by Judith Martin. Pay attention to the suggested age range of four to nine. (Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse, Hunter College, Park Ave. at 68th St. 772-4448. Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through March 6.)

Walt Disney's World on Ice—"Mickey's Great Adventure," a live stage show with ice-skating Disney characters and professional figure skaters, starts on Jan. 21 and continues through Jan. 30. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. For information about show times and tickets, call 247-4777.)

Musical Theatre—In Theatreworks/USA's production "The Ugly Duck," a boy from New York spends a summer in Kansas and discovers friendship where he least expects it. (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 677-5959. Jan. 22-23 and Jan. 29-30 at 12:30.)

"Sugar Rag"—Vocalist, percussionist, and storyteller Tiyé Giraud presents songs and family tales. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Jan. 22 at 3.)

Mr. Mozart—An hour-long version of "The Magic Flute" is the bill of fare for the January concert in the Children's Choice series. With the Philharmonia Virtuosi chamber orchestra. Recommended ages: seven to twelve. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Jan. 22 at 2:30.)

ABOVE AND BEYOND

Four by Four—Symphony Space's "Selected Shorts" series kicks in featuring stories by Hemingway, Nabokov, Alice Walker, and Robert Coates, read by Edward Herrmann, Carmen de Lavallade, Linda Lavin, and Josef Summer. (Broadway at 95th St. 864-5400. Jan. 19 at 6:30.)

Soul of an Old Machine—During the Morgan Library's new exhibit, "Gutenberg and the Genesis of Printing," there will be weekend demonstrations on a reconstruction of a Gutenberg press. (Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St. Saturdays and Sundays at 1. No charge beyond museum contribution.)

N.B.A. Champs—A. R. Ammons, E. Annie Proulx, and Gore Vidal, winners of the 1993 National Book Awards, will discuss their works. (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. Jan. 20 at 6:30. Admission is free, but to reserve a seat call 685-0261.)

Evergreen—Because it's too cold to stand around outside looking at plants (and, besides, they're dead or dormant), the Brooklyn Botanic Garden has put together an exhibit called "Flora and Fauna Needlework." (Steinhardt Conservatory, 1000 Washington Ave., near Grand Army Plaza. Tuesdays through Sundays, from 10 to 4. Through Jan. 30. No tickets necessary.)

Shady Deal—In a one-man show Warren Kliewer will present "Uncle Dan's Financial Tips," a portrait of Daniel Drew, who was by turns a cattle driver, a clown, a steamboat captain, and a nineteenth-century version of an insider trader on Wall Street. (Abigail Adams Smith Museum, 421 E. 61st St. Jan. 23 at 2. No charge beyond museum admission.)

Sure Shot—In celebration of the first National Hockey League All-Star game to be held in New York City since 1973, autographed jerseys, pucks, sticks, and photographs from the National Hockey League Hall of Fame will be exhibited, along with the Stanley Cup, in Grand Central Terminal's Main Waiting Room. (Jan. 19-21, from 8 to 9, and Jan. 22, from 10 to 5.) On Jan. 20, from noon to 1:30, players from the Rangers will be at the Rockefeller Center rink to have their slap shots measured by a radar gun. Wayne Gretzky wannabes will be selected from the crowd to see how their shots measure up. (For more information, call 750-7887.)

Readings—Jan. 20 at 8: James Linville and Brooke Stevens will read from their own fiction. (Dixon Place, 258 Bowery, near Houston St. Tickets at the door on the night of the reading.) . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: Roddy Doyle, author of "The Commitments" and "The Snapper," will read from his latest novel, "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha." (Glucksman Ireland House, 1 Washington Mews. No tickets necessary.) . . . ¶ Jan. 24 at 8:15: Stephen Dobyns and Rosanna Warren will read from their own poetry. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 996-1100.) . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 7: Scott Malcomson and Geoffrey O'Brien will read from their literary nonfiction. (Limbo, 47 Avenue A, at 4th St. No tickets necessary.)

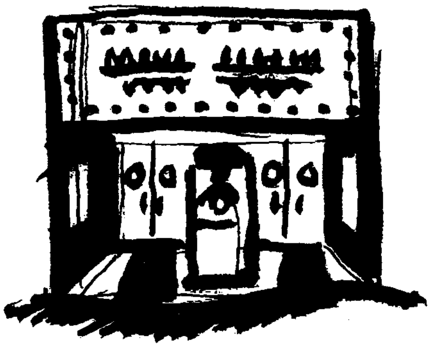
Talks—Jan. 19 at 6: Stanley Fish, whose most recent book is "There's No Such Thing as Free Speech and It's a Good *Thing, Too,*" *will give a talk called* "Boutique Multiculturalism." (New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St. 930-0571.) . . . ¶ Jan. 19 at 6:30: Dan Morgenstern will talk about Sidney Bechet, who played both the clarinet and the soprano saxophone from the twenties through the fifties. Rare film clips of Bechet will be screened. (Rose Building, Kaplan Penthouse, 165 W. 65th St. 875-5440.) . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6:30: Richard Howard will present a talk titled "Post-Feminist Women Poets." (Hudson Park Branch Library, 66 Leroy St. No tickets necessary.)

Walks & Tours—Jan. 22 at 11: Big Onion Walking Tours will take in Ellis Island. For more information, call 439-1090. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 1: The Municipal Art Society will tour the sites of one of New York's hottest commodities—jazz. For more information, call 935-3960.

THE PAPER BAG PLAYERS

The Paper Bag Players at the Sylvia and Danny Kaye Playhouse.

CHLOË CHEESE



THE MOVIES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			19	20	21	22
23	24	25				

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN "MOVIES IN BRIEF," STARTING ON PAGE 23.

EAST SIDE

Angelika Film Center, 18 W. Houston St. (995-2000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Trial" (directed by David Jones), with Kyle MacLachlan. From Jan. 21: A program of short films from "The 24th International Tournée of Animation."
Theatre 3: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 4: "Faraway, So Close" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Otto Sander.
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "Naked" (†).

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171)
Through Jan. 20: "Sure Fire" (Jon Jost).
From Jan. 21: "Luna Park" (Pavel Lounguine, in Russian).

Movieland 8th Street Triplex, 36 E. 8th. (477-6600)
Theatre 1: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 3: "Heaven and Earth" (†).

Village Theatre VII, 3rd Ave. at 11th. (982-0400)
Theatre 1: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 6: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 7: Through Jan. 20: "The Pelican Brief" (†). From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 20: "Household Saints" (Nancy Savoca), with Tracey Ullman.
From Jan. 21: A weeklong program of films from Vietnam.

Village East Cinemas, 2nd Ave. at 12th. (529-6799)
Theatre 1: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).
Theatre 3: "Short Cuts" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein), with Joan Plowright, Julie Walters, Jeanne Moreau, and Lena Headey.
Theatre 5: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.
Theatre 6: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott.
Theatre 7: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.

19th Street East 6, B'way at 19th. (260-8000)
Theatre 1: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 3: "What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström), with Johnny Depp.
Theatre 4: "Tombstone" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.
Theatre 6: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

Murray Hill Cinemas, 160 E. 34th. (689-6548)
Theatre 1: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (†).
Theatre 3: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.
Theatre 4: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 20: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick). From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Beethoven's 2nd" (†).

Eastside Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Farewell My Concubine" (†).

Sutton I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
Theatre 1: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 2: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Wrestling Ernest Hemingway" (Randa Haines), with Robert Duvall and Richard Harris.

Manhattan Twin, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†).
Theatre 2: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.

59th Street East Cinema, 239 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik), with Mike Myers and Dana Carvey.

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).
Theatre 2: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).

Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3rd Avenue, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022)
Theatre 1: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (†).
Theatre 3: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott.

First & 62nd Cinemas, 400 E. 62nd. (752-4600)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 3: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 4: Through Jan. 20: "Schindler's List" (†). From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).
Theatre 5: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Piano" (†).

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood), with Kevin Costner and Eastwood.
Theatre 2: "Philadelphia" (†).

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"Shadowlands" (†).

New York Twin, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 20: "The Pelican Brief" (†). From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"Short Cuts" (†).

Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"What's Eating Gilbert Grape" (Lasse Hallström), with Johnny Depp and Juliette Lewis.

East 85th Street, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
Through Jan. 20: "Batman: Mask of the Phantasm," an animated film; and "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood), with Kevin Costner and Eastwood.
From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).

Park & 86th Street Cinemas, 125 E. 86th. (534-1880)
Theatre 1: "Shadowlands" (†).
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Orpheum VII, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (876-2400)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 2: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.
Theatre 3: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 5: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 6: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.
Theatre 7: "Grumpy Old Men" (†).

86th Street East Twin, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
Theatre 1: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott.
Theatre 2: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Theatre 1: "Secuestro: A Story of a Kidnapping" (directed by Camila Motta; in Spanish).
Theatre 2: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 3: "The War Room" (†).

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Six Degrees of Separation" (†).
Theatre 2: "Wayne's World 2" (Stephen Surjik), with Mike Myers and Dana Carvey.

Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†) and "Shadowlands" (†).
Theatre 2: "Shadowlands" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).
Theatre 2: "The Accompanist" (Claude Miller; in French).
Theatre 3: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Winona Ryder.

Chelsea Cinemas, 260 W. 23rd. (691-4744)
Theatre 1: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: "In the Name of the Father" (†).
Theatre 4: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 5: "Schindler's List" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Remains of the Day" (†).
Theatre 7: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 8: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).
Theatre 9: "Shadowlands" (†).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 2: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott.
Theatre 3: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.

Worldwide Cinemas, 50th St. between 8th and 9th Aves. (246-1583)
Theatre 1: "Strictly Ballroom" (Baz Luhrmann).
Theatre 2: "Short Cuts" (†).
Theatre 3: "Into the West" (Mike Newell); and "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood), with Kevin Costner and Eastwood.
Theatre 4: "Gettysburg" (Ronald F. Maxwell).
Theatre 5: "The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Winona Ryder.
Theatre 6: "The Wedding Banquet" (Ang Lee).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Heaven and Earth" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (307-7856)
"A Dangerous Woman" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Joy Luck Club" (Wayne Wang).

Carnegie Hall Cinemas, 7th Ave. between 56th and 57th. (265-2520)
Theatre 1: "The Summer House" (Waris Hussein), with Joan Plowright, Julie Walters, Jeanne Moreau, and Lena Headey.
Theatre 2: "Like Water for Chocolate" (Alfonso Arau; a Mexican film, in Spanish).

Angelika 57, 225 W. 57th. (586-1900)
"The Trial" (David Jones), with Kyle MacLachlan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (980-5656)
"The Remains of the Day" (†).

MOVIE HOUSES–Cont'd

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Age of Innocence" (Martin Scorsese), with Daniel Day-Lewis, Michelle Pfeiffer, and Winona Ryder.

Columbus Circle, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"Grumpy Old Men" (†).

62nd & Broadway, 62 W. 62nd. (265-7466)
"Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

Lincoln Plaza Cinemas, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Farewell My Concubine" (†).
Theatre 2: "Faraway, So Close" (Wim Wenders; in German), with Otto Sander.
Theatre 3: "Blue" (†).
Theatre 4: "The Piano" (†).
Theatre 5: "The Snapper" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Accompanist" (Claude Miller; in French).

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"Schindler's List" (†).

84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 2: "Iron Will" (Charles Haid), with Mackenzie Astin.
Theatre 3: "Heaven and Earth" (†).
Theatre 4: "A Perfect World" (Clint Eastwood), with Kevin Costner and Eastwood.
Theatre 5: Through Jan. 20: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina. From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).
Theatre 6: "The Pelican Brief" (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (316-4962)
"Naked" (†).

Metro Cinema 1 and 2, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Theatre 1: "Shadowlands" (†).
Theatre 2: "Tombstone" (†).

Olympia I and II, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 2: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Center, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "Ghost in the Machine" (directed by Rachel Talalay), with Karen Allen and Chris Mulkey.
Theatre 2: "American Cyborg" (Boaz Davidson), with Joe Lara.
Theatre 3: "House Party 3" (Eric Meza), with Christopher Reid and Christopher Martin.
Theatre 4: "Beethoven's 2nd" (†); and "Carlito's Way" (Brian De Palma), with Al Pacino, Sean Penn, and Penelope Ann Miller.
Theatre 5: "The Pelican Brief" (†).
Theatre 6: "Philadelphia" (†).
Theatre 7: "House Party 3."

Embassy 1, B'way at 46th. (302-0494)
Through Jan. 20: "Tombstone" (†).
From Jan. 21: "Hellbound."

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, 7th Ave. at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 1: "The Air Up There" (Paul Michael Glaser), with Kevin Bacon and Charles Gitonga Maina.
Theatre 2: "Sister Act 2: Back in the Habit" (Bill Duke), with Whoopi Goldberg.
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 20: "Cabin Boy" (Adam Resnick), with Chris Elliott. From Jan. 21: "Tombstone" (†).

Astor Plaza, 44th St. at B'way. (869-8340)
Through Jan. 20: Theatre closed.
From Jan. 21: "Intersection" (Mark Rydell).

National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: "Death Wish V: The Face of Death" (Allan A. Goldstein), with Charles Bronson.
Theatre 2: "Mrs. Doubtfire" (†).

REVIVAL HOUSES

Film Forum 2, 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110)
Through Jan. 20: "Fear and Desire" (1953, directed by Stanley Kubrick) and "Killer's Kiss" (1955, Kubrick), both with Frank Silvera.
From Jan. 21: "McCabe & Mrs. Miller" (1971, Robert Altman), with Warren Beatty and Julie Christie. On Jan. 24, two early films by Yasujiro Ozu: "I Was Born, but . . ." (1932) and "Tokyo Chorus" (1931).

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 19: "Harold and Maude" (1971, Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970, Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Gordon, Ron Leibman, and Trish Van Devere.
Jan. 20: "Norma Rae" (1979, Martin Ritt), with Sally Field; and "The Molly Maguires" (†).
Jan. 21-22: "Mean Streets" (1973, Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro and Harvey Keitel; and "The King of Comedy" (1983, Scorsese), with De Niro and Jerry Lewis.
Jan. 23: "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" (1919, Robert Wiene; a German silent film), with Werner Krauss; and "M" (†).
Jan. 24: "L'Avventura" (1959, Michelangelo Antonioni; in Italian), with Monica Vitti, Gabriele Ferzetti, and Léa Massari; and "La Notte" (†).
Jan. 25: "Vertigo" (†); and "Frenzy" (1972, Alfred Hitchcock), with Jon Finch and Alec McCowen.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480)—Jan. 20 at 3 and 6: "Camorra" (1992, directed by Pierre de Lattre; in French). . . . ¶ Jan. 20 at 6: "Vincenzella" (1923, Goffredo d'Andrea; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 2:30: "Santa Lucia Luntana: Memories of Naples" (1931, Harold Godsoe; in Italian and English) and "See Naples and Die" (1951, Riccardo Freda; in Italian). . . . ¶ A program of five films starring Sonja Henie. Jan. 21 at 3 and Jan. 22 at 5: "Happy Landings" (1938, Roy del Ruth). . . . Jan. 21 at 6 and Jan. 23 at noon: "Thin Ice" (1937, Sidney Landfield). . . . Jan. 22 at noon and Jan. 23 at 2:30: "It's a Pleasure" (1945, William A. Seiter). . . . Jan. 22 at 2:30 and Jan. 24 at 3: "The Countess from Monte Christo" (1948, Frederick de Cordova). . . . Jan. 23 at 5 and Jan. 24 at 6: "One in a Million" (1936, Landfield). . . . ¶ Jan. 21 at 6: "Te Lasso!" (1925, Ubaldo Maria del Colle; an Italian silent film) and two short silent Italian films. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 2 and Jan. 25 at 6: "Consuelita" (1925, Roberto Roberti; an Italian silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 5: "La Tavola dei Poveri" (1932, Alessandro Blasetti; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at noon: "The Young Caruso" (1951, Giacomo Gentilomo; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "Addio per Sempre!" (1957, Mario Costa; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 5: "Quei Due" (1935, Gennaro Righelli; in Italian). . . . ¶ Jan. 25 at 2:30: "A Voyage to Italy" (1954, Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders.

At MOMA, Sonja Henie and Tyrone Power in "Thin Ice."

PHOTOFEST

Walter Reade Theatre, Lincoln Center, 165 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600)—"Tradition and Renewal: Jews in the New Europe." Jan. 19 at 2: "Everything Is Fine" (1992, Yuri Chaschtchewatski). . . . Jan. 19 at 4: "And the Wind Returneth" (1991, Michail Kalik). . . . Jan. 19 at 7 and Jan. 20 at 4: "Farewell USSR" (1992, Alexander Rodnysansky). . . . Jan. 19 at 9: "In the Valley of the Wupper" (1993, Amos Gitai). . . . Jan. 20 at 2: "The Gesher Family" (1993, Boris Maftsir). . . . Jan. 20 at 6: "Why Wasn't He There" (1993, Andras Jeles). . . . Jan. 20 at 8:30: "Metamorphosis of a Melody" (1993, Amos Gitai). . . . ¶ A program of sixteen films by Yasujiro Ozu, all in Japanese. Jan. 21 at 2 and 6:45 and Jan. 22 at 6:45: "There Was a Father" (1942). . . . Jan. 21-22 at 4 and 8:45, Jan. 23 at 2, and Jan. 25 at 2: "Tokyo Story" (†). . . . Jan. 23 at 4:30 and 8:15 and Jan. 25 at 4:30: "The Record of a Tenement Gentleman" (1947). . . . ¶ Jan. 22-23 at 2: "My Friend Flicka" (1943, Harold Schuster), with Roddy McDowall, Rita Johnson, and Preston Foster.

American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria. (1-718 784-0077)—Jan. 22 at 2 and Jan. 23 at 2 and 4:30: Three different programs in a series called "Our Secret Century: Revelations from the Prelinger Archives, a Retrospective of Advertising, Industrial, and Educational Films."

Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160)—Jan. 19 at 12:30, 3:15, 6, and 8:45: "Le Schpountz" (1938, Marcel Pagnol; in French), with Fernandel, Orane Demazis, Fernand Charpin, and Henri Poupon.

Japan Society, 333 E. 47th St. (752-0824)—"Pacific Reflections: How Japan and America See Each Other in Film." Jan. 21 at 6:30: "Summer Soldier" (1972, Hiroshi Teshigahara; in Japanese), with Keith Sikes and Reisen Ri. . . . ¶ Jan. 22 at 1: "Floating Clouds" (1955, Mikio Naruse; in Japanese), with Hideko Takamine.

Brooklyn Museum, 200 Eastern Parkway. (1-718 638-5000)—A program of African-American independent films. Jan. 22 at 2: "A Powerful Thang" (1992, Zeinabu Irene Davis), "Babylon Is Falling" (1983, Ben Caldwell), and two short films. . . . ¶ Jan. 23 at 2: "Passing Through" (1977, Larry Clark).

Museum of Television and Radio, 25 W. 52nd St. (621-6800)—The documentary films of Frederick Wiseman. Jan. 20 at 5:30 and Jan. 22 at 2: "Primate" (1974). . . . Jan. 21 at 6 and Jan. 23 at 2: "Racetrack" (1986).

MOVIES IN BRIEF

FILMS OPENING THIS WEEK

Intersection—As his car spins out of control, an architect (Richard Gere) sees his life flash before his eyes. With Sharon Stone, Lolita Davidovich, and Martin Landau. The screenplay is by David Rayfiel and Marshall Brickman. Directed by Mark Rydell. Opening January 21.

Luna Park—Pavel Lounguine ("Taxi Blues") filmed this tale about a violent, xenophobic gang of nationalists in Moscow just after the abortive coup in August, 1991. With Andrei Goutine, Natalia Egorova, and Oleg Borisov. In Russian. Opening January 21.

Secuestro: A Story of a Kidnapping—The Colombian filmmaker Camila Motta's documentary re-creation of the three months her sister Sylvia spent in captivity while their father negotiated with her kidnappers. In Spanish. Opening January 19.

CURRENT FILMS

(The following notes are by Anthony Lane, Terrence Rafferty, and Michael Sragow. If a movie has been reviewed in The Current Cinema, the date of its review is given.)

Beethoven's 2nd—A fetching mate named Missy for America's favorite St. Bernard. Four adorable puppies (including one named Tchaikovsky). A loving couple (Charles Grodin and Bonnie Hunt) who risk their comfy Pasadena manse for the husband's professional dream of putting an air freshener in every gym bag. Three kids (Nicholle Tom, Christopher Castile, and Sarah Rose Karr) who go through crises gleaned and updated from fifties sitcoms. A Cruella De Vil character (Debi Mazar)—a rapacious divorcée—and the obligatory "Home Alone"-style mayhem. These are the ingredients of this smug family-comedy sequel; it's like an oversugared breakfast cereal served up in a doggie bowl. Rod Daniel directed.—M.S. (34th St. East, Manhattan Twin, Art Greenwich Twin, and Criterion Center.)

Blue—After "The Double Life of Véronique," the Polish director Krzysztof Kieślowski has come up with another lovely and perplexing film. Julie (Juliette Binoche) loses her husband and daughter in a car accident and sees that loss as a chance to break free. She moves to Paris, sheds a lover, and takes an apartment, but at every turn the past catches up. Her memories tend to rush back in with a burst of music (the husband was a composer); at times, the movie is more like a sound-and-light show than a drama. It could easily have been too grand and mournful for its own good, but it's lightened, against all expectation, by a glancing comedy. In French.—A.L. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/13/93.) (Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

A Dangerous Woman—As Martha, the dim-witted, shortsighted heroine of Stephen Gyllenhaal's picture, Debra Winger pulls out all the stops, but you can't help wishing she'd push a few back in. The cunning intensity of her playing is almost embarrassing, and it certainly lacks support; the rest of the movie drags sullenly behind, and the other characters harden into stereotypes, Gabriel Byrne's blue-eyed drinker being the worst offender. You keep waiting for the film to explode, as Martha's stubborn ways pull her toward disaster, but it stays marshy and joyless. Only David Strathairn—miscast as a sleazeball, but still as watchable as ever—gets the action moving; he and Winger share one bloody and breathless scene that puts the rest of the movie to shame.—A.L. (12/13/93) (Festival.)

Farewell My Concubine—Chen Kaige's film is a big, eventful historical soap opera of the "Doctor Zhivago" school. The movie follows a pair of male Beijing Opera performers, Cheng Dieyi (Leslie Cheung) and Duan Xiaolou (Zhang Fengyi), from their school days, in the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, to their farewell performance together, in 1977. Chen keeps the action charging forward breathlessly, for more than two and a half hours, and at a certain point you begin to realize that the obvious theatre-versus-life ironies are only a small part of what the movie is about. The real subject is whether it's possible, in times that demand perpetual revolutions in values, to remain true to anyone or anything: an art, an ideal, a friend, a wife, oneself. In Mandarin.—T.R. (10/11/93) (Angelika Film Center, Eastside Playhouse, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Grumpy Old Men—A sentimental comedy in the feuding-friends genre of "The Sunshine Boys," set in a wintry Minnesota village where the main pastime is ice fishing. The bickering next-door neighbors are a retired high-school history teacher (Jack Lemmon) and a retired TV repairman (Walter Matthau) who jockey for the attention of a flighty, voluptuous widow (Ann-Margret, as a former Berkeley prof!) who moves in across the street. Matthau and Lemmon have a few exuberant moments, but the laugh lines are quaint vulgarities and put-downs, and the triangle is hopelessly tricked up (Ann-Margret as a sexy-angelic lover of silly "mature" men is especially forced). Donald Petrie directed Mark Steven Johnson's script.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, Murray Hill Cinemas, Baronet, Orpheum VII, and Columbus Circle.)

Heaven and Earth—A near-farcical end to Oliver Stone's trilogy on the Vietnam War. Hiep Thi Le plays Le Ly, a villager caught in events beyond her control, not the least of them a lousy script. Through a mixture of pious voice-over and random brutality, we get a potted history of Vietnamese suffering: the colonizing French, the creepy Vietcong, and then all those randy grunts. But the movie itself feels like the latest in a long line of insults; the startling lack of dramatic resonance, and the frailty of the central performance, tend to flatten rather than raise your interest. Help is on hand from Tommy Lee Jones, as a United States marine with a tender heart and a history of killing, who marries the heroine and takes her back home. He looms large in the film, but is eventually outplayed by Stone's manic style.—A.L. (1/17/94) (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Ziegfeld, and 84th Street Sixplex.)

In the Name of the Father—With Daniel Day-Lewis, directed by Jim Sheridan. (Reviewed in this isssue.) (First & 62nd Cinemas, and Chelsea Cinemas.)

Mrs. Doubtfire—Robin Williams impersonates a stocky, middle-aged female housekeeper, and he's too inventive an actor not to get a few gigantic laughs out of the stunt. But the picture as a whole isn't in the class of "Tootsie" and "Some Like It Hot," mostly because its premise is sentimental, not cynical: Williams's character, a divorced man, becomes Mrs. Doubtfire in order to get around a court-ordered custody arrangement and spend more time with his adorable children. Lessons are learned, loved ones are hugged, and personal growth is achieved—as usual, at the expense of comedy. Some, apparently including Williams, like it warm and cuddly, too. Nobody's perfect. Directed—with a very heavy hand—by Chris Columbus.—T.R. (Movieland 8th Street Triplex, Gotham Cinema, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, 62nd & Broadway, and National Twin.)

Naked—A pitch-black comedy, written and directed by Mike Leigh, in which the unstoppable Johnny (David Thewlis) comes to London and makes life difficult for everyone he meets: new girlfriends, old girlfriends, a drunken Scotsman on the street. The smell of misanthropy, which wafts from one Leigh picture to the next, hangs more heavily than ever in the air, and the movie is badly unbalanced by the presence of a token yuppie—not a character at all, just a lazy exercise in caricature. But Thewlis saves the day: the Johnny he creates is lean and hungry, foulmouthed but erudite, his low expectations crossed with high spirits. He's one of the most compelling rebels in modern cinema.—A.L. (1/17/94) (Angelika Film Center, and Thalia.)

The Pelican Brief—The script is adapted from the novel by John Grisham, but not adapted enough. Two Supreme Court Justices are murdered, and Darby Shaw (Julia Roberts), a mere law student, decides that the trail leads all the way to the White House. She gets help from a journalist, played by Denzel Washington, who struggles manfully to keep her, and the movie, alive. (Only one of them survives.) The director is Alan J. Pakula, who shows his class in a couple of nervy murder sequences, but flounders through the rest of the story. Pale and overwrought, Julia Roberts looks worried that she may be in the wrong movie.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 34th Street Showplace, New York Twin, Orpheum VII, Chelsea Cinemas, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

Philadelphia—Tom Hanks plays a lawyer dismissed from his firm, apparently for incompetence, but really because he has AIDS. Enter Denzel Washington as a personal-injury attorney—relaxed, witty, and homophobic, but prepared to fight for justice. The result is an unorthodox blend of courtroom drama and old-style weepie, and somehow it comes off. With Jonathan Demme in charge there's a guarantee of taste and skill—if anything, the movie is too optimistic, convinced that everyone in America can be won round to its own standards of tolerance. Of course it should stand up for gay rights, but do we also need a speech about how wonderful lawyers are? Fortunately, this preachiness never swamps the picture, thanks largely to spirited playing from Tom Hanks, who looks full of life right up to the end. The movie is affecting, sometimes silly, but determined to take risks.—A.L. (12/27/93-1/3/94) (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Gemini, Orpheum VII, 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Center.)

The Piano—Sometime in the last century, a Scottish mute called Ada (Holly Hunter) travels to New Zealand with her beloved piano and her daughter Flora (Anna Paquin). She is engaged to Stewart (Sam Neill), but it is his right-hand man, Baines (Harvey Keitel), who becomes the focus of her interest. He buys the piano, and gives her a chance to win it back: an erotic agreement that gathers intensity and drives the film onward to its gasping conclusion. The writer and director, Jane Campion, has turned her native New Zealand, with its desolate beach and writhing forests, into a potent backdrop; the rain and mud make the love story look like trench warfare—you come away from the movie battered and amazed. It's almost too wrought and compressed for its own good, but the performances breathe it full of life. Hunter, especially, gives a fiery portrait of a rebellious Victorian spirit.—A.L. (11/29/93) (Angelika Film Center, 19th Street East 6, First & 62nd Cinemas, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

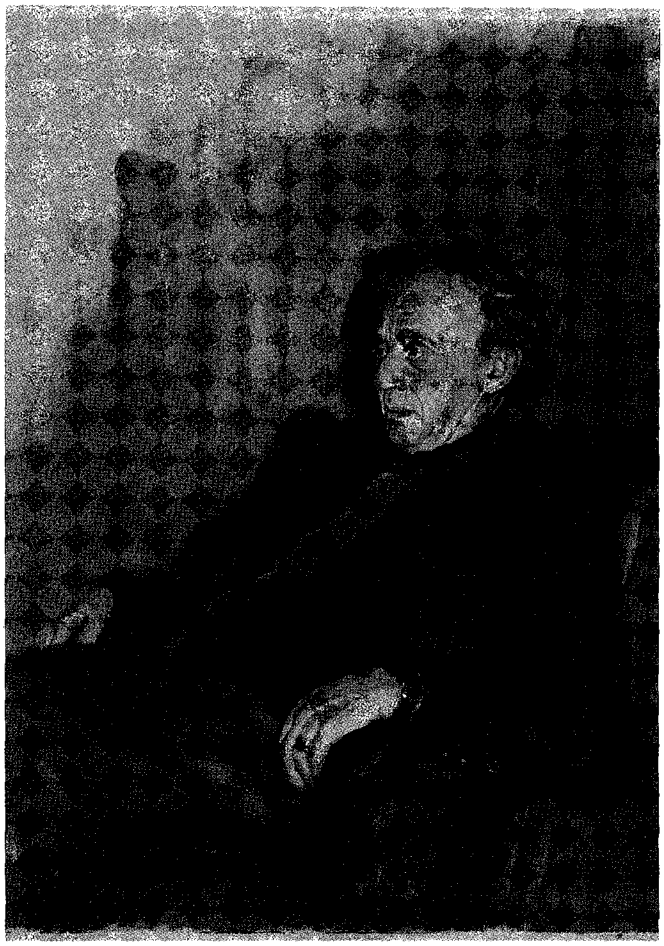
The Remains of the Day—Anthony Hopkins plays Stevens, a butler who has given long and faithful service at Darlington Hall and maintained his emotional temperature at absolute zero. This has cost him dearly: first, he failed to see that his master (James Fox) was dangerously bent on appeasement with the Germans in the nineteen-thirties; and, second, he refused to accept, or even acknowledge, the love offered to him by the housekeeper (Emma Thompson). Adapted by Ruth Prawer Jhabvala from the novel by Kazuo Ishiguro, this Merchant-Ivory production strains so hard to portray dignified restraint that it almost seizes up with good manners. This is especially unfair to Thompson, who is forced to smother her naturally high spirits.—A.L. (11/15/93) (Village Theatre VII, Chelsea Cinemas, and Paris.)

IN BRIEF-Cont'd

Schindler's List—The story of Oskar Schindler (Liam Neeson), a dashing and resourceful German Catholic businessman who saved over a thousand Polish Jews from almost certain annihilation by the Nazis, is extraordinary even by the standards of Holocaust literature. Steven Spielberg's film, adapted by Steven Zaillian from the 1982 book by Thomas Keneally, runs better than three hours and doesn't seem a minute too long. Spielberg respects the essential mystery of the protagonist's heroism, and uses his prodigious skills with an intensity that he hasn't shown in a long time: he captures images of experiences that most of us thought we would never see represented adequately on the screen. This is by far the finest, fullest dramatic (i.e. nondocumentary) film ever made about the Holocaust. Along with Neeson, who is brilliant, the standouts in the large cast are Ralph Fiennes, Ben Kingsley, and Embeth Davidtz.—T.R. (12/20/93) (First & 62nd Cinemas, Chelsea Cinemas, and Regency.)

Shadowlands—Richard Attenborough's film chronicles the relationship between the British writer C. S. Lewis (played by Anthony Hopkins) and an American woman named Joy Davidman Gresham (Debra Winger). The screenplay, by William Nicholson (adapted from his earlier television and stage versions of the story), initially emphasizes the comic incongruity of the love affair: Lewis, a shy and scholarly bachelor in his fifties, suddenly falls hard for a blunt, outspoken woman who doesn't quite fit the profile of an Oxford professor's wife. But the real drama is in the poignant brevity of the relationship, which is cut short by Joy's death from cancer. The picture isn't actually very good; it's just a tearjerker with clumsy interpolations of theology. (Lewis, a prominent Christian thinker, is shown delivering lectures on the spiritual implications of happiness and pain.) Hopkins and Winger are fascinating to watch, though. Winger—who is, as always, vivid, honest, and intuitive—gives the whole idea of Americanness an astonishing radiance. And Hopkins, realizing that he has to put up some real emotional capital or else get blown off the screen, comes through with the most impassioned acting of his career.—T.R. (Beekman, Park & 86th Street Cinemas, Art Greenwich Twin, Chelsea Cinemas, and Metro Cinema.)

Short Cuts—Robert Altman uses nine short stories by Raymond Carver as the raw material for a latter-day "Nashville," set in Southern California. (One story line—by far the weakest—is the invention of Altman and his co-screenwriter, Frank Barhydt.) Most of the stories in the three-hour-and-seven-minute movie are about misunderstandings—often outright hostilities—between men and women, and the juxtaposition of all these poisonous domestic relationships has the effect of turning Carver's closely observed, scrupulously specific small dramas into a big, obvious generalization about men's brutality and women's capacity for endurance. Despite Altman's exquisite control of pace, the movie seems thin and insubstantial, and every moment feels pretty much like every other. Of the twenty-two principal actors, a handful do terrific work here: Jack Lemmon, Bruce Davison, Julianne Moore, Lily Tomlin, Jennifer Jason Leigh, and Madeleine Stowe.—T.R. (9/27/93) (Village East Cinemas, 68th St. Playhouse, and Worldwide Cinemas.)



At the Museum of Television and Radio, documentaries by Frederick Wiseman.

KELYNN Z. ALDER

Six Degrees of Separation—Fred Schepisi's film of John Guare's brilliant play about affluent, liberal-seeming New Yorkers who are conned by a young, gay black man claiming to be the son of Sidney Poitier. It's as agile and as inventive a visualization of complex theatrical material as you'll ever see. Guare's script (which sticks close to the text of the play) is a virtuoso comedy of upper-middle-class Manhattan manners, and the writing is amazingly nimble and unpredictable. His subject is the possibility, and the necessity, of seeing the world through someone else's eyes. The odd empathy that develops between the privileged heroine, Ouisa (Stockard Channing), and the young hustler (Will Smith) is moving because it emerges, unexpectedly, out of their radically different—but equally ingenious—strategies for manipulating experience. Their cleverness, like Guare's, ultimately transcends itself. Schepisi's direction keeps the movie charging forward, driven by its locomotive wit, until near the end, when we find ourselves set down in a huge and thrillingly unfamiliar emotional landscape, hardly knowing how we got there. It's a wonderful ride. The terrific cast also includes Donald Sutherland, Mary Beth Hurt, Bruce Davison, and Anthony Michael Hall.—T.R. (Coronet, and Waverly.)

The Snapper—A return trip to the Dublin of "The Commitments," and every bit as welcome as the earlier film. The Curley family is in trouble: young Sharon (Tina Kellegher) is going to have a snapper—a baby, that is, conceived after a drunken fumble on a car hood. Sharon knows who the father is, but she won't let on to her friends, let alone to her father (Colm Meaney). It sounds like a drab little tale, but in the hands of director Stephen Frears it becomes a headlong tumble into good humor; he seems as fascinated by his characters as the family is by the new arrival, and the camera scuttles around, tolerantly picking up details. The script is adapted by Roddy Doyle from his own novel, which guarantees a string of firecracker jokes, caustic but never cruel; look out for the bemused parents discovering the joy of sex.—A.L. (Angelika Film Center, and Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.)

Tombstone—In this gaudy, ramshackle piece of Western legendry, the Earp brothers—Wyatt (Kurt Russell), Virgil (Sam Elliott), and Morgan (Bill Paxton)—team up with Wyatt's pal Doc Holliday (Val Kilmer) to war against an outlaw mob dubbed the Cowboys. (The bad guys wear red sashes.) Before Tombstone is tamed, the film becomes a cavalcade of killing. Playing a hedonist who keeps his ironic distance until the bullets fly gives Kilmer an edge on the rest of the cast; drawling between coughs and oscillating like a sine wave, he radiates a virtuoso superciliousness. And Russell's stalwart Wyatt anchors the action even when it becomes impossibly operatic. But the narrative incoherence undercuts whatever pleasure the audience might find in the heroes' outsize gestures and humorous flourishes. Characters take abrupt ninety-degree turns, or pop up out of nowhere, or simply disappear. While many of the incidents in Kevin Jarre's script recall the 1967 Earp movie, "The Hour of the Gun," the style is closer to other films by George P. Cosmatos, the director who gave us "Rambo" and "Cobra." The enormous cast includes Dana Delany as Wyatt's gal, Joanna Pacula as Doc's, and Powers Boothe, Michael Biehn, and Stephen Lang as the most garish villains.—M.S. (Village Theatre VII, 19th Street East 6, Murray Hill Cinemas, Cinema II, and Metro Cinema. . . . ¶ Embassy 1; through Jan. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Jan. 21.)

The War Room—The somewhat deranged charm of James Carville, the chief strategist of Bill Clinton's Presidential campaign, dominates D. A. Pennebaker and Chris Hegedus's exhilarating documentary. The film does justice to the sheer reckless pleasure of electoral gamesmanship. And Carville is the largest, most resonant character in recent American movies, someone whose work is such a complete expression of his personality that you can't help laughing: the unity of this life and this art seems too good to be true.—T.R. (11/8/93) (Film Forum.)

REVIVALS

(The following notes are by Pauline Kael and Michael Sragow.)

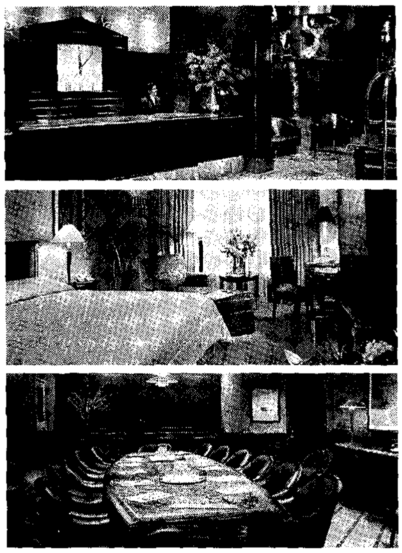
M (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer; the police, trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase—actually, on the two converging chases of the police and the underworld. The structure is so mechanical it's almost pulpy, and the film reaches for other easy effects—it's similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. But there's nothing facile about Lorre: trapped by the underworld, he screams, "I can't help myself!" In German.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 23.)

The Molly Maguires (1970)—Sean Connery, Richard Harris, and Samantha Eggar in an elegiac movie about labor violence among the Irish immigrant coal miners in Pennsylvania in the eighteen-seventies. It was clearly a labor of love for the director, Martin Ritt. The cinematography, by James Wong Howe, which stresses abstract and geometric values, is integral to the stylized plan, and the handsome use of space gives the movie an imposing solidity. But we never get any explanation of the strategy of the miners who are dynamiting the trains carrying the coal they have just mined; how will this sabotage get them the living wage they need? Instead, we see them martyred after their secret organization has been infiltrated by a company spy. Playing this wily, smart, weak man, Richard Harris has a volatile edginess that draws us into the spy's divided spirit and contributes most of the suspense. Connery gives a sure and intelligent performance as the leader of the saboteurs, and Samantha Eggar is surprisingly forceful as the girl who becomes the fiancée of the stool pigeon. The movie is impressive yet lifeless. The script is by Walter Bernstein.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 20.)

La Notte (1962)—In Antonioni's earlier "L'Avventura," which was also about the moral and spiritual poverty of the rich, his architectural sense was integral to the theme and characters; here, the abstract elements take over, and the drama becomes glacial. And his conception is distasteful: his characters seem to find glamour in their own desolation and emptiness. They are cardboard intellectuals—a sort of international café society—and their lassitude seems an empty pose. Marcello Mastroianni plays a black-faced famous novelist; as his wife, Jeanne Moreau walks endlessly, with the camera fixated on her rear; and Monica Vitti is a brunette with money up to her ears and nothing to do. In Italian.—P.K. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 24.)

Tokyo Story (1953)—Provincial parents (Chishu Ryu and Chieko Higashiyama) hang on to traditional notions of family while their married children (So Yamamura and Haruko Sugimura) hustle to maintain toeholds in postwar Tokyo. When the parents are stranded there one afternoon, unable to spend the day with the citified son and daughter, Ryu quips that they're "homeless." The director, Yasujiro Ozu, turns the problem of what to do on family visits—the subject of many a sitcom episode—into a tragic domestic poem. His emotion-charged formalism brings out the beauty in the parents' stoicism and amplifies the surprises that crop up in the archetypal characters, like the despair that emerges from beneath the smile of the couple's loving, widowed daughter-in-law (Setsuko Hara). This director is resolutely unsentimental—he earns every falling tear. In Japanese.—M.S. (Walter Reade Theatre; Jan. 21-23 and Jan. 25.)

Vertigo (1958)—Alfred Hitchcock takes voyeurism and amorous fixation to audacious, almost necrophiliac lengths in this tale of a retired San Francisco police detective (James Stewart) investigating whether an old acquaintance's wife (Kim Novak) is spiritually possessed. The movie is drawn out and dramatically misshapen—it takes Stewart as much time to cross a hotel room here as it did for him to race across London in "The Man Who Knew Too Much." And the action breaks into two big chunks that don't balance out. But the movie is also hypnotic—not a conventional masterpiece, perhaps, but an auteur classic flooded with the Master's erotic and moral obsessions. Stewart's character is acrophobic; when Hitchcock links the hero's vertigo to his sexual vulnerability, the result *is* dizzying. Even the awkwardness of the mystery adds to the film's sense that life is a puzzle with a piece missing. Co-starring Barbara Bel Geddes. Alec Coppel and Samuel Taylor wrote the script, from the novel "D'Entre les Morts," by Pierre Boileau and Thomas Narcejac.—M.S. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 25.)



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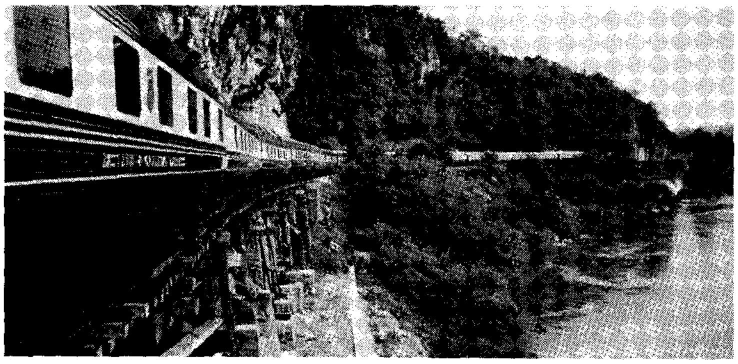

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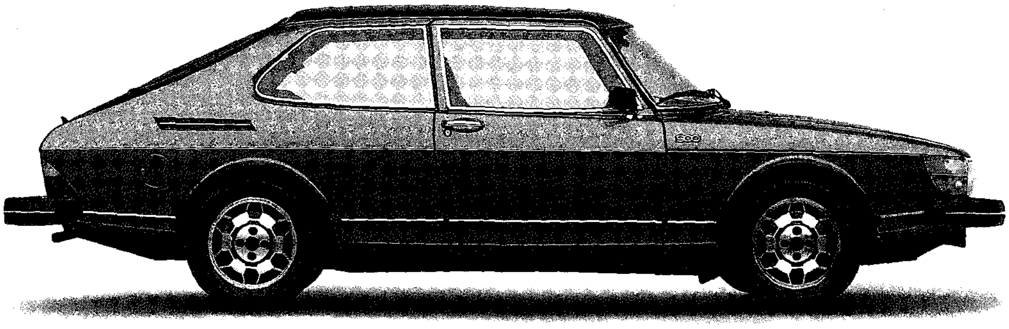
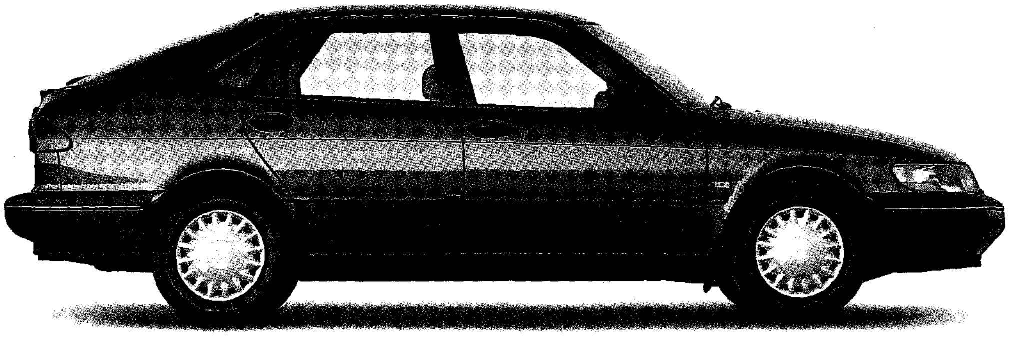


1979: TECHNOLOGICAL LEAP.



1994: FORWARD TWO-AND-A-HALF SOMERSAULT WITH A TWIST.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

IN CAMERA WITH COURT TV

"MURDER, money, race—it's all there," Steven Brill was saying late one recent afternoon. Brill, who is forty-three years old and wears his thinning brown hair slicked sidewise and back, and who might have been dressed by the costume director of Oliver Stone's "Wall Street," is the C.E.O. and editor-in-chief of Court TV, and he was leading a weekly meeting of the cable-television network's editorial staff to discuss upcoming cases that might merit coverage. A dozen or so producers, directors, and researchers were gathered around a large oval table in the Court TV newsroom, which is on the third floor of a midtown office building. On a wall above the table were two whiteboards. On the bigger one was a calendar of arraignments, hearings, and jury trials already scheduled for coverage by Court TV that week: the parole hearing of two members of Charles Manson's "family," for instance, and, as had been noted most prominently, with a green felt-tip, the network's planned gavel-to-gavel coverage of Virginia v. Bobbitt. The smaller whiteboard held the names "Lyle" and "Erik," each followed by double-digit numbers: it was a Menendez-brothers-trial scorecard, tallying the number of days the jury in each brother's case had been deliberating.

Brill was waving an unlit cigar as he brought up murder, money, and race to make the case for covering the proceedings of a civil suit brought by members of the families of three black bank guards killed in Denver during a holdup. Those with him at the table needed little convincing. "Go with the black bank guards," Brill said, and the conversation moved on. A memo was read that summarized a criminal case in Providence: "A white punk allegedly beat his drug-dealing friend to death with a baseball bat while slam dancing." (Decision: No coverage. The case was to hinge on legal technicalities.)

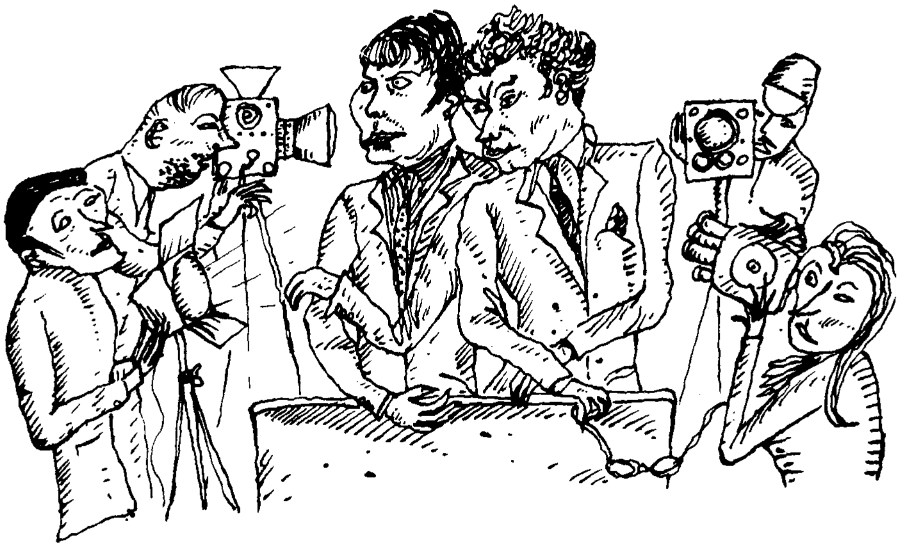
There followed an exchange about the case of a young New Jersey man who, after attending a Grateful Dead show at Giants Stadium, was alleged to have been pushed from a bridge by a member of the security staff working the concert.

"Guards say he took acid and jumped," a producer said.

"But what about the people who took acid and didn't jump?" Brill inquired, sounding lawyerly. Instances of guards roughing up rock fans were not uncommon, he added; he wanted the trial covered.

Last, another civil suit, this one about to begin in Queens, was quickly dismissed by Brill: "That judge does bad camera."

Court TV (officially the Courtroom Television Network) went on the air in July of 1991. Over the past two and a half years it has provided coverage (footage both live and taped, and also commentary) of more than two hundred and eighty trials. Court TV reaches fourteen million four hundred thousand cable subscribers, and, according to the most recent Nielsen ratings, has an average of three hundred and fifty thousand viewers each day, a rather respectable audience for a new cable service—one larger, during the daytime hours, than the Cable News Network has been commanding, if not yet large enough to attract the major national advertisers. Court TV's daytime viewers have been passionate enough—actually, cultish enough—to make stars of the network's Menendez-trial correspondent, Terry Moran, and of two of its anchors, Fred Graham and

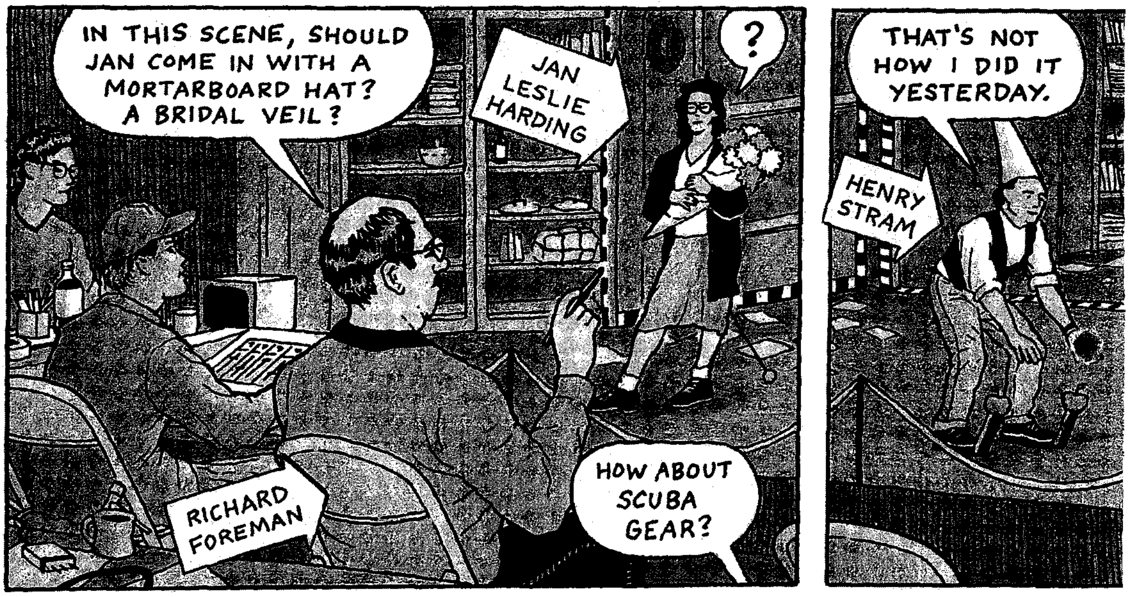


ILLUSTRATIONS BY EMMANUEL PIERRE

THE SLEDGEHAMMER METHOD

A NEW PLAY BY AVANT-GARDE WRITER-DIRECTOR RICHARD FOREMAN, "MY HEAD WAS A SLEDGEHAMMER," HAS JUST OPENED. HERE ARE SOME HIGHLIGHTS FROM RECENT REHEARSALS.

by R. SIKORYAK


IN THIS SCENE, SHOULD JAN COME IN WITH A MORTARBOARD HAT? A BRIDAL VEIL?
JAN LESLIE HARDING
?
RICHARD FOREMAN
HOW ABOUT SCUBA GEAR?
THAT'S NOT HOW I DID IT YESTERDAY.
HENRY STRAM

Cynthia McFadden. (McFadden is leaving Court TV at the end of the month to join ABC News as its legal correspondent.) The trial of William Kennedy Smith introduced Court TV to viewers; that of Rodney King lent it a certain credibility. The Menendez trial, which began in Los Angeles last July, has been for Court TV what the Gulf War was for CNN: the case of the brothers who killed their parents but claim to be victims themselves (of child abuse) has been *its* story from the trial's start, with the other networks playing catch-up—and, incidentally, piquing curiosity best satisfied by Court TV, which has devoted more than six hundred on-air hours to coverage of the trial.

Court TV is based on a simple notion, even a primitive one: crime, scandal, and degradation make for good TV. It wasn't Brill's law training at Yale that gave him the idea for Court TV; nor did the idea come to him while he was covering legal issues for various magazines, or, later, through the work he did as the publisher and editor of *The American Lawyer* and nine local legal papers. Like so many New Yorkers, he got his inspiration in a cab. "The radio was tuned to an all-news station, it was a trial, and I saw it in a flash—a camera in every court," he told us after the editorial meeting, while he was seated at the desk in his corner office. "A week later, I was at Time-Warner, standing in front of Steve Ross, making my pitch. I made the point that the court is America's most dramatic form of nonviolent confrontation. I told him, 'I'll give you a mix of C-SPAN and the soaps.' " (Time-Warner and Liberty Media are the biggest backers of the network's launch, which has so far cost about forty million dollars.)

Television had gone into court before the advent of Court TV, of course, and Brill was quick to give credit to shows like "Perry Mason," "L.A. Law," and, in particular, "People's Court." What these shows did not satisfy, he believes, is the "craving for authenticity"—which is one way of describing a certain taste for true crime. But it is also a matter, we found ourself thinking, of television's once again moving *into* a print-media genre (specifically, a tabloid genre) and better providing the sought-after sensations. To spend a few hours viewing Court TV is to glimpse the way television can do what the papers cannot. The camcorder tracks, pans, zooms. Testimony is delivered with tics and gestures that few daily reporters (and no courtroom sketch artist) have the time or space to capture. And much of this is brought to you in real time—you get to play juror as well as voyeur.

In a country in which two million lawsuits are filed each year, and the murder rate remains among the world's highest, and the appeal process goes on and on, Court TV will not suffer for lack of "software." Producers at the network talk of how viewers get to see "the real story of American justice," and of how "if you see the system you know it works." But Steven Brill knows that few of those drawn to Court TV are channel surfing for a civics lesson.

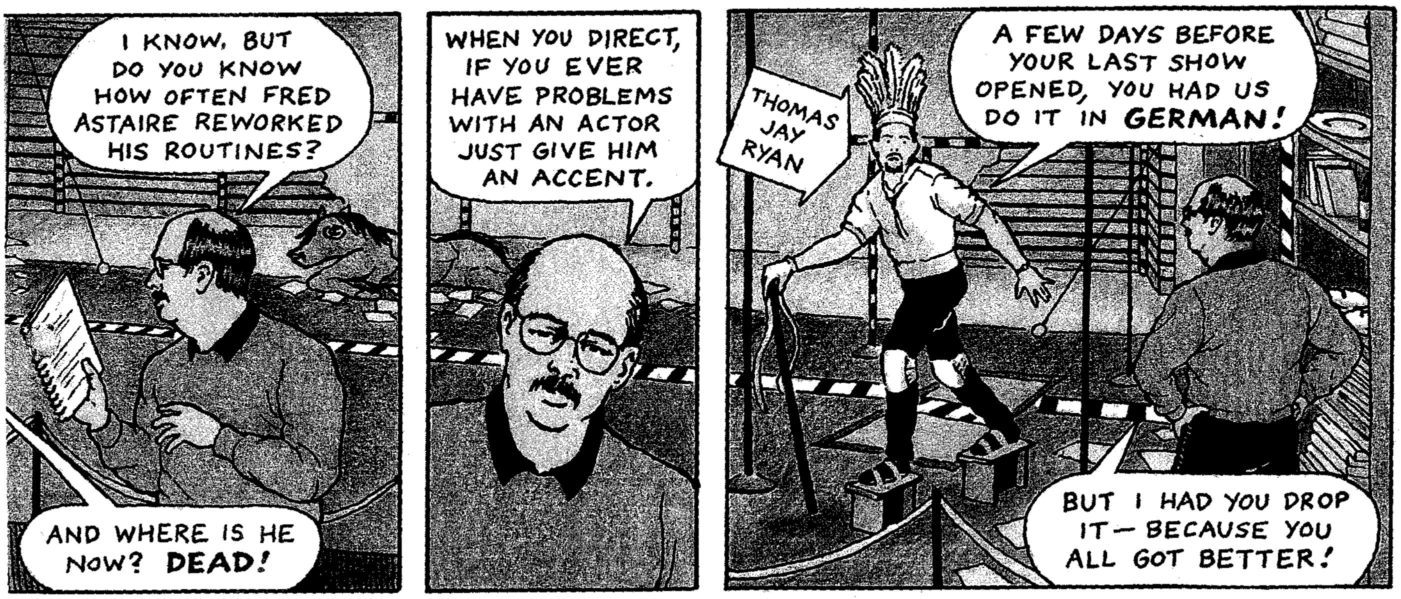
"It's good TV because it's bad TV," he said. "The sound sucks, the lighting sucks, but the stories are real. Watching the Menendez trial, some people wonder whether Lyle should be played by William Hurt or Edward James Olmos. But we think Lyle Menendez plays a pretty good Lyle."

IT'S, LIKE, NOT JUST A STORE

IT'S about synergy. It's about global youth culture, cosmic communication, and the gathering of the galactic forces. It's got to do with raves, those mass expressions of universal brotherhood and good-vibe-sharing, and with Carlos Soulslinger, the grand old man of rave d.j.s, and with Carlos's new downtown store, Liquid Sky D-sign, the total-concept supplier (clothes! music! refreshments!) to the rave revolution.

Dig the Vision: Think in terms of focal points, meeting houses, and self-expression. Think Astro-Girl, the store's logo. The product of the fertile mindscape of an artist called Rey, who claims to have personally experienced two alien visitations, Astro-Girl—a bubble-eyed, dual-antennaed extraterrestrial babe—bears an eerie resemblance to Astro-Boy, a Japanese cartoon figure, although, according to Carlos, "Astro-Girl is from a different universe than Astro-Boy. Astro-Girl is part of the revolution, Astro-Boy is part of the establishment."

Experience the Reality: A store on the nearly unpeopled eastern edge of SoHo, with a door placard beaming "Welcome


I KNOW, BUT DO YOU KNOW HOW OFTEN FRED ASTAIRE REWORKED HIS ROUTINES?
AND WHERE IS HE NOW? DEAD!
WHEN YOU DIRECT, IF YOU EVER HAVE PROBLEMS WITH AN ACTOR JUST GIVE HIM AN ACCENT.
THOMAS JAY RYAN
A FEW DAYS BEFORE YOUR LAST SHOW OPENED, YOU HAD US DO IT IN GERMAN!
BUT I HAD YOU DROP IT—BECAUSE YOU ALL GOT BETTER!

Space Brothers and Sisters." Inside, a small bar flanked by three low metal chairs that were once late-twentieth-century artifacts; namely, shopping carts and the insides of washing machines. Reigning over the store, an enormous white sculpture of Astro-Girl's face with lavender fluorescent light bulbs for eyes. Filling the store, throbbing music from Subtopia, the record store housed in the back of Liquid Sky.

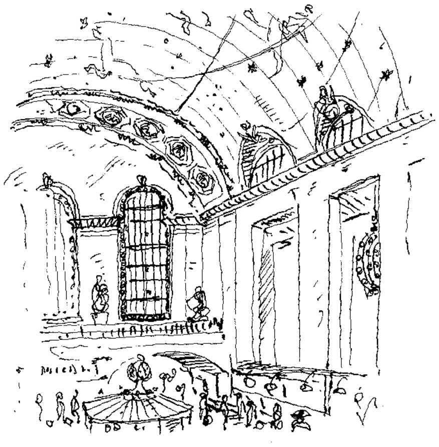
Mind-Meld with the Natives: Carlos himself, a spectral thirty-six-year-old Brazilian with a pair of wraparound mirrored shades that give him a fly-like appearance; his partner, Mary, a buzz-cut sprite with a platinum cowlick; Mike, the bartender, who has two tongue rings, one lip ring, one nose ring, and four earrings.

Access the Attitude: At the bar, "smart drinks," like L-phenylalinine, Ephedra, Spirulina, and Gingko—that is, amino-acid/fruit-juice potions used to enhance your potency, rev you up, reconnect your synapses and abet the flow of electricity through your body. In the narrow middle of the store, clothes designed by the three in-house labels: LSD (Liquid Sky D-signs), Look Jerk, and Techno-Mafia, which is what Carlos and friends wear—essentially, different mutations of the basic T-shirt-and-oversized-jeans look adorned with orange-yellow-and-green neon versions of Astro-Girl.

Get Ready for the Third Millennium: "Liquid Sky is only a symptom," Carlos says. "Just a part of the panorama of history, from Dada to Sid Vicious to Acid House. And now we're taking it to the next level. We're like a virus—we multiply and multiply. The revolution has just begun."

CATCHING THE 5:48, UNDER THE STARS

A CLOSE inspection of the barrel-vaulted ceiling of the vast, thronged, murmuring main concourse of Grand Central Terminal one morning last week found the residue of fifty-one years of diesel fumes and car exhaust, soot, dirt kicked up by the million feet of the half million people who move through the station every working day, tiny particles of steel rails scraped off by the friction between wheels and rails when train brakes are applied hard, and discoloration caused by cigarette smoke, smoke from trash fires on train tracks, and smoke from leaves that get stuck to the bottom of commuter trains and then catch fire. It will cost nearly five million dollars to clean the ceiling, but the Metropolitan Transportation Authority, the terminal's operator, has secured the money, and is in a resolute fixer-upper mood these days: it has just signed a new two-hundred-and-eighty-year lease with the landlord, the Penn Central Corporation. As of now, Penn Central has abandoned thirty years of threats to build a skyscraper over Grand Central, and the M.T.A. can essentially own any improvements it makes.



The ceiling, which was last renovated in the early nineteen-forties, is trying to show you in the same moment a Magritte-like, brilliant daytime sky and also a glowing nighttime sky. (A Ph.D. thesis is being written on this phenomenon.) The background color is midday tropical turquoise, fading to swimming-pool deep cerulean; superimposed on that, in 24k. gold leaf, are twenty-five hundred stars, grouped into the mid-winter constellations. Orion rides high over the Metro-North ticket windows. Sixty of the stars, including the three in Orion's belt, actually glow, because—this was one of the wild ideas that occurred to people back in the dawn of the age of electricity—sixty ten-watt bulbs poke down through the plaster from a large cow-barn-like room over the ceiling.

From the middle of 1996, when the renovation will be completed, through 2274, when the M.T.A.'s lease is up, Orion and the rest of the stars will shine above Grand Central as they did for F.D.R. and Holden Caulfield. ♦

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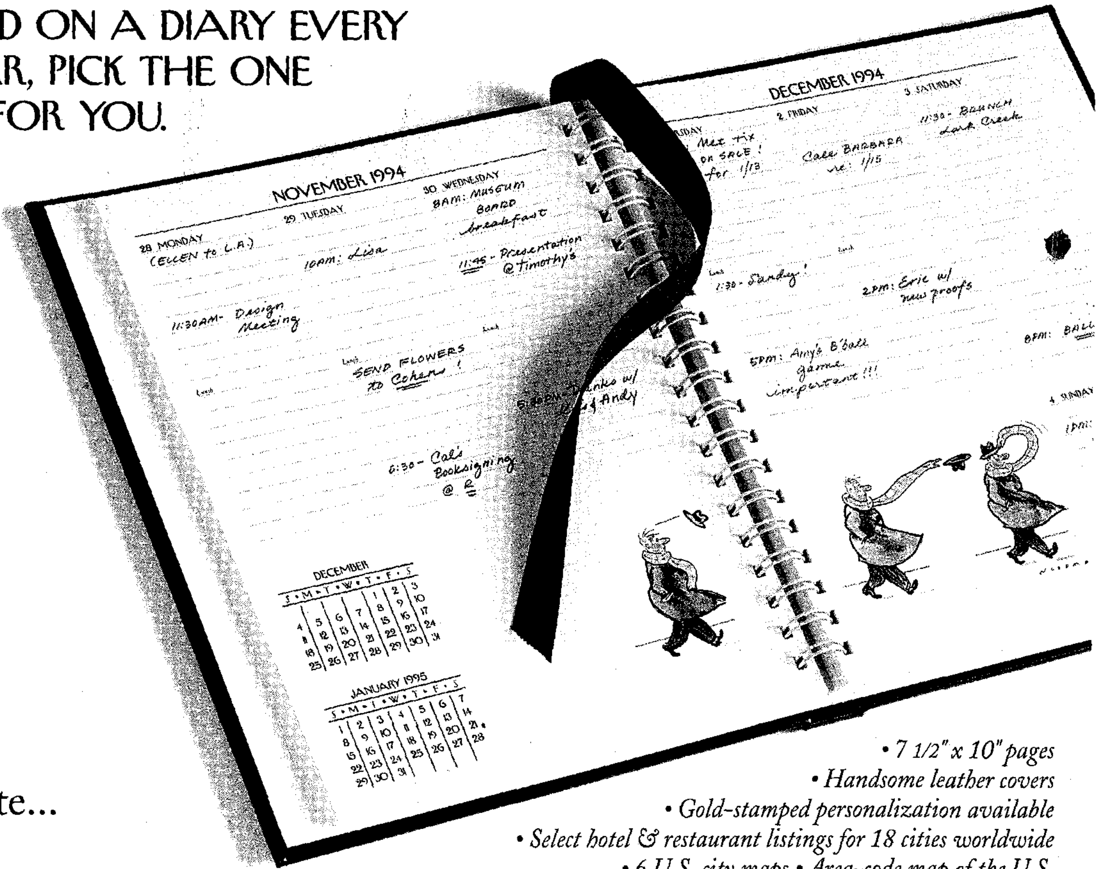
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11:30AM - Design Meeting
29 TUESDAY
10AM: Lisa
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30 WEDNESDAY
8AM: Museum Board Breakfast
11:45 - Presentation @ Timothy's
6:30 - Cal's Booksigning
DECEMBER
JANUARY 1995
DECEMBER 1994
2 FRIDAY
3 SATURDAY
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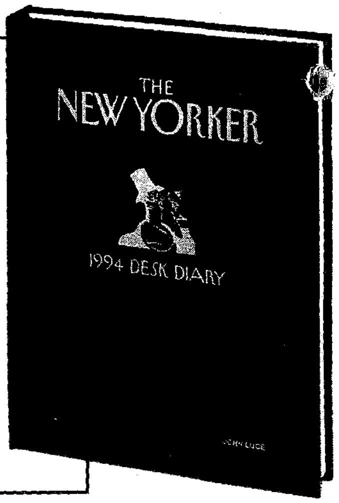
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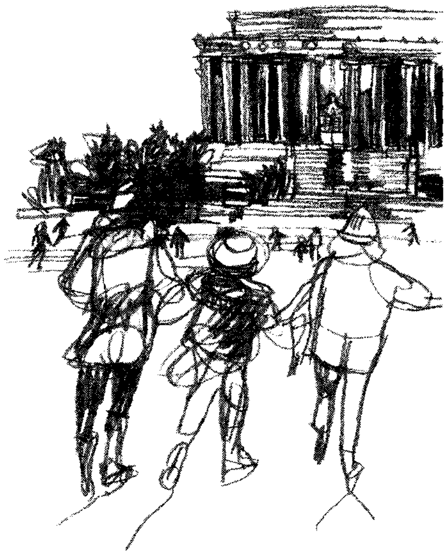
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

THE EDUCATION OF A PRESIDENT

As his first year ends with scandal and summitry, Bill Clinton steps back to discuss what he has learned about how to do the job.

BY SIDNEY BLUMENTHAL

THE few weeks at the end of 1993 and the beginning of 1994, leading up to the first anniversary of Bill Clinton's Inauguration, were arguably as eventful and terror-filled as any period of his Presidency. He was pulled into a maelstrom of scandalous charges, awakened in the middle of the night to be told his mother had died, and then yanked from her graveside for a week-long round of European summitry.



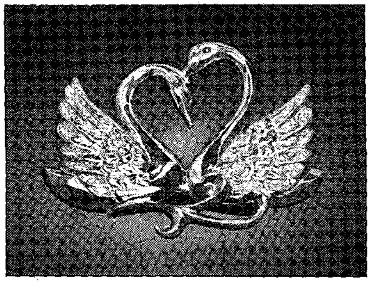
LYNN PAULEY

In the first of the scandals that suddenly swirled around Clinton, two disgruntled Arkansas state troopers, with records checkered by attempted fraud, drunk driving, and marital infidelity, retailed stories of Clinton's own alleged infidelities. (The troopers spoke freely of their wish for a lucrative book contract; in that and other matters, they were represented by a former Oxford classmate of Clinton's, Cliff Jackson. A self-appointed nemesis, Clinton's own Javert, Jackson has hounded Clinton for years.) In another imbroglio, congressional Republicans and reporters created a drumbeat for the release of the Clintons' files on their involvement, a decade earlier, in an ill-fated real-estate venture known as Whitewater, in which, they maintain, they lost their investment. The Clintons claimed they had done nothing wrong, and there was no tangible evidence of legal culpability, though there was an unexplained tangle, with embarrassing suggestions of conflict of interest, that aroused suspicion. The Clintons' assertion of innocence unleashed the logic of scandal: their stubborn insistence on privacy had the inevitable effect of intensifying the clamor.

On January 6th, the President's mother, Virginia Kelley, died, and he left Washington for Hot Springs. According to some of those who were present at the funeral, it was comforting for Clinton to be in his mother's home, among his childhood friends, who called him "Bill," not "Mr. President," but less than twelve hours after the funeral he was on Air Force One, making his first Presidential trip to Europe, to settle the post-Cold War Western alliance and Russian-American relations.

While Clinton was in Kiev, on January 12th, concluding an agreement to dismantle the Ukrainian nuclear arsenal, the White House announced that it had directed Attorney General Janet Reno to appoint a special counsel in the Whitewater case. Once a counsel is appointed, the media hemorrhage will be stanched. This is precisely the process that worked for Jimmy Carter in 1979, when a special counsel exonerated him of charges raised about bank loans from Bert Lance's savings and loan, and about funds from Carter's peanut warehouse that had been allegedly diverted to his campaign—a now-forgotten episode that in its time made as big a ruckus as Whitewater.

All of these events tumbling on Clinton simultaneously presented a formidable test of one of the apparent strengths of his Presidency: his ability to



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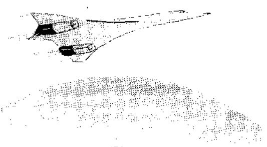

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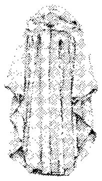

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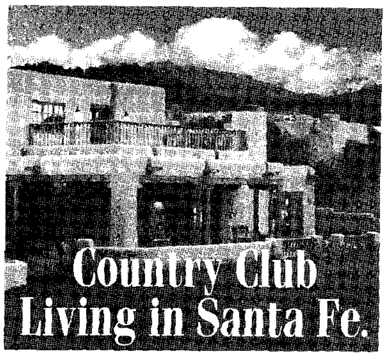
surmount and learn from difficulties, a skill undeniably influenced by his mother. Some predicted that he would be damaged, perhaps irredeemably, by the scandals. If they are right, then his public-approval rating might go lower than its lowest point—thirty-seven per cent, on June 6th, during the trough of the budget battle. But if the pattern he has established holds, then, by the end of January, after his second State of the Union address, his popularity will instead rise to equal or surpass his highest rating, fifty-nine per cent, which he achieved on February 28th, after his first State of the Union. For Clinton, the difference will be less quantifiable, and less ephemeral, than a poll result. The recent turmoil has not thrown him off balance, as the budget battle did last June, when he was still groping his way around Washington. Now, as he explained to me in a long interview, he feels he has gained a grasp of his office and its powers.

JUST after noon on December 16th, I was ushered into the Oval Office and guided by President Clinton to a gold-upholstered armchair in front of an unlit fireplace and facing the windows and the oak desk, made from the timbers of the U.S.S. Resolute, that had been used by President Kennedy. Clinton sat in an identical chair next to me. I hoped to find out something about how he saw the education to which his first year in office has subjected him—not only what he had learned but which experiences he saw as his best teachers. His turning points weren't always the events that drew the widest attention, yet through those often battering incidents he learned the paramount lesson that many of his predecessors never did: that a President's political capital is renewable. Although at the time of our talk Clinton was shaking up his national-security team and preparing for his European trip, I kept the discussion focussed on the domestic scene, where his real passions lie and where he will mainly be judged.

I began by asking him what he had learned from his recent reading. He has always been a quick study, and he had been reading August Heckscher's "Woodrow Wilson," which he picked up after finishing Richard Reeves' "President Kennedy." He answered in a long exhalation:

"If you read history books as President, you begin to put yourself in the position of the person at the time. And you realize that a lot of the kinds of dilemmas are similar. So you learn things about the importance of finding your voice and how words are more important than you ever imagined them to be. There are some times that have more parallels to this one. The period right after the Second World War is not unlike this period in the sense that we are almost being called on to make a new world. The problems in the world today really are not being very well addressed by the institutions and arrangements that are there. On the other hand, I think to some extent this is a time without precedent in the experience of the United States. We have big problems at home. With the collapse of the Soviet empire, the Cold War is over, but it's still a chaotic and difficult world. There's an exciting global economy, but it is absolutely plagued by global recession and the inability of wealthy countries to create jobs. We have quadrupled the national debt in twelve years without doing anything to increase investment here at home very much. Because of the size of the deficit, our capacity to invest publicly is somewhat limited. I think the other thing that is unprecedented in a period of profound change like this is we're dealing with a Presidency—and you see this in other Western countries, too—where change is made more difficult by the information revolution and thirty years of increasing cynicism about government."

As Presidential political capital is conventionally seen, it is a fixed asset, with the initial deposit established roughly by the size of the popular vote, and if it is not invested shrewdly in a brilliant first hundred days (or doubled in the casino of a foreign-policy crisis) it will dissipate swiftly. Clinton has stood this theory on its head. His mandate was modest, just forty-three per cent. Then, in a stumbling first two hundred days he nearly squandered it. The new President had to start again, virtually from scratch. But, beginning in this slough of despond, his Presidential power has begun to flourish. Such power has not come from interest on his sparse capital but from internal reserves of his own. Clinton was forced to demonstrate that no fixed quantity of power inheres in the office and that power can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"I think," he said that afternoon, "if you have a static situation, where the course of the country is pretty well fixed and you want to do a few things and they know you'll be there for four or eight years and then you won't be around anymore, there's a sense in which your political capital is limited. And, to some extent, those rules apply to everyone. For example, one way to fritter away your political capital here is to spend a lot of time putting a lot of energy on Congress to do trivial things, or asking a lot of people repeatedly to do things that are plainly against their own interest without being able to appeal to the larger public interest. And that applies to everyone. So, to a certain extent, it's true. On the other hand, in a dynamic time, when everyone senses deep down inside that changes have to be made (and my Presidency is a product of that sense), the desire to get the economy going again, to get the country back together again, to move things again—even a President without a majority mandate coming in, if the President has a disciplined, aggressive agenda that is clearly in the interest of the majority of the American people—I think you can create new political capital all the time, because you have access to the people through the communications network. If you have energy and sort of an inner determination that keeps you at the task, I think you can re-create political capital continuously throughout the Presidency. I have always believed that."

Underlying this idea, Clinton went on, is his confidence that his vitality can carry him through his trials. Stamina is an intangible asset that few calculate in politics, but it is paramount for Clinton.

"I tell people around here all the time that if you just get up and dress and show up for the game, you're going to win some. I mean, I just keep trying to remind everybody here, even in the toughest times, that if what you want to do is right, and if you will work with diligence and keep your ears open so that you can learn from the mistakes, in the end your efforts are more likely to be successful than not, because, in the end, the reason these things work is because they're needed. History calls for certain movements—and, particularly in the life of a democracy like this, from the grass roots up—because they are needed. So I really believe there's something to be said for having this sort of dogged perseverance, which has been remarked on in the past, because nobody ever promised me or anyone else it should be easy."

Clinton's notions of energy and power counter his predecessor's. If political capital is derived from an electoral mandate, George Bush had it in comfortable reserve. He also possessed unusual physical energy, but it was the nervous energy of a jiggling leg. Having reached the status of a conqueror in the Gulf War, Bush rested on his laurels. This fulfilled the goal of his Presidency, which, on the day after his election, in 1988, he described as "the honor of it all."

Clinton's path has been bumpier, and he has chosen, not unnaturally, to find proof of his progress in its difficulty. It is a pilgrim's progress. "Change is difficult to do," Clinton said. "If it were easy, it would happen of its own accord. If things that ought to be done were all that self-evident in terms of what should be done and how to do it, we wouldn't need much of a political system. If you do anything significant, it's always going to be hard, because the reason things don't change is because there are interests or habits that are adverse to things that people know at one level ought to be done."

He used an anecdote to illustrate his point: "I had a family doctor in here today—I had all these docs in here today, representing three hundred thousand different doctors and eight different health-care organizations endorsing the health-care plan. And this one guy is a doctor in a town of seventy-five hundred in Mississippi, and he says, 'You know,' he said, 'I just can't believe you did this.' He said, 'Most politicians would never fool with an issue as complicated as health care, because,' he said, 'even if what you're trying to do is right, there's just so much room for argument about how you're trying to do it.' And he was really smart. I said that I thought the purpose of the Presidency, at a time of change, where there are real problems, was to force the attention of the country and the Congress on those kinds of problems. But to do it with enough humility to know that something that big and that complex required you always to

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be willing to reëxamine exactly how you would achieve certain goals. But that's what I believe this job is all about."

The President's remarks explain his approach. The dilemmas he faces must be excruciating, because the issues he insists on confronting are so basic. Yet, as he explained to the doctor, he is open to recasting his methods in order to reach his goals. Honor and glory must remain ceremonial. If the glittering superficialities of the office entrance its occupant, he risks distraction from his arduous tasks. This pilgrim has to be a politician: it is the only way he knows how to progress. "I believe," Clinton told me, "that the only way you can work your way through it is to make the changes that you can make, and in the process try to create a new reality."

Bill Clinton's political capital was limited not only because of his forty-three-per-cent mandate but also because the election was simply a firm rejection of George Bush and a vague mandate to reverse economic decline. Clinton faced a predicament—not a desperate crisis that would justify any expedient, sweeping all political obstacles before him. Moreover, as the first President since the fall of the Soviet Union, he was not ringed with the aura of nuclear omnipotence. The Cold War had cast in plaster a series of heroic Presidential poses. Its end left them to crumble. Clinton's victory signalled the beginning of an era in which the Presidency will be redefined through governing.

In his campaign, the candidate had produced a plan, "Putting People First," that stated, "Our strategy recognizes that the only way to lay the foundation for renewed American prosperity is to spur both public and private investment. To reclaim our future, we must strive to close both the budget deficit and the investment gap." Those phrases compressed an entire political strategy that had been developed to finesse and override the conservative period. The intent was to reform liberalism from an elaboration of the welfare state into a strategy for public investment. As it was put rhetorically, the emphasis was shifted from distribution and sympathy to production and responsibility. The program was a political means of enlisting the self-interest of the middle class in the cause of national action.

To animate his Presidency, Clinton must revive belief in positive government. Not for a long time—not since the mid-nineteen-sixties, really—have Americans been confident that government could help them deal with the significant problems of their lives. Clinton's election hardly heralded the end of the disillusionment with positive government which had taken root over a quarter century and had been institutionalized by Reagan's creation of a federal deficit that would thwart just such a future President as Bill Clinton. The possibility of failure for the new President was frighteningly high. An inability to pass his initial program, the budget, would be interpreted as the defeat of his principles. With his dedication to dealing simultaneously with the deficit and public investment, Clinton had committed himself to solving an untested political equation. In his effort to answer it, he was nearly torn apart. The struggle for solvency threatened to reduce Clinton to a Sisyphean figure. As his power wobbled, his authority to control the very meaning of his Presidency was almost lost.

THE END
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THE SALE
OF
PARAMOUNT
IS NEAR!

On December 14th and 15th of 1992, the President-elect held forth at a nationally televised "economic summit" in Little Rock. It was a show of policy proficiency and verbal pyrotechnics. The President-elect got to ask the questions and, ultimately, give the answers. "There was, after all," he said in his concluding remarks, "a remarkable level of consensus about the need for a balanced approach between a new investment agenda and a long-term commitment to deficit reduction that will be credible, public, and specific in the short run."

But the economic summit was less the overture to his Presidency than it was one last campaign stop, a sterile event conducted in the absence of conflict. Clinton's rhetoric about striking a golden mean resounded only in the vacuum of the early transition. Three weeks later, on January 7th, the President-elect and his economic advisers convened in Little Rock for their first real decision-making session. Clinton was now forced to confront new Bush Administration estimates that the deficit was sixty billion dollars more than had been anticipated. His plan had been based on an obsolete set of numbers; he decided to alter it, to make up the new deficit numbers with increased cuts. Thus he set in motion a series of events that often accelerated beyond his con-

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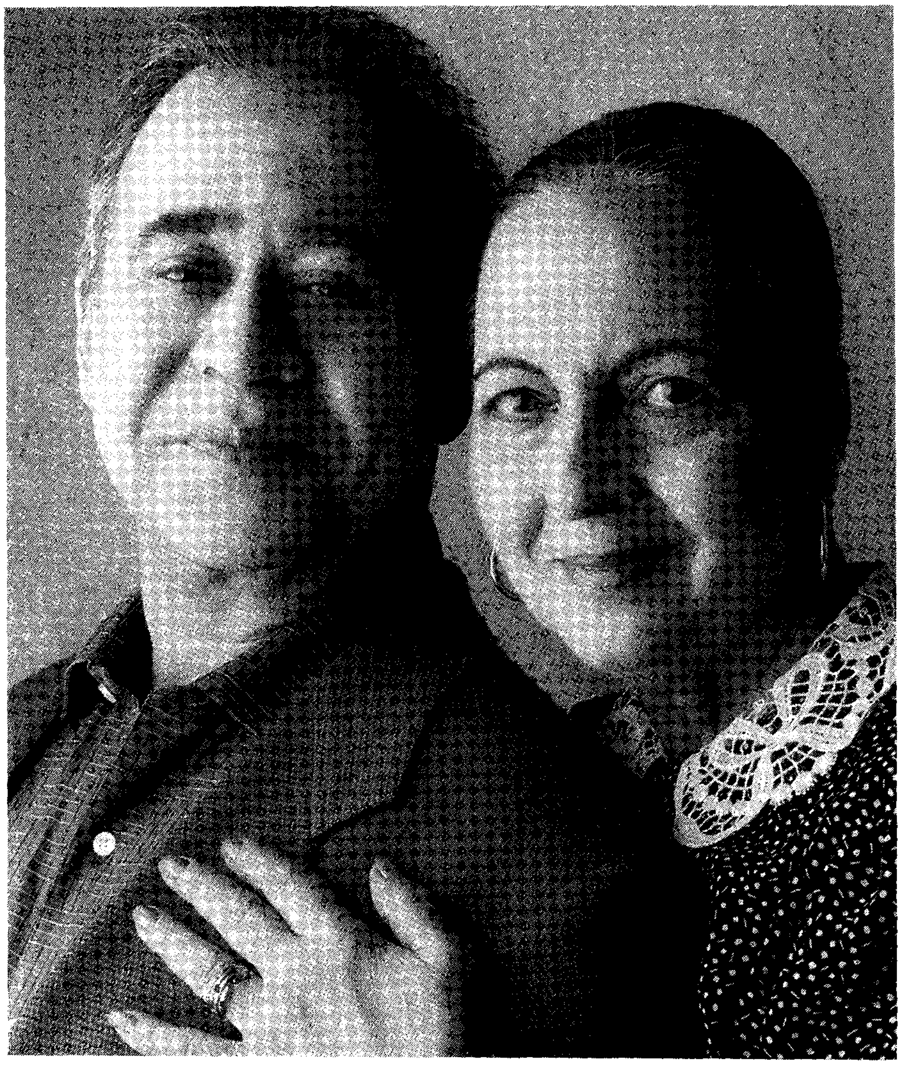

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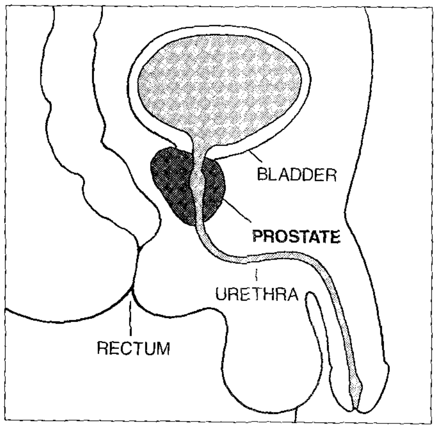
How PROSCAR can shrink an enlarged prostate.

As a man ages, a key hormone can help cause the prostate to grow. PROSCAR actually blocks the production of this hormone, so it helps shrink the prostate to a smaller size in many men. As a result, some men treated with PROSCAR experience an increased urinary flow and an improvement in urinary symptoms.

Why you should see your doctor soon.

Your doctor has several options for the treatment of symptomatic BPH: watchful waiting (monitoring the condition with regular checkups), medication, or surgery. It's important to see your doctor because the problem doesn't usually get better by itself. In many cases, the prostate continues to enlarge and the symptoms may get worse. So if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, have your family doctor or a urologist assess your condition and ask if PROSCAR is an appropriate treatment for you.



The prostate surrounds part of the urethra, the tube that carries urine from the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it can squeeze the urethra and cause urinary problems.

It is also important to have regular checkups. *While benign prostate enlargement is not cancer and does not lead to cancer, the two conditions can exist at the same time.*

Remember, only a doctor can evaluate your symptoms and their possible causes. So, if your urinary symptoms are bothering you, don't wait any longer. You may find that your enlarged prostate can be made into a smaller problem.

For more information about prostate enlargement and PROSCAR, call 1-800-635-4452 today.

TABLETS
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Please see patient information on the following page.

J3PO34(701)-PSA759

trol. "It's a painful damn thing," Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan, the chairman of the Finance Committee, told me. "You're President of the United States and they tell you you're broke."

FOR all Clinton's studying and preparation, the morning after his Inauguration he and his wife literally awakened with a start. Without a knock, their bedroom door opened. "What are you doing in my bedroom?" Clinton yelled. A White House usher entered with their breakfast on a tray. A few days later, Clinton gave one of his political advisers a tour of his new digs. "Don't let it fool you," he said. "It's the crown jewel of the federal prison system." Already, he was feeling the effects of his confinement, not only physically but politically.

"They wanted quicker change," Webb Hubbell, an Associate Attorney General and a former law partner of Mrs. Clinton's, said to me recently. "You anticipate immediate change. You could sense it. They definitely wanted it. They thought health care could be ready in a hundred days. That was the President's biggest surprise: resistance to change." His naïveté in believing that Washington harbored fewer hazards than the campaign trail was quickly dispelled.

Clinton had the worst first week of any President since William Henry Harrison, who caught pneumonia while delivering a long Inaugural speech and died a month later. Clinton suffered from Attorney General nominees with nanny problems and from visceral opposition to gays in the military. He recovered, however, with a compelling State of the Union address, on February 17th.

One of the secrets of Reagan's appeal was that the old radio ham could sound natural while script-reading, as though he weren't acting at all. Clinton, standing before a joint session of Congress for the first time, wasn't even reading. Nearly half his speech was improvised on the spot. This performance was a clue to his methods. It may be connected to his love of jazz: he is uncomfortable with set forms, even notes on a page of music; he prefers improvisations and riffs.

"He'd like more order, but he doesn't want it at the expense of shutting out people he wants to see, friends or advis-

PATIENT INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR® (Prahs-car)
Generic name: finasteride (fin-AS-tur-eyed)

PROSCAR is for the treatment of symptomatic benign prostatic hyperplasia and for use by men only.

Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR if you have a medical condition called benign prostatic hyperplasia or BPH. This occurs only in men.

Please read this information, as well as the leaflet which accompanies your medication, before you start taking PROSCAR. Also, read the leaflet each time you renew your prescription, just in case anything has changed. Remember, this leaflet does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. You and your doctor should discuss PROSCAR when you start taking your medication and at regular checkups.

What is BPH?

BPH is an enlargement of the prostate gland. After age 50, most men develop enlarged prostates. The prostate is located below the bladder. As the prostate enlarges, it may slowly restrict the flow of urine. This can lead to symptoms such as:

- a weak or interrupted urinary stream
- a feeling that you cannot empty your bladder completely
- a feeling of delay or hesitation when you start to urinate
- a need to urinate often, especially at night
- a feeling that you must urinate right away.

Treatment options for BPH

There are three main treatment options for BPH:

- **Program of monitoring or "Watchful Waiting".** If a man has an enlarged prostate gland and no symptoms or if his symptoms do not bother him, he and his doctor may decide on a program of monitoring which would include regular checkups, instead of medication or surgery.
- **Medication.** Your doctor may prescribe PROSCAR for BPH. See **"What PROSCAR does"** below.
- **Surgery.** Some patients may need surgery. Your doctor can describe several different surgical procedures for BPH. Which procedure is best depends on your symptoms and medical condition.

What PROSCAR does

PROSCAR lowers levels of a key hormone called DHT (dihydrotestosterone), which is a major cause of prostate growth. Lowering DHT leads to shrinkage of the enlarged prostate gland in most men. This can lead to gradual improvement in urine flow and symptoms over the next several months. However, since each case of BPH is different, you should know that:

- Even though the prostate shrinks, you may NOT see an improvement in urine flow or symptoms.
- You may need to take PROSCAR for six (6) months or more to see whether it helps you.
- Even though you take PROSCAR and it may help you, it is not known whether PROSCAR reduces the need for surgery.

What you need to know while taking PROSCAR

- **You must see your doctor regularly.** While taking PROSCAR, you must have regular checkups. Follow your doctor's advice about when to have these checkups.
- **About side effects.** Like all prescription drugs, PROSCAR may cause *side effects.* Side effects due to PROSCAR may include impotence (or inability to have an erection) and less desire for sex. Each of these side effects occurred in less than 4% of patients in clinical studies. In some cases side effects went away while the patient continued to take PROSCAR.

Some men taking PROSCAR® (Finasteride) may have a decrease in the amount of semen released during sex. This decrease does not appear to interfere with normal sexual function.

You should discuss side effects with your doctor before taking PROSCAR and anytime you think you are having a side effect.

- **Checking for prostate cancer.** Your doctor has prescribed PROSCAR for symptomatic BPH and not for cancer—but a man can have BPH and prostate cancer at the same time. Doctors usually recommend that men be checked for prostate cancer once a year when they turn 50 (or 40 if a family member has had prostate cancer). These checks should continue while you take PROSCAR. PROSCAR is not a treatment for prostate cancer.
- **About prostate specific antigen (PSA).** Your doctor may have done a blood test called PSA. PROSCAR can alter PSA values. For more information, talk to your doctor.
- **A warning about PROSCAR and pregnancy.**

PROSCAR is for use by MEN only.

PROSCAR is generally well tolerated in men. However, women who are pregnant, or women who could become pregnant, should avoid the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

If the active ingredient is absorbed by a woman who is pregnant with a male baby, it may cause the male baby to be born with abnormalities of the sex organs. Therefore, any woman who is pregnant or who could become pregnant must not come into direct contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR.

Two of the ways in which a woman might absorb the active ingredient in PROSCAR are:

Sexual contact. Your semen may contain a small amount of the active ingredient of the drug. If your partner is pregnant, or if you and your partner decide to have a baby, you must stop taking PROSCAR and talk to your doctor. If your partner could become pregnant, proper use of a condom can reduce the risk of exposing her to your semen (discuss this further with your doctor).

Handling broken tablets. Women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant must not handle broken tablets of PROSCAR.

PROSCAR tablets are coated to prevent contact with the active ingredient during normal handling. If this coating is broken, the tablets should not be handled by women who are pregnant or who could become pregnant.

If a woman who is pregnant comes into contact with the active ingredient in PROSCAR, a doctor should be consulted. Remember, these warnings apply only if the woman exposed to PROSCAR is pregnant or could become pregnant.

How to take PROSCAR

Follow your doctor's advice about how to take PROSCAR. You must take it every day. You may take it with or between meals. To avoid forgetting to take PROSCAR, it may be helpful to take it the same time every day.

Do not share PROSCAR with anyone else; it was prescribed only for you.

Keep PROSCAR and all medicines out of the reach of children.

FOR MORE INFORMATION ABOUT PROSCAR AND BPH, TALK WITH YOUR DOCTOR. IN ADDITION, TALK TO YOUR PHARMACIST OR OTHER HEALTH CARE PROVIDER.

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ers," an aide told me. "He feeds on hearing from different people. He sifts. He wants a debate. He makes us talk it through. He doesn't want a staff situation where he gets a yes or no, boxes to check off." A senior official said, "I've heard him say, 'Hey, wait a minute. What about . . .' " A policy aide who has provided the President with a number of briefings and memos remarked, "He wants to know not just what he needs to know but more." In preparing his budget, he spent days like an accountant, reviewing every category side by side with his budget director, Leon Panetta. Clinton has emerged refreshed from hours-long policy discussions, saying, "That was fun!" Aides have learned that one way to communicate with him is to send him articles on policy that he may have missed. A Presidential assistant has concluded, "He's the great synthesizer." Above all, what Clinton does not want, although sometimes perhaps he should, is closed questions and options—precisely what he has faced almost from the start.

"The American people are going to be harsh in their judgments of all of us if we fail to seize this moment," the President said near the end of his State of the Union address. In it he had presented a "long-term" plan coupling deficit reduction and investment. But his challenge to critics to come up with spending cuts that he hadn't proposed was an invitation to outdo him on this score. He had set off a bidding war on deficit reductions that was not unlike Reagan's triggering of a bidding war on tax cuts in 1981. In early March, the Congressional Budget Office, using different baselines from the Administration's, concluded that his program overstated spending cuts by about thirty billion dollars and revenue collection by another thirty billion dollars. With these new numbers, deficit reduction gained overwhelming political momentum. The matter was immediately taken up by the House Budget Committee. On March 11th, it approved sixty-three billion dollars in additional cuts. In a little-remarked-upon act, it also capped discretionary spending for five years at 1993 levels. In the original plan Panetta had proposed a cap that would have allowed the investments the President sought. But aides involved say that Panetta had told Clinton about the cap only in passing, without stressing its significance.

This single most important limit on the Clinton Presidency, imposed virtually at the beginning, was a result of the newcomers' not paying enough attention to all the details. ("How could we not have spent more time on it?" Clinton raged in private, according to his senior aides. "Why wasn't there a whole strategy on it? This is a Republican budget. We're Eisenhower Republicans!") With the cap, the amount of money that could be spent on non-entitlement, non-defense programs until 1998 (the middle of a second Clinton term) was rigidly set. The so-called "hard freeze" created a zero-sum game: because of the harsh, implacable calculus, constituencies clamoring for funds for this or that worthy issue—worker retraining, welfare reform, AIDS research, the arts, drug rehabilitation—were set against each other.

The cap was the consequence of Clinton's willingness to confront the deficit. He had opened a political Pandora's box, out of which flew a host of troubles: Republican partisans eager to tag the Democratic President as a "tax and spend" profligate, but stalwart against the first effort made to reduce the deficit fostered by Republican Presidents; conservative Democrats from the South and Southwest, who reached deep into the federal Treasury for their own districts and states but postured as fiscal conservatives; and a hundred and ten freshmen representatives, many of whom were haunted by free-floating anxieties about Ross Perot. In this atmosphere, the new numbers from the C.B.O. had the effect of increasing the centrifugal force. "I think it was inevitable," Representative Martin Sabo of Minnesota, the chairman of the House Budget Committee, said about the cap.

But, at least, Clinton still had a stimulus program, consisting of deficit reduction and twenty billion dollars of investment to boost a stagnating economy. When Senator Bob Dole, the Minority Leader, threatened a filibuster, the White House assumed it was a gambit, because Dole was sending that signal through Senator George Mitchell, the Majority Leader. "I miscalculated. I believed sincerely this was a filibuster that required a negotiation," Howard Paster, the former White House congressional liaison, said recently. "We thought there would be one." Mitchell expected a

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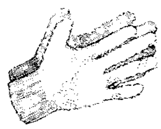

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counter-offer from Dole. But potential rivals of Dole's for a future G.O.P. Presidential nomination and his Senate leadership—Phil Gramm and Trent Lott—"clearly took control of the Republican conference," Paster said. Dole felt compelled to join the rejectionist front. On April 21st, the minority's filibuster prevented the stimulus program from ever coming to a vote. "When I told the President that Mitchell had given up, he sighed," Paster recalled.

Clinton lost the debate without having really made his argument. According to an old friend, he had nightmares of his defeat in his second gubernatorial race in Arkansas, in 1980. "I didn't see what was coming at me," the President lamented. He now seemed unable to convey his consistent commitment—to distinguish his expedient adjustments from his larger goals. He was being defined by his shifting tactics. Negative stories about firings in the White House travel office, a Hollywood haircut, and the dropped nomination of Lani Guinier to be Assistant Attorney General for Civil Rights all contributed to the static. By musing aloud about the policy choices he was considering, the President himself reinforced the impression of disarray. On May 17th, at a town meeting in San Diego, he reached his nadir of inarticulateness and intellectual confusion. "Can you name one country that has ever taxed and spent itself back into prosperity?" he was asked by a Republican, who was echoing a gibe of Rush Limbaugh's. "The answer to your question is, I can't. But you can't fairly characterize my program as that," Clinton replied. The correct answer, of course, is the United States during and after the Second World War. Easily spooked by the pejorative rhetoric, Clinton had gone blank on his knowledge of Democratic Presidents.

For about three months, beginning in late April, his advisers in and out of the White House argued among themselves about his message. Most of Clinton's political advisers pushed for "populist" rhetoric about taxing the wealthy. This was opposed by most of his economic advisers. One of the former referred to the latter as "princes of pain." "I was very troubled about language that in effect seemed to label those who had been successful as mentally unfit," said Robert Rubin, chairman of the National Economic Council and the former managing director of the investment firm Goldman Sachs. "I think economic performance is very much affected by confidence."

At the memorial Mass for Robert F. Kennedy at Arlington Cemetery on June 5th, the President spoke as if he were reconsecrating himself: "If you listen now, you can hear with me his voice telling me and telling you and telling everyone here, 'We can do better.' Today's troubles call us to do better."

In June, Clinton settled the internal debate by finally crafting a message of fairness based on the progressive nature of the taxes in his plan. "He knows what he wants to do," Paster said recently. "He hates distractions. He had a sense of frustration he wasn't sticking to his agenda. In June, he said, 'Get rid of the bone in my throat. Finish the budget reconciliation.' It was the ticket to do the rest of what he wanted to do."

In the spring and summer, more of Clinton's time was consumed by handling an independent and fractious Congress than by any other single thing. Every representative he had to deal with had got to Washington by a greater percentage of votes than he had. "I first discussed relations with Congress with the President-elect in 1992, on the day before Thanksgiving," Paster said. "He wanted to deal personally with Congress. He talked about how he had gone down the hall from the governor's office to the legislature. His fifteen substantive trips to the Hill this year are his equivalent of walking down the hall. The contrast with other Presidents is enormous. He has had them jogging, had them on Air Force One, had them over for breakfasts, dinners, movies. The process has worked more slowly than Clinton has. He has had to resolve the tension between his energy and the long deliberative process." Few on the Hill have managed to escape a talk with Clinton.

Gradually, he learned the hidden networks of friendship, obligation, and deference within Congress. Clinton's style was not the lapel-grabbing one of Lyndon Johnson. "He asks a lot of questions," a Presidential assistant said recently. "He probes to find out where they are. He listens. He talks about policy the way other people talk about baseball. He doesn't close the deal, but he moves the deal quite a long way along, creating a climate in which a deal can be closed. It's his way of doing business. He's thinking about next time, too."

"The President was far more successful than the public perception," Senator Mitchell told me. "He's extremely knowledgeable on the issues, more so than any other President. He knows the subject better than members of Congress. You speak to him directly on the issues, not through aides. He works hard at it. He spends a lot of time with members and with me. I call him up and say, 'Call Senators A, B, C.' He does it."

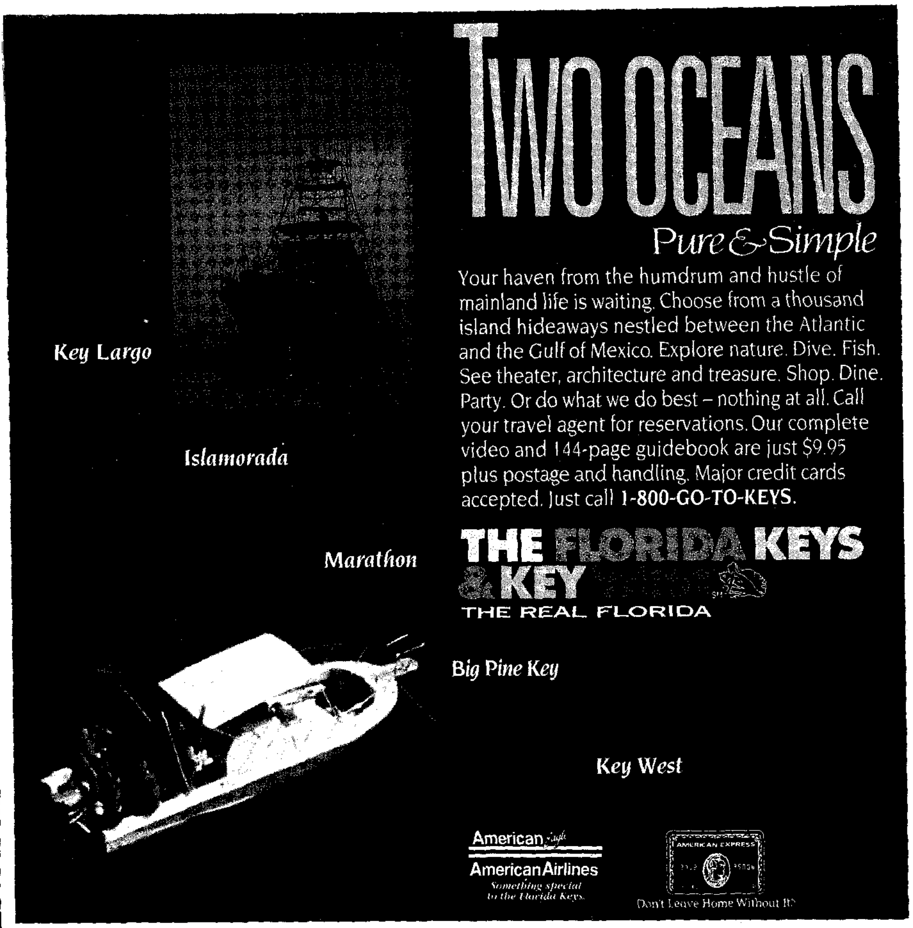
The President's frustration over the budget fed his determination. He seemed to need difficulty to heighten his intensity. On August 5th, the budget passed the House of Representatives by two votes; then it passed the Senate by one vote—the Vice-President's. Though the investment theme had become invisible, Clinton received seventy per cent of his investment package. He had brought the resources of his Presidency to bear on a single, decisive point, and his tenacity allowed him to prevail. He had already won many legislative victories, such as the earned-income tax credit and the Family and Medical Leave, National Service, and Motor Voter Acts, but those achievements had gone mostly unacknowledged, because of the ragged diversions and the tumultuous, close-run budget battle.

"He overestimated the support and loyalty in his own party," said Vernon Jordan, a Washington lawyer who is among the President's most influential advisers outside the White House. "In the enthusiasm for the State of the Union, there was a misjudgment about support. You have to account here for euphoria. He also learned something about the other side. Dole polarized the opposition on a party-line basis without a respectable alternative. It was a lesson. The speech in and of itself wouldn't do it. Various types of spin wouldn't do it. The process was raw, tough politics. It was a wake-up call. Bill Clinton learns from every experience. It can be the fifteenth round and a count of eight, but don't count him out. Never count him out."

On the first day of his vacation on Martha's Vineyard, Clinton slept past noon; on the second, he golfed with Vernon Jordan. "The first two or three days, I was so exhausted I didn't think about much of anything," the President told me. "I'd been working awful hard. But it gave me a chance to kind of recharge my batteries and get my congenital optimism back up, and to sort of put it in a larger context. When I was on vacation, I really decided that we were right to fight as hard as we did for the tough things early and to take the blows that were necessary—that the mistakes that I had made were mistakes that we could clearly correct, and didn't reflect on the character or the intelligence of the President or anybody in the White House, and didn't in any way undermine the correctness of the general course we were on, but had to do more with operational things."

As Clinton sees it, the disorganization in the White House flowed mainly from his urgency, which created an atmosphere he described as "frantic." He said, "From time to time I try to do too much at one time, get overscheduled, and that makes me late. Also, if the President or if the team is too overworked and exhausted, then they may be working hard, but they're not working smart anymore, and that also reflects a lack of discipline. We got a lot done, we worked like crazy, but we weren't organized enough, and I was too late too often."

Clinton's self-criticism, though, is more than tinged with pride. "This has been an incredibly disciplined Administration in terms of the relentlessness and the focus with which we have pushed ourselves toward the goals that we brought here," he said. "By any conventional standards, it was an enormous legislative success and began to turn the economy around and began to turn the whole theory of Reaganomics on its



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I wrap my hand around your hand until they catch fire
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Should our fingers burn out at the bottom of the snow-hole,
Smoke will escape up the glass chimney into the bedroom.

—MICHAEL LONGLEY

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head." Sacrificing or postponing critical elements of his program, he learned, became essential in establishing the change. Solvency had to take precedence, for both economic and political reasons. "The problem was that until I had some sort of deficit-reduction plan, given the budget that I found and the fact that the deficit was raging out of control, I don't think we would have had the credibility inside or outside Congress to pursue the rest. So we had to do that."

While his complete engagement with Congress yielded his victory, it also had a price. Clinton mastered the functions of an adroit Prime Minister but was neglecting the full range of his authority as President. In addressing the actors on the stage, he often lost sight of the audience. "I had sort of lashed myself too closely to the detail work of the Administration and the Congress," he said. "If what you seek to do requires you to drive things through the Congress and requires your personal involvement to do it, then you risk losing the larger voice, the larger issues with the American people, because every night they see what change you've made in this bill or what group you've met with on that proposal. So you just get nibbled to death. One of the things that I underestimated was the profound importance of continuing to speak about the larger issues, to show people that all this—it may look like making sausage, but it's taking us to the larger goal. I think I suffered some loss of support and some increasing national confusion earlier in my term by not being able to keep lifting it up. It's harder to lift it when you are enmeshed with the Congress. If you want to change the country, you have to have a Congress to help you, but you have to find another way to speak to the country, and I determined that I would try to do that."

BACK in Washington, Clinton's commitment to NAFTA deepened through the fall. The day after the signing of the Mideast peace accord, he gave an impassioned, extemporaneous speech in favor of NAFTA in the East Room, where he was flanked by former Presidents Bush, Carter, and Ford, that set him in motion. His sense of Presidential authority seemed to grow on the spot. (George Bush, the last President of the big-band generation, remarked after hearing Clinton's NAFTA speech, "Now I understand why he's on the inside looking out and I'm on the outside looking in.") NAFTA had both domestic- and foreign-policy dimensions to it. With NAFTA, an issue that Clinton was widely expected to lose, he demonstrated a mastery of Congress and of his own voice. Where he had been tentative, he was now confident. Sitting with his aides who were working the Congress, he demanded the list of those intending to vote against the treaty. " 'Give me that "no" list,' he said. 'I know who I can get off that list,' " an aide said later. "He knew which buttons to push on which members. He had the feel in his fingertips. He looked at the undecideds leaning against. We made a pool of ten. He got five. It was personal relations. Only experience gets you that."

The victory of NAFTA, on November 17th, gave Clinton the political momentum to win the battle over the Brady bill later that week. Once again, the Republicans threatened a filibuster. It seemed that the bill would die. But the President quickly hammered out a strategy with Mitchell and House Speaker Thomas Foley. "I'm an eternal optimist," Clinton said. Besides, he had developed a relationship with Dole, and provided two different ways for him to cave in on the bill. "Clinton understands patience. He understands perseverance," Paster said. "He understood how to keep it going." Thus the Brady bill passed. With that, the terms of Clinton's humiliating defeat over the stimulus were, at least for the moment, reversed. In the meantime, with a telephone call, the President ended the American Airlines strike in favor of the workers—a symbolic reversal of the PATCO strike of 1981, when Reagan flexed his Presidential muscle by firing the air-traffic controllers.

"The image I've been thinking about," a Presidential assistant said, "is of someone unsure how a microphone works, who taps it gingerly, says, 'Testing—one, two, three.' That's what he was doing for about eight months. When he first tried it, with the budget speech, it boomed. He loved how it boomed. But he didn't know how to control it. Now he knows how to use the microphone."

ON November 5th, Clinton spent much of his day and evening at a gathering of scholars, organized by his pollster Stanley Greenberg (a former political scientist at Yale), at the White House. It was an opportunity for the President to reflect upon the course of his Administration.

"He mostly listened. He's a great listener. Any professor would be taken with that," Richard Neustadt, whose book "Presidential Power" had been a tutorial for President Kennedy, said. During the day, Neustadt had reminded the President of "how early it was in his Administration," and he had recalled Truman's surmounting of his initial troubles. "Clinton liked references to the opportunities coming," Neustadt said later. "He has a vision of the Presidency that is charmingly naïve—the place that can get things done. I'm sure how he thinks about the Presidency is in rapid evolution. . . . I think the notion came later to Kennedy that he could create political capital. I'm certain he had it by 1963."

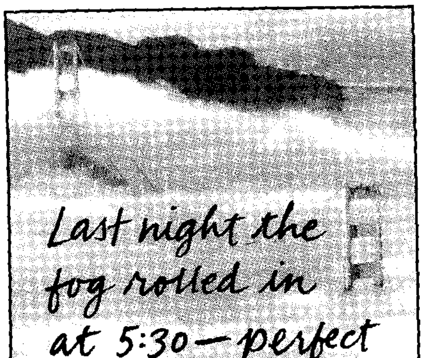
According to a number of those present, Clinton was especially interested in the remarks made by Michael Sandel, a political philosopher at Harvard. Sandel urged him to step back from the details of policy to articulate broader purposes. He should connect his Presidency with the moral aspirations of Americans, in order to change the terms of the political discourse. Conservatives had made a monopoly claim on the moral dimension, but Clinton had to recapture it for progressive ends. He had to speak to the widespread sense that people's lives are out of their control and that they feel a loss of community. An urgency about restoring meaning to civic life could come from dealing with crime and violence. As Sandel spoke, the President asked a White House usher to get him a pen, and he took notes on the back of the dinner menu.

A week later, on November 13th, at the Mason Temple Church of God in Christ, in Memphis, where Martin Luther King, Jr., delivered his last sermon, Clinton mounted the pulpit to address a meeting of black ministers. The President wondered what Martin Luther King would say if he were to return. In answering the question, the President presented a jeremiad: "He would say, 'I did not live and die to see the American family destroyed. I did not live and die to see thirteen-year-old boys get automatic weapons and gun down nine-year-olds just for the kick of it. I did not live and die to see young people destroy their own lives with drugs and then build fortunes destroying the lives of others.' . . . He would say, 'I fought to stop white people from being so filled with hate that they would wreak violence on black people. I did not fight for the right of black people to murder other black people with reckless abandon.' "

Clinton later remarked to me, of the issue of violence, "It's scary." To him, that issue has the potential of exploding all programs for social reconstruction. "I think dealing with the whole crime-and-violence issue is a way of uniting the American people if it's done right—and then making them see that there is this core that is eating at us, as related to all these other things I want to face. Because, when you take it and you start working it out, you can start with the whole issue of personal security and the crime bill and the Brady bill and the assault-weapons ban, and all that, but pretty soon you have to face the whole issue of the implications of the family breakdown and the economic collapse of many of these areas, and whether the schools are functioning properly, and why there are no jobs for these folks. But if you start with this core of common values and the desire of people to be secure in their homes, their persons, and their lives, and to see children brought up in safety, you can work from that back to a lot of these other issues in ways that people can understand, that break them out of these little boxes in their minds—their liberal/conservative boxes, or their Democrat/Republican boxes, or their government/private-sector boxes. They can just sort of think about these things whole."

Clinton did not come into office with these ideas fully formed, and he is still developing them. "I never really thought about it in those terms until I was able to get past the economic plan," he said. "I started thinking about what we were going to do about crime and violence and how that related to what I wanted to do about health care, how that related to what I wanted to do about giving every American the opportunity for lifetime education and training. And what struck me was that without a certain level of security people's lives are not ordered enough and they are not personally self-confident enough to undertake the changes that are necessary to triumph in the world we're living in, in the world toward which we're moving. Because we're living in an environment of permanent, sweeping change. Security is something normally that's positioned against change, you know? Well, the ultimate security for people economically is going to be the embrace of change and the ability to deal with it and to find richness and diversity in life and new and different opportunities."

An extreme cautionary scenario of social fear assuming political form, according to the President, can be seen in the recent rise to prominence of Vladimir Zhirinovsky, the Russian neo-Fascist. In December, on the eve of Clinton's first trip to Russia since 1969, when he was a student, he suggested Zhirinovsky's appeal and its peril: "I think it's a combination of living in a world without moorings, without psychological and principled moorings, and where a lot of good people are in economic free fall. It's both. If you notice, his appeal was to both. He even said, 'What I'm going to do is going to be real bad, but it will be good for Russia.' Bad



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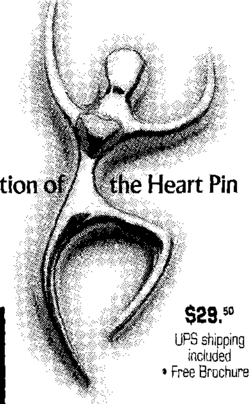

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for other people, good for us. In the end, that's a loser. I think that there is a real danger, all across the world as well as here, from authoritarian populism."

By autumn, an improvement in the economy was apparent: lower interest rates, a drop in unemployment, a rise in manufacturing, and a revival of the housing market. New projections released by the C.B.O. in September stated that the federal deficit would fall by nearly half as a percentage of the gross domestic product by 1996. The recovery is a new political resource, but it is still tentative, and Clinton remains a captive of the politics of the deficit. Further attempts to cut the deficit, Administration officials believe, would have a deflationary effect. Yet the political momentum to slash it continues unabated. Even so, defense spending will not be substantially reduced again soon, and the discretionary-spending cap remains firmly in place. For Clinton to get any investment program requires a compensating cut somewhere else, a reordering of priorities within rigid confines. More wholesale deficit reduction would rob him of any new initiative, forcing him instead into endless and, in his view, counterproductive spasms of cutting.

"I think that you can't turn deficit reduction into the Holy Grail of American politics," the President told me. "It is important as a part of a strategy, but it is not the ultimate objective. The ultimate objective should be to grow jobs and incomes, stability for the American people. That is what gives us the personal security necessary to stay engaged in the world, to reach out in trade and in other ways, and that's what gives us the money to continue to do the things we need to do."

In November, the first battle of the new round was fought, over the obscure Penny-Kasich amendment to the budget bill (named after Tim Penny, a conservative Democrat from Minnesota, and John Kasich, a conservative Republican from Ohio). They proposed to cut discretionary spending by fifty billion dollars by 1996; moreover, they would lower the cap by about forty billion dollars. If it had passed, this would have meant closing off all possibility of public investment. Among other things, it would have sliced the Medicare funds intended for health-care reform—in effect, killing it. Clinton ordered a sharp lobbying campaign. During the House vote, Clinton frequently checked in with George Stephanopoulos, his senior assistant, who was operating just off the House floor. The shock of the discretionary-spending cap would not be repeated. When the balloting was tallied, Penny-Kasich lost by six votes.

"There has to be some sense of balance here," Clinton said. "It's almost as if Congress for a long time, under two Republicans who talked against government, were more than happy to let the deficit explode. I come in with a plan to really bring it down and to do something about health-care costs, which would require them to take some really tough stands, and instead a lot of people say, 'Now, well, they haven't done enough on the deficit. Yes, they've done more than anybody else ever has. Yes, they've done more than has been done in the last twelve years. But we insist on doing more—never mind the consequences.' "

Just as he had at the beginning of 1993, Clinton donned the green eyeshade. The Office of Management and Budget drew up lists of cuts in order to shift the funds into investment projects. Every Cabinet member and agency head was summoned personally to plead his case. Thus the 1994 State of the Union address took form.

In late December, with holiday festivities in the foreground and gruelling budget preparations in the background, Clinton was nearly engulfed in scandals. Yet, according to a CNN/*USA Today*/Gallup poll released on January 11th, approval of his handling of the Presidency remained steady at fifty-four per cent—exactly where it was in mid-December. Only thirty-seven per cent of those polled believed that the charges were important indicators of Clinton's character and his ability to serve as President, and so should be thoroughly examined.

This public response reveals an asset that was not available to Clinton in the campaign: his incumbency. He is being judged by the public by what he does in the Presidency. Sixty-three per cent of those polled believe he "can get things done." Ultimately, the relationship that the public cares about is the one between Clinton and them.

In October, Clinton had a long lunch with Richard Reeves to discuss his book, "President Kennedy." "With true envy, he spoke about how Kennedy had a rationale for everything: the Russians are coming," Reeves told me. " 'Envy' was the word he used, envy of Kennedy's having an enemy. He could go to the country and sell things negatively." Kennedy is no longer Clinton's boyhood exemplar but a far more accessible figure, with whom Clinton can compare himself.

The centerpiece of the Kennedy myth is the yearning for what might have been. Bill Clinton may have been inspired by Kennedy, but, as a progressive Southerner for whom the antiwar movement was a formative political experience, he is the illegitimate-but-good son of Lyndon Johnson. Only a successful Democratic President can put to rest the Kennedy myth and the Johnson tragedy.

Congressional Quarterly, which has measured Presidential success with Congress for forty years, recently rated Clinton's first year. His score was 86.4 per cent—the highest for a President in his freshman year since Johnson's eighty-eight per cent in 1964 (on the verge of a landslide) and Eisenhower's eighty-nine per cent in 1953 (just elected in a landslide). Reagan's margin was eighty-two per cent, Kennedy's eighty-one, Carter's seventy-five, Bush's sixty-three, and Ford's fifty-eight. These ratings are somewhat misleading, in that they give equal weight to every bill backed by a President. Clinton's score does not register the fact that, starting from a tenuous electoral mandate, he took on many difficult issues. Now, returned from his European trip to deliver his second State of the Union address, he has set before himself even bigger battles—especially for universal health care, an idea first advanced by Harry Truman. The unfinished agenda of the Fair Deal has also fallen to Clinton.

I asked him what he might achieve if he had Johnson's electoral mandate, his congressional majorities, and his fiscal surpluses.

Clinton laughed. But he wouldn't leave it at that. "I still think we're changing things," he said. "I still think that it's moving. We just have to make up for what we don't have in money and numbers with determination." ♦

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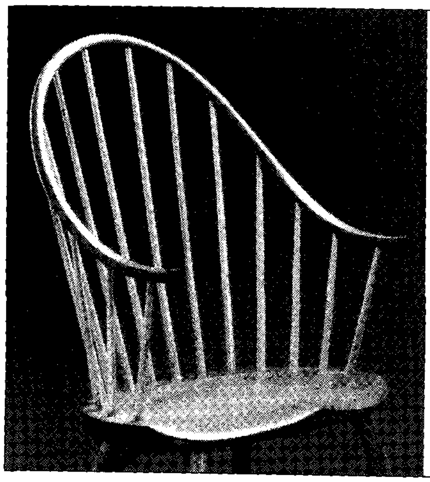

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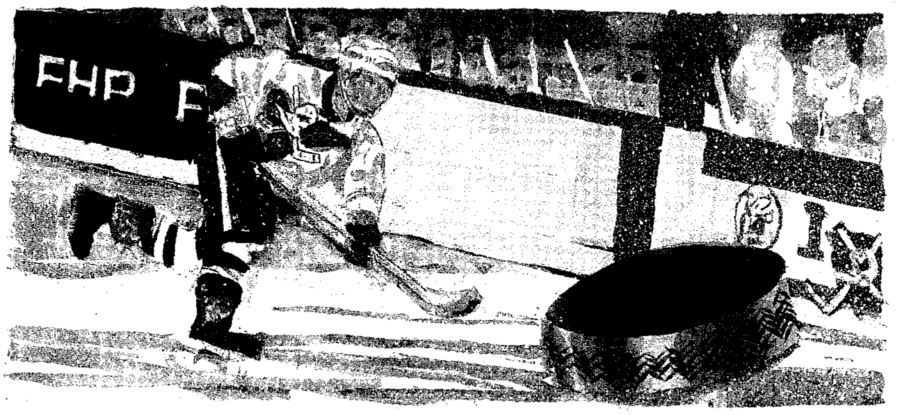
THE SPORTING SCENE

ROCKING THE POND

The Mighty Ducks, the new Disney hockey team, have already won the merchandising playoffs, but the Stanley Cup may take a bit longer.

BY CHARLES McGRATH



GARY PANTER

LAST spring, when Michael Eisner, the chairman of the Walt Disney Company, announced that the Disney organization was sponsoring a new team in the National Hockey League, the news prompted a drone of protest in sports pages here and in Canada; it was a low but persistent grumble, like the sound made by an overworked Zamboni in need of a valve job. First of all, Eisner was not a hockey man. He grew up on Park Avenue, not in Saskatoon, and has spent his professional life in TV and the movies. And he intended to base the new club in Anaheim, California, just up the road from Disneyland. The N.H.L. already had franchises in the warm-weather cities of Los Angeles, San Jose, and Tampa Bay, and the Minnesota North Stars were slated to move to Dallas. With the addition of the Disney team and a companion entry into the league—the Florida Panthers, based in Miami and bankrolled by Wayne Huizenga (the former garbageman who now owns Blockbuster Video)—that made six teams in the Sun Belt, or almost as many as there were in all of Canada: six teams that, in the minds of hockey purists, would attract ignorant and unappreciative fans clad in shorts and tank tops, and would feature players with tans instead of the traditional mercury-lit pallor.

But what really set off the purists was the name that Eisner had selected for his new team: he wanted to call it the Mighty Ducks, after the highly profitable Disney kid-flick of that title—a derivative little effort, long on sentimentality and short on hockey realism, that shifts "The Bad News Bears" formula over to the wintertime and enables a bunch of misfit Minnesota kids and their spiritually deficient coach to obtain victory and personal growth through teamwork on the ice. In the movie, the kids' team takes its name from a Mr. Ducksworth, the coach's boss, who agrees to pay for new uniforms and equipment, but Steven Brill, who wrote the screenplay (he got the idea from hanging around a rink in Culver City), says that this connection was added later; what he originally had in mind was something more metaphoric. "Ducks are smart," he says. "They fly south for the winter, and they stick together—they travel in a flock." But, as countless sportswriters pointed out, ducks are also soft and cute and cuddly—wussies, in a word. They hardly make suitable macho role models for a sport in which teams used to be given manly names like Black Hawks or Rangers or Bruins.

Eisner went on to provoke the traditionalists in other ways. He suggested that hockey players abandon their customary brow-covering helmets in favor

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of some sort of fishbowl headgear that would render them more visible and identifiable, and he lobbied aggressively for a rule change allowing tie games to be settled by a soccer-style shootout. The biggest surprise of all, however, began to manifest itself once the new season began. Almost immediately, the Mighty Ducks established themselves as a fairly respectable hockey team: they are 17-24-2 at this writing, and in third place in their division—ahead of the Kings, the Sharks, and the once invincible Edmonton Oilers, a team that seems to be almost in the process of dismantlement. The Ducks not only won their first road game but did it against the Rangers, the team with the best record in hockey (Mike Keenan, the Rangers' coach, was so enraged that he made a scapegoat of his hockey stick, smashing it to splinters), and went on, a couple of weeks later, to become the first modern expansion team to win four straight games on the road. At their current pace, they're within range of thirty-one season victories, the record for a first-year expansion club.

And the Ducks' success on the ice is nothing compared with their success in the counting room. They have averaged nearly seventeen thousand fans a night at home (almost a full house), and are doing even better at the merchandising side of the game. Hats and jackets and T-shirts in the team's modish official colors (purple, jade, silver, and white) and bearing the Mighty Ducks' logo, which was put together one evening by Eisner, his wife, and the architect Robert Stern—a pair of crossed hockey sticks and an old-fashioned, "Jason"-style goalie mask bent up so as to fit over a duck's bill—are flying off the shelves in Anaheim and all over the country. Duckwear accounts for roughly eighty per cent of all N.H.L. merchandise sold so far this season, and it's one of the top sellers in all of sports. In this aspect of hockey, at least, the Ducks have already won the Stanley Cup.

The Mighty Ducks are just the most visible sign of a transformation in professional hockey that has been taking place over the last few years—a calculated attempt to rid the game of its image as a regional, blue-collar sport, only slightly ahead of tractor-pulling in fan popularity, and to reposition it as the growth sport of the nineties. The turnabout was begun by John Ziegler, the former head of the N.H.L., who oversaw the wave of expansion in the early nineties which added teams in San Jose, Ottawa, and Tampa Bay; and it was carried on by his interim successor, Gil Stein, who shepherded along the new teams in Anaheim and Miami but will probably always be better known for having shamelessly rigged his own election to the Hockey Hall of Fame. Now the game's face-lift is in the hands of the incumbent commissioner, Gary Bettman, a forty-one-year-old lawyer who was recruited last February from the National Basketball Association, where he had been third-in-command.

Bettman and his team of young execs talk a lot about "product" and "demographics" and "entertainment value"—words that it's hard to imagine tripping off the tongue of Frank Calder or Art Ross or Lester Patrick or any of the other baronial figures of the old National Hockey League, a semi-feudal duchy that flourished from 1928 until 1967 in the smoke-filled, steep-sided winter arenas of Boston, New York, Toronto, Montreal, Chicago, and Detroit. Because the league was small—for most of those years, there were only six teams—the quality of play was exceptionally high, and hockey followers back then were passionate and discerning. Their loyalty was rewarded with games that featured fierce, ancient rivalries, rugged body-checking, and the kind of artistic stickhandling that Saskatchewan farm boys used to perfect during long, icy winters.

In 1967, the N.H.L. abruptly installed six new franchises, doubling its size (and lowering the league's collective expertise), and further new clubs—among them four from the upstart World Hockey Association, a rival league that had failed—were added throughout the seventies, bringing the total to twenty-one. But hockey's venturesome growth was almost eclipsed in the eighties by the dramatic boom of the rival winter sport: basketball. It is an irony not lost on Bettman and his aides that thirty years ago the N.B.A. was plagued by financial and organizational woes, and that hockey had by far the better hold on the American sports audience. In Boston and New York, for example, the Bruins and the Rangers almost invariably outdrew the Celtics and the Knicks, and were certainly a much larger presence in the fans' consciousness. Now, thanks in large part to TV, pro basketball has become our premier urban and indoor sport. Bettman claims to be uninterested in comparisons with roundball. "I just want our game to be the best it can be," he told me. "This is a sport that's been underappreciated and misunderstood." Nonetheless, he is applying his basketball-marketing expertise to the process of rapidly widening hockey's appeal, and has professed a willingness to reëxamine everything about the game.

Eisner has been a useful and welcome ally. "The exposure we've got because of Disney is just incredible," Bettman says. "This is a great company with a great deal of marketing and production experience. The other important thing that Michael brings is that Disney looked at all of pro sports and said that hockey is where they want to be. I think that speaks tremendously about the perception of this sport in the entertainment industry."

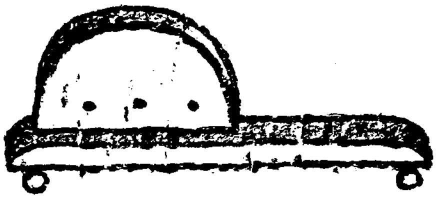
I WENT out to L.A. last month to catch the Mighty Ducks in a pair of games against their expansion rivals from Florida—the year-old Tampa Bay Lightning, which is partly owned by a Japanese consortium, and Wayne Huizenga's Panthers. But first I called Don Cherry, who was an idol of mine back in the late seventies, when, strutting behind the bench in dandyish bespoke suits, he coached the Bruins team—Cashman, O'Reilly, Middleton, et al.—that came to be known as the Lunchpail Athletic Club. A true showman, Cherry has now become a celebrated commentator for "Hockey Night in Canada." He also does a hockey show, broadcast from a set designed to resemble a barroom, that is a weekly feature on Canadian cable and turns up at irregular intervals in this country. He is hockey's most ardent xenophobe, blaming foreigners—Swedes and Russians, especially—for everything wrong with the game, including cheap stickwork, the helmet visor (a clear-plastic shield that is intended to protect a player's eyes from stray pucks or sticks but also makes him a less inviting target to punch), and advertisements painted on the ice. And he is an unswervable champion of what he calls "rock 'em, sock 'em hockey"—the old-fashioned, journeyman version of the game, which values grunting high-speed collisions and team play over dazzling skating and individual heroics. But Cherry seemed uncharacteristically resigned when I asked him what he thought of the Mighty Ducks. "When I first heard the name, I admit it threw me a little," he said. "You have to wonder whether baseball, say, would ever let them get away with naming a team like that. But what the heck! I think we have to change a little with the times, because Eisner is bringing a lot of money into the game. The Tinkerbell business, that doesn't bother me—that's just show biz."

"Tinkerbell?" I said.

"She's on the replay screen, eh? Whenever one of the players scores, you see her come down with her wand and sprinkle him with stars. And don't miss the Duck, the mascot they've got. But, like I say, that's show biz—it doesn't bother me as long as Eisner doesn't change the rules. That's what I'm afraid of. He's very powerful, and I worry that they'll listen to him. Hockey is a physical game, and as soon as you change the rules to take that out, it's just soccer on ice."

The rules that Cherry meant are those concerning fighting, which is, depending on whom you talk to, either a vital part of the sport or else hockey's long-standing embarrassment, the aspect of the game that opens it to ridicule and spoils it as "family entertainment." In recent years, a number of prominent hockey people, including the Los Angeles Kings' superstar Wayne Gretzky and, surprisingly, Harry Sinden, the hard-line general manager of the Bruins, have recommended that a player who starts a fight be ejected from the game, the way he would be in most other sports. Defenders of fighting claim that it is a necessary outlet for the high emotions aroused in the practitioners of this fast, violent game, and many of them privately believe that, far from driving the fans away, the prospect of a good brawl helps fill the arenas. (There are some fans who care even more for fights than for goals; the back pages of the *Hockey News*, a tabloid weekly that is the Bible of the sport, carry classified ads offering videotaped anthologies of on-ice fisticuffs.) Bettman and Eisner and some of the other top people in hockey have a code phrase when they talk about fighting: they say, "We don't want to be like the World Wrestling Federation," meaning that a certain amount of rough stuff is acceptable, as long as it doesn't become goonish. In the last couple of seasons, the league has enacted a number of rules intended to cut down on overt, injury-causing mayhem (such as the behind-the-back mugging that the Washington Capitals' Dale Hunter inflicted on Pierre Turgeon, of the Islanders, during last season's Stanley Cup playoffs) and on tag-team, bench-clearing rumbles. Nevertheless, the incidence of fighting is slightly up this season (in part because of a two-week strike by the referees in late November, which left the players temporarily in the charge of less experienced disciplinarians), and it remains a fact that every N.H.L. team has on its roster at least one player whose job is partly just to intimidate the other team—by dropping his gloves and throwing punches out there, if necessary.

The Mighty Ducks, despite their Bambi-ish Disney affiliation, have two such mercenaries: Stu Grimson (locally called the Grim Reaper), a six-foot-five forward, with an albatrosslike wingspread, who in two seasons with Chicago racked up more than four hundred penalty minutes but only three goals; and Todd Ewen, a muscular six-foot-two right wing, who had five goals and almost two hundred penalty minutes with Montreal last year. (In his spare time, Ewen writes children's books, and also makes sculptures, of a sort, out of hockey tape; according to the Ducks' TV commentator, he is "a real Renaissance man.") The rest of the Ducks are almost as big—they're the largest team in hockey, in fact, with eleven players over six feet and over two hundred pounds—but most of them have until now been painfully lacking in offensive skills. More than half of the roster played in the minors last year, and among the others—players whose prior N.H.L. clubs didn't see fit to protect them in the expansion draft—only two have ever scored more than twenty goals in a season: Terry Yake, a center acquired from Hartford, and Anatoli Semenov, a left wing who played last season for Vancouver, where he was primarily a defensive specialist and saw limited ice time. Semenov, who learned his hockey while playing for the powerful Moscow Dynamo club, now found himself surprisingly promoted to a star, and was expected to carry much of the team's offense. "Darwinism," he told a reporter who asked about this transition. "That is my theory. Like animals in the jungle. The strong survive."



As a group, I found, the Mighty Ducks bear a resemblance to the big, tough Calgary Flames of the late eighties—the only team to challenge the mastery of the Edmonton Oilers back then. The similarity is not accidental, since the architect of the Ducks and their general manager, Jack Ferreira, used to be a scout for Calgary and is often credited with devising the Flames' formula of employing size and strength as a way of neutralizing superior speed and skill. "We had two things going for us when we put this team together," Ferreira told me. "First of all, the established teams could only protect one goalie in this expansion draft, and that meant that we and Florida were both able to get real good goaltending." (The Panthers drafted John Vanbiesbrouck, the standout Ranger veteran; the Mighty Ducks picked up both Guy Herbert, from the St. Louis Blues, and Ron Tugnutt, an Edmonton veteran, who while playing for Quebec in 1991 made an astounding seventy saves in a single game against the Bruins. "I've seen more rubber than a tire salesman," he says. To movie-watchers, Tugnutt inevitably calls to mind Goldberg, the fat kid who plays goal for the film Ducks, and is tied to the cage at one point while the rest of the team barrages him with slap shots.) "The other thing we had going," Ferreira continued, "was the good number of big, aggressive players available. In Calgary, we learned that the only way you could close the gap with a team like Edmonton was to slow them down, and that's what we're hoping to do here."

Ferreira told me that two young players for whom he had particularly high expectations were Billy Houlder, a quick-shooting defenseman picked up from the Buffalo Sabres, and Steven

King, a forward, who played part of the season for the Rangers last year. (King, as it happens, is another Renaissance Duck; perhaps in homage to his more famous near-namesake, he has been writing an occasional column for the Orange County *Register*, in which he dwells on the horrors of life on the road—the cold in Calgary, the difficulty of getting your laundry done in Toronto.) Ferreira's most talented draft pick, though, has yet to don the purple and jade. He's Paul Kariya, a nineteen-year-old Vancouver native, who last year, in his first season with the University of Maine Black Bears, established himself as perhaps the greatest college hockey player of all time. Now a sophomore, Kariya played the first half of this season with Maine, then took a leave of absence to join the Canadian team for the coming Winter Olympics; the Ducks management is hoping that after the Games he'll turn pro. But Kariya, whom the Ducks media guide optimistically lists at five-eleven and a hundred and sixty, is tiny even for a college player, and, unlike some of the other small men who have gone on to play successfully in the N.H.L.—Theoren Fleury, of Calgary, for example—he doesn't really bring a physical dimension to his game. He's essentially a speedster and a playmaker, and some hockey experts predict that he'll take the same kind of pounding that the Mighty Ducks now delight in handing out to others.

DON CHERRY didn't mention the Decoys—or "*your* Decoys," as the Anaheim announcer calls them, in one of those deep, rumbling monster-truck-rally voices. The Decoys, as I discovered on my first evening in California, are eight multiculturally appropriate young women, clad in tiny purple-jade-silver-and-white uniforms, who perform Disney-choreographed skating routines—whirling and leaping and waving hockey sticks—before every game and between periods, after twin Zambonis have speedily cleaned the ice. At the team's début, I was told, the Decoys had been accompanied by a skating rock singer (or rock-singing skater), known as the Iceman, who emerged, wrapped in foil, from a freezer truck that had been driven out onto the playing surface, but he was hooted off the ice and hasn't been back. "Major dork-o-rama," my witness told me. Now the nightly pregame routine brings out the Decoys to glide and cavort for a while on the Pond, which is what the Ducks call their rink. They retire briefly, while the arena is darkened and a Mighty Ducks video plays on giant overhead scoreboard TV screens. (The video, which was created by Disney animators, shows a V-shaped squadron of mean-looking waterfowl dive-bombing a goalie, to the strains of "The Ride of the Valkyries," or perhaps the soundtrack for "Apocalypse Now.") Then the Decoys return, wielding light-wands of the kind that airport ground crews and outdoor-parking-lot attendants use for directing traffic, and, while colored spotlights dance over the ice and music from "Carmina Burana" thunders over the sound system, the Decoys, waving their light-wands ecstatically, welcome the descending Wild Wing—the Duck. The Duck is a full-grown Disney employee wearing feathers and a hockey uniform who comes slowly sliding and twisting down a wire strung from the rafters to the ice, where he unclips himself and skates around until the monster-truck voice intones "Ladies and gentlemen, yourrr Mighty Ducks of Anaheim!" and the rest of the team—the players, that is—comes skating out, to the accompaniment of kazoolike bleats of fans blowing into their Official Duck Calls, while the sound system blares out the team's upbeat, Disney-written anthem:

The Migh-tee Ducks of Anaheim
(Rock the Pond!)
A surge of force that never dies
(Rock the Pond!)
Yes, a surge of force that never dies!

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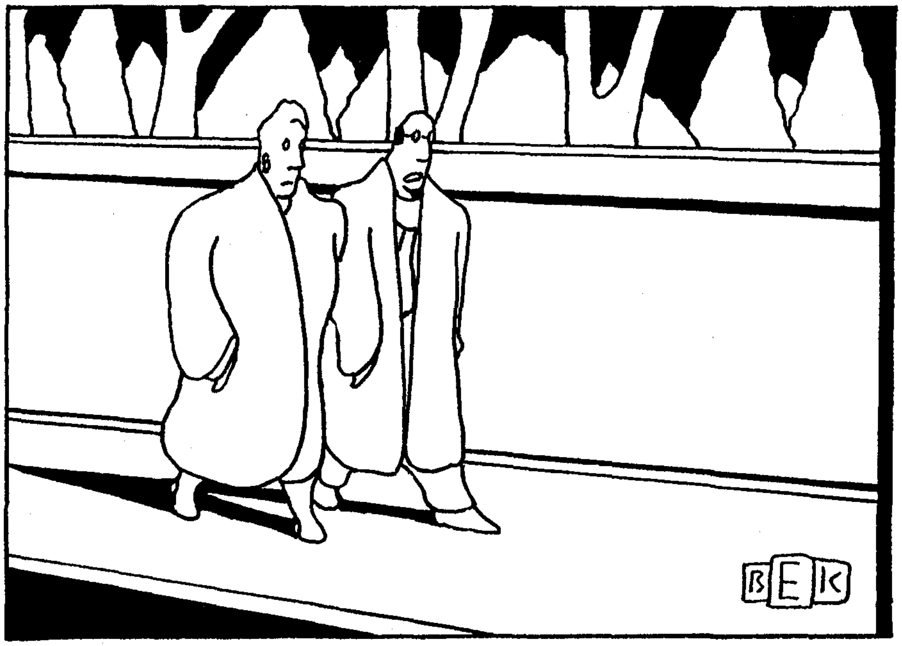

"Well, there's no sense in us both getting a lobotomy."

• •

Tom Daly, the mayor of Anaheim, says that the city's investment in the new facility was never much of a risk. Ogden, an arena-management company, had agreed not only to run the place but to pay off the interest on the debt; and there wasn't any doubt, Daly says, of the city's being able to attract a major-league tenant.

Designed by the firm of Hellmuth, Obata & Kassabaum, a company also known for its ballparks (it built the celebrated new Camden Yards park, in Baltimore), the Pond bears a curious but coincidental resemblance to the coral-colored Michael Graves-designed Disney headquarters building, in Burbank—the one with the statues of Sleepy, Sneezy, Doc, etc., holding up the roof. Inside, the corridors are polished marble; the seats (17,174 of them for hockey) are plush; the toilet fixtures are gold-plated. Everything about the place is state-of-the-art except, oddly, the ice. "I don't want to get in trouble for saying this," one of the players told me, "but the ice here isn't very good—the puck is always bouncing over your stick. Other teams come in here and adjust, but we don't have the skills to do any fancy stuff on this kind of ice."

In the first game I saw, however, against the Tampa Bay Lightning, it wasn't the ice that held the Ducks back so much as their ineffectual power play. The movie Ducks have a secret weapon in this situation: they wheel out Fulton, a giant, Neanderthal-looking kid who can't skate but possesses a slap shot so hard that it sends the other team diving for cover. The real-life Ducks have to rely on moving the puck quickly around the perimeter of the offensive zone until someone can get open in front or until the point man has a clear shot at the net; and on this evening the passes kept going awry, leaking out of the zone and forcing the team to retreat and regroup. The Ducks' power-play unit was 0–7 on the night, and it was a busted power play that ultimately cost them the game, when, with the score tied 2–2 halfway through the third period and all five Duck skaters pinching in in the offensive zone, Tampa Bay's Chris Joseph hopped out of the penalty box and, catching the Ducks' defensemen looking the wrong way, picked up an outlet pass along the boards and went in on Tugnutt all alone, with Marc Bureau trailing right behind to swat in the rebound.

The Lightning, who are just a year older than the Mighty Ducks and who set an N.H.L. single-game attendance record this season, drawing twenty-seven thousand fans to their Thunderdome—for a game against their in-state rivals, the Panthers—are in some ways an even more futuristic team than Anaheim. Their uniforms are a "Blade Runner" blend of black and silver, with the players' names lettered on the back in a slanted, pocket-calculator typeface. But, with the exception of waning stars such as Petr Klima, a two-hundred-and-fifty-goal scorer who was traded away by Edmonton as part of its overhead-reduction program, and Denis Savard, an aged Gallic wizard now trying to catch on as a free agent, the Lightning's lineup is much the same as the Ducks'—minor leaguers and marginal N.H.L. types—and they play the same kind of elementary, dump-and-chase hockey.

Coaches, I've noticed, are always decrying dump-and-chase—shooting the puck into the offensive zone instead of carrying it, and then sending a man crashing in, hoping to regain possession in a scrum along the boards or in a corner—yet almost everybody practices it at one time or another, because its risks are few, and because it works. When both teams are dumping and chasing, though, the results can be unexciting, as they were on this particular evening. Savard contributed a couple of his patented spin-o-ramas—in which he dizzies an opponent by turning three hundred and sixty degrees in a space no bigger than a phone booth—and Steven King and Todd Ewen connected a couple of times on nifty passing plays for the home team, but much of the game was played along the boards, with the teams holding and grinding and shoving. A couple of punches got thrown, and in the second period the Ducks' Garry Valk went off to the hospital with a concussion, after receiving a booming cross-check. The Ducks held the visitors to twenty-three shots (including just three in the entire second period), while getting off forty-one of their own, but the Lightning's Daren Puppa turned away all but two of them, and his teammates lit up the red light four times (the last with an empty-netter).

The fans, however, never complained, and their demographics looked to me like something that would gladden Commissioner Bettman: 16,480 young, well-heeled, and well-behaved Southern Californians, and not a sign of the beer-crazed denizens who scream down from the upper tiers of Madison Square Garden. I saw lots of families (one kid was even doing his homework between periods) and lots of what appeared to be couples on dates. They kept explaining the rules to each other ("Two minutes is awfully short," I heard one mom say after being told about the penalty box. "If they were in for longer, it might reinforce the lesson"), and they cheered and puffed away on their Duck Calls whenever the scoreboard video screens exhorted them to make noise. Between periods, they lined up dozens deep just to get into the souvenir shop. I paid a visit there the following morning, just as the rink was opening, and, browsing around, found seventeen different varieties of the customary T-shirts, as well as cocktail glasses, earrings, baby bootees and bibs, golf bags, and warmup jackets ($310 for wool, $1,300 for lambskin).

All N.H.L. rinks seem to have a dread of silence and inactivity these days, and the local managements fill up time-outs and play stoppages with blasts of synthesized rock music. During the between-period intermissions, when you used to sit in your seat and dreamily contemplate the Zamboni's elliptical patterns, many franchises now feel obliged to present skating mascots, or sled races, or sumo wrestling. The Pond may have taken this TV-commercial kind of entertainment to new heights. I had never been in an arena where the fans' attention was so constantly solicited, with electronic signs and videos and recorded sound effects (a particularly mindless one—a Schwarzenegger-like voice monotoning, "*Hasta la vista*, bay-bee," followed by the clank of a dungeon door slamming shut—is played every time a visitor receives a penalty), and so it was pleasing and reassuring when, late in the third period, with the home team down by one and the special-effects operator apparently out on a coffee break, the fans began to plead for a goal with the timeworn clap-clap, clap-clap-clap. All on their own, they were in the game.

Afterward, I went down to the Ducks' locker room, where the players, tired and a little discouraged, were taking off their equipment. "We made too many mental mistakes," the coach, Ron Wilson, was saying, while Todd Ewen, a towel wrapped around his waist, was explaining to a group of reporters that perhaps the trouble was that the team had only played at a hundred and ten per cent. "That's not enough for this team," he said. "We need a hundred and *thirty* per cent."

I always forget how young hockey players are—most of the Ducks are in their mid-twenties—and how ordinary-looking they are off the ice. Without their skates and pads, they aren't like the behemoths or human towers one finds in football and basketball clubhouses, and most of them haven't developed the egos or the eccentricities that are almost standard in other pro sports. They're polite and earnest. As I was standing around, feeling awkward, my eyes lit on the old (relatively) and familiar face of Alexei Kasatonov, a thick-limbed thirty-two-year-old defenseman, who starred for twelve seasons on the Red Army and Russian Olympic teams before becoming one of the early Soviet players to migrate. For the last three seasons, he had played in the Meadowlands, for the New Jersey Devils, where I used to watch him admiringly from my season-ticket seat. I went over now and asked how he liked California.

"I go with the situation," he said, apparently thinking that I was asking about the team.

"No," I explained. "I mean how do you like living here?"

He smiled, and said, "I think I am not fully understanding this. Not yet. Sometimes is hot weather, sometimes is fire, sometimes"—he spread his hands and wobbled them up and down—"earth is moving. Is California."

MICHAEL EISNER hasn't been on skates in twenty years, and it shows. Nevertheless, early on the morning of the Panthers game, he laced up a pair of brand-new Bauers and, with his back straight and his arms carefully extended for balance, took a slow lap around the Pond while a bunch of peewee players, wearing uniforms from the movie, and perhaps half a dozen grownup Ducks looked on, along with a crew of Disney film people slipping around in sneakers. Nobody said a word—not even the N.H.L. guys, who just a minute before had been cracking jokes about the film crew. They were all there to tape the introductory segment for a future "Magical World of Disney" presentation—the first TV screening of "The Mighty Ducks." It was also a living demonstration of how Disney uses one part of the company's assets to promote or make money for another part—a concept so important to the organiza-

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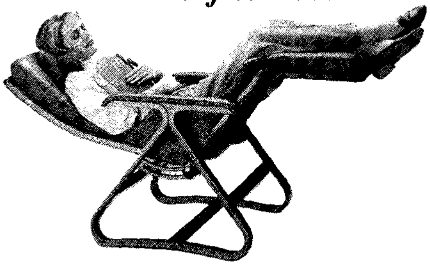
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tion that it employs a fifty-member Synergy Department. At the Pond, everyone performed his synergistic role enthusiastically: the film crew filmed, the kids impersonated the original Minnesota misfits, the professional Ducks looked professional, and Eisner acted the part of a genial studio head who wobbles up to the camera, summons the kids and the pros, and gives a little plug for the movie and for hockey in general. In just forty-five minutes, and seven takes, they had a wrap. The kids went home; the players, joined now by the rest of the squad, turned to the hard, sweaty work of practicing hockey; and Eisner drove back to Burbank and his job as head of a worldwide entertainment corporation. As he is the first to admit, the Mighty Ducks account for only a tiny piece of the over-all Disney operation—just a single movie's worth, more or less—and yet they receive a lot of his hands-on attention. He attends almost every home game, and has been involved in everything from choosing the team colors to picking a choreographer for the Decoy routines. It's only because of Eisner, in fact, that Disney has a hockey team at all.

"How we got into this was that one night at a Kings game I was talking to Bruce McNall," Eisner told me one afternoon in his Burbank office. (McNall is the American multimillionaire coin collector who bought the Los Angeles Kings in 1988 and transformed them into a power both on and off the ice by redesigning their uniforms, instituting new marketing policies, and—the most effective move of all—importing Wayne Gretzky from Edmonton.) "I asked Bruce what was going on with the arena in Anaheim, and he said, 'Do you want a hockey team? You can have a team if you want it. *Only you.*' I said, 'Nah.' I had been pretty negative a couple of years before, when we had a chance to buy the Orlando Magic basketball team, and I just wasn't sure we should be in the sports business. And I wasn't dying to own a hockey team. My three sons play hockey, and for years my wife had been after me to make a movie about hockey. We did that—we made the movie—but we weren't looking for a team. Then I saw how well the Kings had been doing, and I began thinking about this interactive world and the information highway, and I thought, Are kids really going to have dates at home, while their parents are in the next room? People want to go out, which is why we're getting more and more into live entertainment. But I still said no about hockey, because it seemed like an ego trip—a C.E.O. getting his company involved in little games."

Then, in December a year ago, after considerable backing and forthing, Eisner decided, at virtually the last minute, to fly to the annual N.H.L. board-of-governors meeting, in West Palm Beach, and apply for a franchise. The name came to him in the shower, and initially it met with "a certain amount of shock," he told me. "McNall thought it was great, and Howard Baldwin loved it, but what can he say—he owns the Penguins. It's not as if there aren't some other weird hockey names—like the Maple Leafs, misspelled. Anyway, I knew right away that we had something that was either terrible or fabulous. The movie was just out, and I thought it would be good publicity. There are some things you just go for."

I asked Eisner how some of the older, more traditional N.H.L. elements had reacted to Disney's involvement in hockey, and he said, "It was a love fest. Like a lot of other businesses that have existed for a long time, some of the older franchises didn't recognize some of the changes that have taken place—the way the movies didn't recognize TV, and TV didn't recognize cable. But why should they? They were selling out every night, and they were happy in their existing business. My problem is that they all expected so much from me that I felt a *massive obligation to deliver.* If you're in the entertainment business, you learn that things don't happen by accident. It takes a company like ours to make them happen."

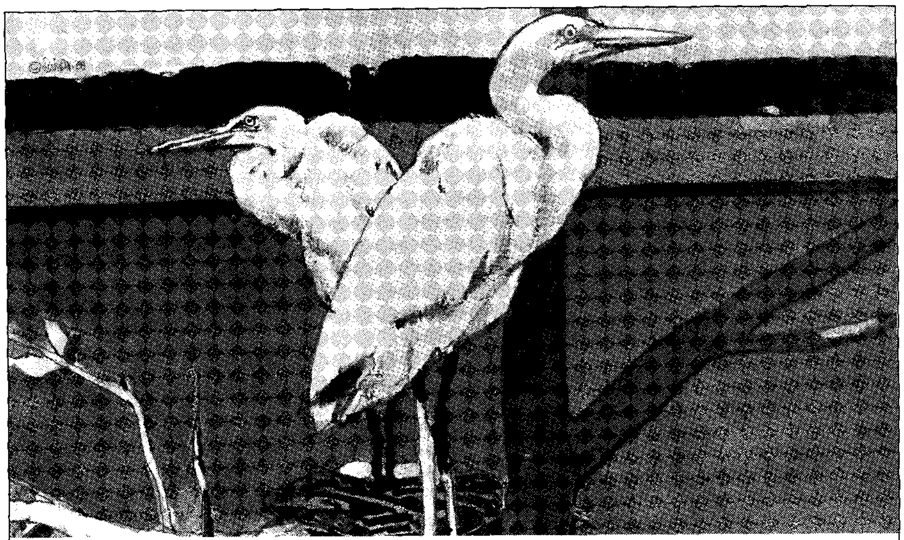
THE next home game was against the Florida Panthers, a team that the Mighty Ducks badly wanted to beat. The loss to Tampa Bay had left them 0–6 against other expansion teams—theoretically the easiest competition in the league—and this was a chance to redeem themselves against a club that had become an instant rival. "Nobody will admit it," Jack Ferreira told me, "but this is a real big game for us." The Ducks got themselves into trouble early, however, with unforced mistakes, and a few minutes into the second period they were down 0–3. To make things worse, Grimson, intending to unload a thundering board-check on the Panthers' Dave Lowry, slightly missed his aim, and instead flattened his teammate Semenov, dislocating his elbow. The Ducks picked up a goal early in the third, and added another with less than two minutes to go, when, with the Panthers down a man because of a penalty, they yanked their goalie to achieve a two-man advantage, and worked the puck around to the left side of the Florida net, where King finally chipped one in. It was too late. Struggling all night, the Ducks could seldom put together a sustained burst of offense, and, when they did, they were thwarted by Vanbiesbrouck, who swept their shots aside in his characteristic knock-kneed and anxious style.

Even at its best, hockey is a game of transitions—stops and starts, turnovers, sudden shifts from offense to defense and back again—and of possibilities that are glimpsed for an instant and then disappear. But this game was even more fragmentary than usual, with both teams dumping and chasing and unable to string more than a couple of passes together. Watching from the press box, up near the ceiling, I had the sensation of looking through a microscope at some extremely speedy molecules racing around and trying to organize themselves into a substance, only to spin off into randomness an instant later. But there were moments, as always in hockey, where a sense of order or design seemed to linger for a bit and the game briefly revealed its inner geometry. I still remember an instant or two, about halfway through the second period, when the Ducks broke out of their own end in almost textbook fashion: Kasatonov, on right defense, skimmed the puck across to Houlder, on the left, who flicked it to his centerman, Shaun Van Allen, breaking up the middle. The Panther forecheckers peeled away from the boards, almost like paint unsticking, and the Panther defensemen, their legs scissoring in backward crossovers, began to retreat through the neutral zone. Coming over the red line, Van Allen dished off to Terry Yake, who carried the puck in and then dropped it for Patrik Carnback, crossing behind him. This is a play that the Ducks have probably executed, or *tried* to execute, thousands of times, but they did it now with such crispness and easy authority that it felt as if they had just discovered it, and at that moment it occurred to me that it is ordinary but somehow elevated moments like this which are the stuff that makes our games worthwhile. For a moment, at least, these commonplace moves shine with spellbinding clarity and simplicity. Carnback went wide and, cutting back to his right, took a shot, which caromed off Vanbiesbrouck's pads. Yake came lunging after the rebound, but Vanbiesbrouck fell on the puck before he got there. Then a couple of Panthers came storming up belatedly, pushing and shoving, and pretty soon everybody out there was having a good pummel. So much for the spellbinding light.

After the game, I went back to the Ducks' locker room, but I didn't stay long. Coach Wilson was scowling, complaining again about mental errors, and wondering, too, how he would replace Semenov, who would clearly be out of commission for a while. Stu Grimson looked crestfallen. Guy Herbert, who had been in net for Anaheim, was angry and dejected, ripping hockey tape from his stockings and saying, "I thought we were ready, but we fell behind, and then Vanbiesbrouck just threw a blanket over us."

Sitting next to him, shoulders hunched, was Terry Yake, who had in fact played a superior game for the home team, assisting on both goals. "It hurts when you lose to a team that plays the same style you do," he said. "But they just executed it better."

On their way to and from the showers, most of the Ducks looked not just tired but ashen. They walked slowly, blankly, and some had that glazed, spaced-out expression you see in old photographs of coal miners coming up after a shift in the pit. Just now, the Mighty Ducks didn't seem like entertainers at all: they were laborers. The schedule would give them another couple of dates at home (one of them a charity game, for the benefit of the California fire victims), and then, with just a brief break at Christmas, they would be away for the rest of the month. Detroit, Toronto, Chicago, Winnipeg, Washington, New York. Cold weather. Hotel laundry. Aching legs and assorted bruises. The Duck and the Decoys would be staying back at the Pond. ♦



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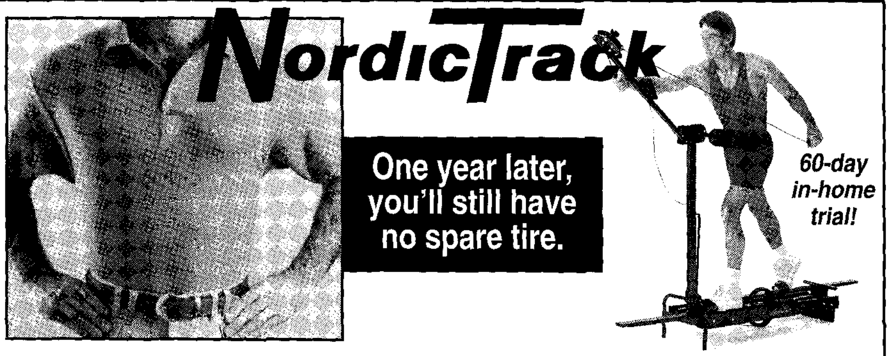

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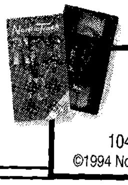

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A REPORTER AT LARGE

A CHANGED VISION OF GOD

As survivors of Cambodia's holocaust, a group of women refugees now in California saw unimaginable horrors every day that they lived under Khmer Rouge rule. More than a decade later, those horrors endure as a war trauma that defies both medicine and psychoanalysis.

BY ALEC WILKINSON

Mrs. Im Cheann went blind in Cambodia for reasons that no one can explain. So did Mrs. Lar Poy, and so did Mrs. Long Eang. This took place in the late nineteen-seventies, during the rule of Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge. Mrs. Im Cheann feels that she lost her sight because of smoke from the cooking fire in the hut where she lived. Mrs. Long Eang feels that hers was ruined when she was forced to carry dirt in baskets on her shoulders while a prisoner in a labor camp, and the dirt got in her eyes. She also sometimes notes that her sight first failed when she learned of the execution of her brother and his family by soldiers; she began to cry, and her eyes swelled up and got red, and when the swelling subsided everything she looked at was blurred. Mrs. Im Cheann sometimes recalls that she was forced by soldiers to watch a man they had beaten, then thrown onto a fire, moan and "shiver like a fish," and that for a long time afterward she was not able to see anything except areas of light and dark. Mrs. Lar Poy watched soldiers in a rice field beat her daughter with clubs and the butts of their rifles until she was dead. When Mrs. Lar Poy came to America, in 1982, in addition to having trouble with her eyes she had virulent headaches. To distract herself from the pain that they caused her, she would scratch above the bridge of her nose with the point of a knife until she bled.

Mrs. Im Cheann sometimes wonders if she is really alive or if she died in the rice fields. She feels that the beatings she received caused her soul to be driven from her body, and she sometimes believes that it is back in Cambodia.

ALICIA CZECHOWSKI

Between 1982 and 1989, nearly a hundred and fifty Cambodian women in middle age presented themselves to doctors in California, and said that they couldn't see. The majority arrived on the arms of relatives. The women were small, and they shuffled and stood hunched over and rarely spoke except to answer a question. The ones who were worst afflicted could see nothing at all. Those whose vision was clearest could make out shadows, and some could count fingers on hands held a few feet from their faces. All had been victims of the Khmer Rouge, but none had known any of the others or been aware when she lost her sight that anyone else had the same problem. Some were blind all the time, and some had periods when their vision improved, but even then none could see as clearly as they had before the war. Most had been beaten or subjected to torture; many had contracted disease or had drunk tainted water; and all had been given so little to eat that they had lived on the edge of starvation. Any of these circumstances can cause blindness, but if one of them had done so, the women could have recovered their vision, or at least had its loss explained once they had visited doctors in America; all diseases that cause blindness are detectable. A number of the women had applied for disability payments, had been examined by doctors, and had been refused. The tests the doctors gave them found that nothing was wrong with their eyes. Most of the doctors described their difficulties as resulting from hysterical blindness, or psychosomatic blindness, but none of the doctors could tell the women why they had lost their sight or what they could do to get it back.

I first learned about the Cambodian women from an article written by Lee Siegel, an Associated Press reporter, and published in the Los Angeles *Times* in 1989. Dr. Patricia D. Rozée, a psychologist at California State University at Long Beach, had interviewed a number of these women and thought that they might have gone blind from being unable to absorb the suffering and death they had witnessed. "Their minds simply closed down, and they refused to see anymore," she said. Rozée had been working with an electrophysiologist named Gretchen B. Van Boemel at the Doheny Eye Institute, in Los Angeles. Van Boemel examined many of the women. One of them, she said, "saw her four children and husband killed in front of her, then lost her vision right after." Soldiers took the husband and three children from another woman, and they never returned. The woman said that she had cried every day for four years, and that when she stopped she had been unable to see. Rozée's and Van Boemel's impressions were not the only ones the reporter described; some people thought that the women might be faking in order to receive sympathy or money, and some thought that they might have gone blind under the pressure of flight from their country to one where they were frightened and lonely and couldn't speak the language.

Mrs. Im Cheann and Mrs. Long Eang live in the Cambodian community of Long Beach. Each prefers the Asian custom of preceding her first name with her family name. Mrs. Lar Poy used to live in Long Beach and may still; I don't know. I have never met her. What I know about her comes from the translator I employed, a young woman who had known her, had lost touch with her, and then met her by chance on the street one day and spoke to her on my behalf.

Mrs. Long Eang and Mrs. Im Cheann do not resemble each other at all. Mrs. Long Eang is squat and robust. Mrs. Im Cheann is slight and skittish. Mrs. Long Eang is alert and inquisitive. Mrs. Im Cheann is vigilant. Mrs. Long Eang's voice is throaty and a little nasal, and it trails off softly when she concludes what she is saying. Mrs. Im Cheann's voice is thin and trembly, and sometimes when I listen to her I think that it has been stripped of all elements except grief and anxiety. Mrs. Long Eang enjoys company. She receives a visitor on the sofa in her living room and chews betel leaves and spits the juice into a can she keeps beside her on the floor. Mrs. Im Cheann is solitary. She rarely looks in the direction of a person she is talking to, and while she speaks her hands often rise from her lap and make startled, fluttery gestures in the air before her, as if they had escaped her control. Her manner is anguished, and she is constantly fearful. Over the last year, she has lost enough weight so that people who know her often remark about it, but she has not been able to put any back on, partly because she does not feel much like eating. She and Mrs. Long Eang both have straight black hair cut short, like schoolgirls' hair, and both have soft dark-brown eyes. Both women own pairs of thick glasses. Mrs. Long Eang rarely takes hers off; sometimes she wakes in the night and realizes that she still has them on. Mrs. Im Cheann rarely wears hers; I get the feeling that she believes they wouldn't do her any good. The impression Mrs. Long Eang makes is mannish and bossy, and Mrs. Im Cheann's manner is so frail and submissive that she seems like an echo of Mrs. Long Eang.

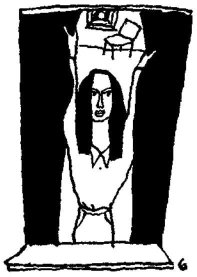
Mrs. Im Cheann rarely leaves her apartment, and, when she does, it is usually to go no farther than her porch. Above her living-room mantel is a portrait in oil of her mother and father. It was painted in Long Beach, from a photograph, by an artist at a flea market. Her father died in Cambodia, but her mother came to America with her; she died in the apartment. In Cambodia, before the Khmer Rouge, Mrs. Im Cheann sold food in the marketplace of a town in the province of Battambang. By her account, it was a small town in the forest with a lake and a fishing fleet and many ox wagons and rickshaws and bicycles.

To subdue the villagers, the Khmer Rouge soldiers made them attend executions, which were frequently of people the villagers knew. Often, the offenses were imagined or trivial. Mrs. Im Cheann was responsible on these occasions for gathering everyone. After the beating, or the disembowelling, or the beheading, or the hanging, or the shooting, or the incineration, the villagers were given salted water with a few grains of rice or the stalks of some vegetables in it and sent back to the fields to work. To keep from starving, Mrs. Im Cheann often ate leaves she found in the forest. When she lost her sight, she did not tell the soldiers, because she was afraid they would think that she was mentally ill and kill her. Now, in her small, dark apartment, she sometimes wonders if she is really alive or if she died in the rice fields; that is, she feels that the beatings she received caused her soul to be driven from her body, and she sometimes believes that it is back there.

MRS. LONG EANG was born in 1931, in a city about thirty-five miles south of Phnom Penh called Khet Kandal, and she lived there for thirty-eight years. She grew up on a plantation belonging to her parents. The plantation had been in her family for several generations, and it was given to her when she got married. She says that she wasn't a mischievous child but she was lazy. Instead of doing the work her parents expected of her, she was always running off to play with her friends along the bank of the river that ran past the village, or at the edge of the forest behind it, and then sneaking home in the hope that she hadn't been missed and wouldn't be punished. When her father wasn't at work in the fields, he built oxcarts and wagons and plows, and on the occasion when one of his neighbors was ready to be buried he built coffins. He arranged Eang's marriage to a young man named Eng Theap Kuoch. Theap (pronounced "Tep") lived in a village nearby. He was visiting his older brother one day in Eang's village when the brother pointed to Eang and said, "Do you like this girl?" Theap said that he had no feeling one way or the other, but his brother decided that they should be married. Theap's parents had been dead for many years, his brother had raised him, and Theap's feelings for him were such that he did whatever his brother said he should. Eang and Theap met for the first time on their wedding day. Theap's brother and Eang's father had seen to all the arrangements, and the wedding was the biggest and most festive the village could recall. For two months, Eang and Theap avoided being alone with each other, and neither looked the other in the eye. Eang was so nervous in Theap's presence that she could hardly swallow her food, so she was constantly hungry. Slowly, their feelings of shyness dissolved.

To begin building a house for himself and his wife and her parents, Theap walked into the forest behind the village with an axe and cut down seven hardwood trees. The house took two years to build. Most of the houses in the village had walls made from the long, braided leaves of a reed that grew by the river, and roofs woven from palm fronds; every three or four years, the walls and the roofs had to be replaced. The plantation had enjoyed several good harvests, so Theap bought cement in Phnom Penh for the foundation and the pilings and the walls of his house, and tile for the roof. Everything else—the floor, the altar, the staircase that descended from the porch to a landing and then divided toward opposite points of the compass—came from the forest. The house faced the water. During the dry season, the family received guests on a sofa in the shade beneath the porch. The village followed the curving banks of the river. Through lanes among the houses ran children and stubby-legged, short-haired dogs. Along with Theap's house, the houses of the other more fortunate families stood on the higher ground, and, except in remarkable years, escaped being flooded when the river overflowed its banks. Profuse schools of fish arrived in the river during high water. As the river withdrew, they were confined to ponds in the fields; the villagers caught them in buckets. Eang says that the plantation was big enough so that "if you were to look at it, it would almost go out of sight." What she means is not that it ran to the edge of the sky, like a farm on a prairie, but that the crop rows crossed lengths of cleared land until they reached the forest, which closed the view as abruptly as a wall.

The days were always hot, and in the air was the damp, fertile smell of the river. The year had two growing seasons, the length of each depending on the condition of the waters, which rose and fell in accordance with the rains and the melting of the snows on the mountains in China.



After Eang married, she got up each morning between three and four, because it was easier to work in the cool darkness than to be out in the fields during the heat of the day. She had inherited a number of parcels of land along the riverbank, which were especially productive. She and Theap grew mainly rice and corn and beans and bananas, which they used themselves and shared with their neighbors and occasionally traded; tobacco was their only cash crop. The families of the village hung the leaves to dry from the beams beneath their porches. Buyers appeared at the conclusion of the harvest, and the day that Eang and Theap were paid for their crop was the only occasion all year that they had money.

In 1969, Eang and Theap decided that the living they made from the plantation was no longer sufficient for them and their children—a boy and two girls—and that having cash in hand only once a year made their lives too difficult, so they leased the plantation to a relative and moved, with Eang's parents, to a town called Svay Sisophon, in northwestern Cambodia. Eang's mother opened a stall in the market, and Theap and her father went partners as carpenters. They built for the family a small house with a tin roof, near the town's movie theatre and the place where the road delivered travellers from the provinces. Each morning before leaving for work, Theap made several pots of porridge from rice and chicken and, periodically, dried shrimp, and sometimes he also fried noodles and made flour cakes, and each day Eang sat in a corner of the marketplace, behind a bamboo stand with a green cloth above it like an awning, and sold what he had made. When it rained, she tilted the cloth to let the water run off it. The most troublesome customers were boys recruited by Lon Nol and his government for soldiers. Carrying rifles almost as tall as they were, they appeared before her, saying "Grandma, I'm so hungry," and reached their hands out for porridge, for which they never paid. More than once, because of them, she ran out of money and had to borrow from her mother to start the porridge business again.

Before long, Theap began to have trouble working. He would climb to the roof of a house and get dizzy and begin to shake, and when he looked down he was afraid he would fall. He decided he was too old to be a carpenter, and finished what work he was obliged to and did not accept any more. His father-in-law, whose contribution had been to read the plans, retired, too, since he no longer had someone to carry them out and was too old to do it himself.

The first Khmer Rouge soldiers to arrive in Svay Sisophon came on a truck from the forest, with other soldiers running behind them. It was about eleven o'clock on a hot, windless morning in April of 1975. From her stand, Eang watched the truck race through the marketplace. Dogs barked. Other trucks arrived. The soldiers were boys, yelling "Mother!" and "Father!" as greetings of triumph and celebration to the women and men they passed. Over a loudspeaker on the roof of the first truck, a soldier told the people to throw down their arms. The people were also excited. Eang and her neighbors believed that Lon Nol and his government were corrupt and were given to acts of brutality, and that Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge were patriots. She assumed that the soldiers' arrival meant that the war had been brought to an end.

The trucks stopped in the marketplace. Eang watched soldiers stride onto the porches of the houses and knock on the doors and ask the people who answered if they had any weapons. "We are here now to protect you," the soldiers said, "and no one has a need for a weapon anymore." People who said that they kept no weapons were forced to stand aside and allow the soldiers to look for themselves.

A man on a bicycle said something to the man who sold cloth in the stall next to Eang's, and the merchant began packing up his wares. Eang asked where he was going, and he said that the statue of the Buddha in the temple was weeping. Eang put the money from her cash drawer in her pocket and ran to the temple. Outside was a crowd too large to allow her to see the statue, but everyone was saying that there were tears on its face and that it was no longer smiling but frowning.

That evening, Theap stood in front of his house and talked with his neighbors. Some felt that the future would not be peaceful. One neighbor left that night with his family for Thailand, where he had relatives. He asked Theap to go with them, but Theap didn't know anyone in Thailand or what he could do there to make a living or how he would feed his family.

The next morning, when Eang arrived in the marketplace it was empty. Birds wheeled above the river. A dog trotted up the street and disappeared around a corner. She decided that someone must have told the other venders not to open their stalls, but no one had said anything to her, and she grew afraid and went back home.

A few days before, Eang and Theap's

son, Thong Bun, had left with Eang's mother, in the hope of finding a province where there was no fighting and where it would be safe to settle until the war had run its course. Once they had found such a place, Eang and Theap and the rest of the family would join them. By that morning, Thong Bun and his grandmother had reached a village about twenty-five miles away, but the arrival of the Khmer Rouge in the province had disrupted communication among the villages, and there was no way for Thong Bun to send word to his parents of where he was.

• •

FOR a week, Eang and Theap mostly stayed in their house. The market never opened. It was the dry season, and the skies were blue and cloudless, and it was hot all day. From her window, Eang saw no one but soldiers, raising dust as they passed. A few people collected their possessions in bundles that they carried on their shoulders and tried to walk away from the village, but they were turned back by guards at the place where the road from the country arrived.

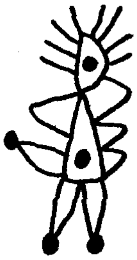
A number of men who had retired from Lon Nol's Army lived in Svay Sisophon. When the Khmer Rouge announced that everyone who had a weapon must deliver it to them, many of the ex-military men formed a line in the field that had been the marketplace and handed over rifles and pistols and boxes of ammunition, which the soldiers tossed on a pile. Some of the ex-military men were fearful of revenge. With the arrival of the soldiers, they had begun pretending that they had always been civilians, and now they were afraid to turn in their weapons and risk being identified, so they buried the weapons in their yards or waited until darkness and threw them in the river; months later, when the soldiers ordered prisoners to begin cultivating land in the town, the prisoners turned up the guns with their plows. The roundup of weapons took nine or ten days, and once the soldiers had concluded that the villagers were no longer armed they dropped their pretense of friendliness.

Over a loudspeaker one morning came the voice of a soldier calling everyone in Eang's part of town to a meeting in the marketplace. The soldiers stood in the shade of a canopy strung between the beds of two trucks. The people sat on the ground. They wore scarves and palm hats, and some unfurled black umbrellas. The soldiers told them that each person would be expected to perform the job he had held under Lon Nol. Those who had occupied positions of status or authority—doctors, men in the military or the police, anyone with an education—were asked to sit, with their families, at the front of the gathering; these people, a soldier said, would be essential to the task of building the country again. Tricycle-taxi drivers and laborers who had bought shirts from Lon Nol's soldiers as they fled, and hoped by wearing them to pass themselves off as more important than they were, took seats among them. Eang and Theap, with no hope of impersonating educated people, found seats at the back, with the farmers and fish sellers. The soldier said that everyone would have to leave the village for a while, so that the troops could search for weapons; when the search was finished, they could return. He told them that in the meantime they should go back to the towns where they were born, and that there they should set about work in the fields to help restore the country. He ordered the people at the back to leave the meeting, and the soldiers began to form the others into ranks. It was said that they were to be taken to another part of the province and given work. Two of Eang's brothers were among them. One of the brothers sensed that catastrophe awaited them, and tried to leave with the farmers and the other unfortunates, but a soldier blocked his way.

Eang and Theap felt that the plantation was too far to reach by walking, so they joined a group heading east. They had no idea of their destination; they had simply been told to travel ten kilometres. Eang put her daughters in the wagon that Theap had built to carry her porridge. She also put in it a few clothes and some photographs of her father and her mother and her brothers. All the money that she and Theap had went into a bag, and that also went into the wagon, along with all their pots and pans, and some blankets and pillows, and enough rice to last them the week that they expected to be gone. Theap brought his motorbike. Now and then in ditches by the edges of the road they saw corpses. Occasionally, someone recognized the face of a corpse and word passed quickly through the crowd—"Oh, he used to be a general of the military," or "He was the head of the bank"—but Eang and Theap never knew the names of any of the people. They were just shocked into silence by the sight of the bodies, some of which clearly bore signs of torture. Eang and Theap moved as fast as they could. Some people wheeled motorcycles or hauled wagons or swatted cattle, urging them to move faster. Once in a while, a car passed with suitcases tied on the roof and children staring out the back windows. Everyone was careful not to meet the eyes of any soldiers they passed. From time to time, a soldier would pull from the line of travellers a person whose progress was slowing everyone down, or someone who reacted hotly to being harassed, and took him away. More than once, Eang and Theap and their companions heard rifles being fired behind them but were too afraid to turn around and see why.

THE village they arrived at was far from the main road. There was no river. The land was flat and was under rice on small farms against the edge of the forest. Theap walked up to a shed by the border of a field and pulled the door open. Light came through cracks in the walls but not so much through cracks in the roof, and he and Eang moved their few clothes and their rice and their children into it. The next day, Theap went back to Svay Sisophon on his motorbike to get a lantern and some salt and more food, and it was like a ghost town. He left as quickly as he could. The family stayed two nights in the shed, watching processions of people arrive. Then a soldier banged on the side of the shed and told them that they would have to move closer to the center of the village. That afternoon, Theap met an old friend who knew of another empty shed, near one where he had settled, on the grounds of a disused mill, and Eang and Theap took up residence there. Within a few days, word passed among the villagers that the soldiers had executed the men and women who had not left Svay Sisophon. At night, shadowy figures could be seen among the dead, searching for jewelry.

The soldiers took Eang and Theap's daughters to live in a camp called the Little Children Labor Camp. The camp was close enough to the shed where Eang and Theap were living so that the girls could occasionally visit them at the start of the day and again at the end, but they could not spend the night, and they could not have visitors. Eang never asked why this was so, but the soldiers' explanation was known throughout the village: They have their work, and you have yours.



The days became an alternation of work and insufficient rest. Eang and Theap rose in the dark to the sound of a bell rung somewhere in the village by a soldier. Holding a leaf in the palm like a plate, each accepted a portion of rice being served from a huge pot. Some days, they carried water from one field to another, and on other days they joined crews digging ponds. A soldier would stake out a piece of ground, and Eang or Theap would be required to remove all the rocks by the end of the day. Each was given a shovel and two buckets, hung from a pole carried across the shoulders. Not finishing the task meant that you would be given more work the next day, and finishing also meant that you would be given more. They worked under the eyes of collaborators from the village. The collaborators reported anyone who talked as a plotter, and anyone who had trouble keeping up they reported as a shirker. The punishment for either was death. Sometimes Theap or Eang could look up and see the other tilling or planting or working on a ditch across the field, but mostly each worked through the day with no idea of where the other was. In the past, on the plantation, they would have left the fields at noon and had something to eat and slept beneath a coconut palm before working again, but the soldiers made everyone labor without rest. Every two or three days, the soldiers called the villagers to meetings and told them that those who shirked or fell behind would be turned into fertilizer.

One day, as Eang was working in the field, it was borne in on her that she would never go back to her plantation, or even to Svay Sisophon. She had exchanged one life for another, and even though there seemed no explanation for how this had happened, it had, and there seemed to her no point in not believing it.

Eang was assigned to haul dirt from the fields to the base of a mountain not far from the village. She carried the dirt in a basket on the shoulder, and under the weight she often grew weary, and the basket collapsed toward her cheek and spilled dirt into her eye. She recalls rubbing her eyes with clean hands, then finding dirt at the ends of her fingers. Her only relief from the irritation the dirt caused was to squeeze juice from betel leaves into her eyes. The juice washed some of the dirt from them, and then she could see a little better.

Around this time, the soldiers learned that a brother who was with her in the village had been a policeman, and they added him and his wife and their four children to a group they were sending to another province. Eang tried to persuade her brother to attempt an escape to Thailand. He told her that he was being given an important job. Eang said that if he escaped she would do her best to look after his wife and children, and he said that he had done nothing wrong and that he didn't believe that the soldiers would kill a person for no reason—especially a person who was blameless. To carry what belongings the brother had, Theap gave him Eang's porridge wagon, and a few days later he left early in the morning, with his wife and their children and the rest of the group.

The next day, while Theap was carrying water, he saw the wagon outside a temple. Then, in a rice field several days later, the woman who was the leader of the group of workers that Eang was assigned to called her from her work and told her that she had seen her brother and his family depart. When the family entered the forest, the leader had climbed a tree and kept them in view. One of the children had become thirsty. Eang's sister-in-law had stopped to get water from a ditch, and the soldiers had begun to beat her. Eang's brother knelt before them, saying, "We are innocent, we are good people," and the soldiers began to beat him, too. A soldier then hoisted the smallest child by his ankles, and swung him so that his head struck the trunk of a palm tree.

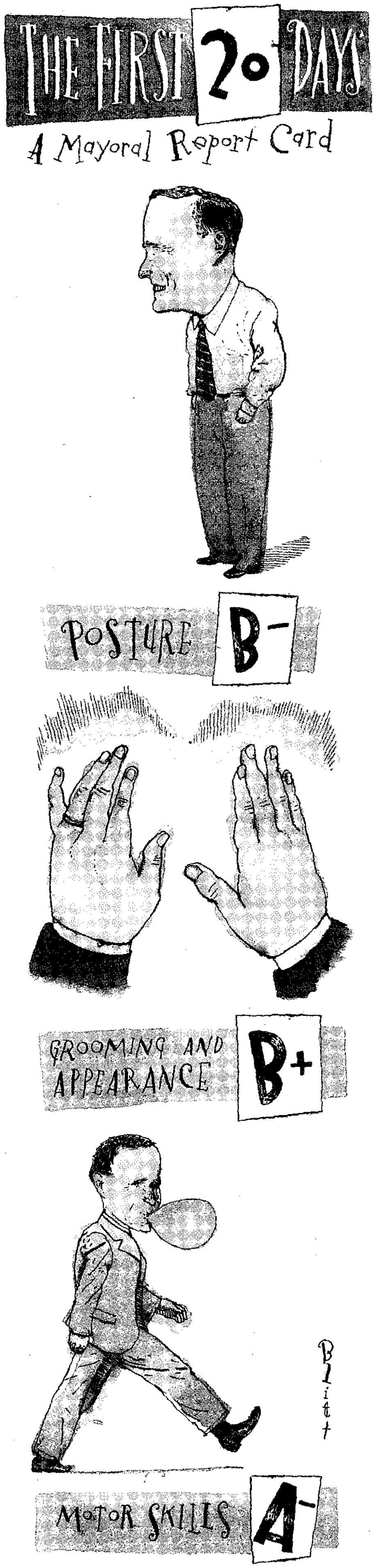
The woman walked Eang to a clearing in some trees at the edge of the field. On the ground Eang saw packages of rice with the label of a brand she knew her brother to favor. She had heard that the soldiers liked having their victims stand in front of them naked. Beside the packages of rice were the shirts and pants that her brother and his wife and their children had been wearing when they left. Over the clothes and the labels and the leaves on the ground, blood had dried hard and black. Eang wanted to cry out but was afraid to. She put her hand inside her shirt and stroked her racing heart. Then her knees gave way, and when she recovered she realized that everything had gone dark and she couldn't see. The workers' leader told her that the bodies of her brother and his wife and their children had been thrown into a pit with those of many other people. Then she led Eang back to the field and told her to finish her task. Eang couldn't hold the tools she had been given. She could barely move her arms. The woman told her that she had better work hard, and Eang said that she had no strength. The woman turned and walked away.

The women in the rows beside Eang said that the soldiers and their spies would be watching to see whether she showed any anger or sadness or otherwise gave any impression that the death of her brother and his family meant more to her than her allegiance to the state. If they thought that she did, they would kill her. Thereafter, whenever anyone said anything to her, she would laugh. At night, she would crawl under her mosquito net and bury her head in a cloth and sob as softly as she could manage. If she heard the steps of a soldier outside, she would make herself stop.

Eang remained blind for many days. She could not bring anything into focus. Whenever she was afraid, she would see only a brightness that was like a concentration of stars. She fell ill with a fever that lasted for months and left her without the energy to rise from the place where she slept on the floor. When the soldiers came to examine her, they said she was sick like a rabbit, meaning that she was pretending. For a while, she was frightened of what they might do to her, and then she gave in and began to welcome her death.

AFTER I had sat with Eang in her living room on a few occasions and observed her solemn way of speaking and the gravity with which she conducted herself, and the way it tired her to recall her troubles, and the way her small grandchildren returned to her lap every chance that they got, and the careful way she held them despite being upset, I began to wonder if it wasn't inapt to describe the affliction she suffered as hysterical blindness. The descriptions I find of hysteria in "Hysterical Personality Traits," by Seymour Halleck, published in the *Archives of General Psychiatry*, and in "The Clinical Management of Hysteria," by George E. Murphy, published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and in "The Hysterical Personality," by Martin G. Blinder, published in the journal *Psychiatry*, suggest the nineteenth century. A hysterical patient, they say, is expected to be a woman, probably younger than thirty, who describes her troubles flamboyantly. If she has a headache, she may say that it feels as if someone were banging on the inside of her head with a hammer, or as if her head were caught in the grip of a tightening vise. She is likely to be high-strung, vain, and self-absorbed, not much capable of interest in other people, seductive, emotionally dependent, demanding of attention, given to lying and short-lived enthusiasms, impulsive, impressionable, mercurial, and inventive. She gets bored easily. She craves novelty and becomes frustrated by the slightest obstacle. The turmoil of her inner life she might display as a series of physical problems, sometimes intentionally—by means of a limp, say—and sometimes unconsciously, by means of difficulties whose origins are obscure. Her symptoms are often thought to be the result of a nature exquisitely responsive to suggestion; that is, upon finding herself in distress and recalling, say, a blind aunt who was looked after, she might invent blindness as an affliction in her unconscious mind and actually become blind, with the result that she must be taken care of.

It happens sometimes that a boy is drawn by provocative sounds to the doorway of a room and sees his parents making love and goes blind. This would be an example of hysterical blindness. The child is threatened by sexual and violent impulses within himself; he has managed to stifle them. A psychoanalyst might say that the child, having experienced potent and ambiguous feelings at the sight of his coupled parents,



must invoke a stronger defense. Perhaps the child has seen his father in bed with a woman the child knows—one his father works with, who always says hello to him—and has recognized the scent of her perfume, or he has seen his father in bed with a friend of his parents', his mother's sister, or his own, and goes blind. The blindness is explained as the boy's possession of an unbearable secret. His body has volunteered a solution that will keep from his awareness the turmoil he feels when he is reminded of what he has seen and its relation to elements of his unconscious life. This is what Freud calls a conversion reaction: the anxiety that the boy feels about what he has seen has been converted into a physical symptom.

A person consulting a psychoanalyst today is more likely to say that he is unhappy in his marriage or feels an obscure dissatisfaction in his life than he is to report that he feels fine except that he no longer has the use of his legs, or that he has no idea who the woman is who brought him to the doctor's office and who insists that she is his wife. Some people believe that hysterical symptoms and conversion disorders are seen less often nowadays because the twentieth century has less patience with them than the nineteenth did. Other people think that, whereas hysteria was once thought to reside mainly among the upper classes, it is found now among poorer people, and especially in the wards of public and military hospitals.

An object held before the eyes of a hysterically blind person can often be described by the person once he is hypnotized. In earlier times, a doctor might cure a patient of hysterical blindness by saying that the image her eyes were registering wasn't reaching her brain, and that he could correct the problem by surgery. If fear of an operation did not bring about a cure, he might administer ether or some narcotic and attend to other business and, when the patient recovered, tell her that the trouble was corrected, and often it would be. A doctor once saw a girl cured of blindness when a frog was thrust in her face. The miraculous cures performed by faith healers and visits to shrines are believed by many doctors to be the work of suggestion on the minds of hysterical patients. Thus the supposition that by going blind Eang and the other women were responding in terms of repressed childhood dilemmas seems absurd enough to dismiss.

THE COMEDIAN

I was angry when I got home
and smelled the alcohol.
I thought he was sleeping, though
the color of his skin, the
breathing and the drool were strange.

Impossible to touch him or get near.
He started, as I guess
I sort of barked at him through tears.
All I asked for was an ambulance
I'm sure, though don't remember phoning. Cops

searched for drugs in my empty film cannisters.
Nobody really saw *me* . . .
The "Final Wish," as he put it
in the almost illegible note that was pinned
to the wall like a crucifix over the head

of the bed of some lonely serious child:
something having to do with cremation
and scattering ashes on the Ohio. And do you know
I laughed. I actually laughed—what does he think this is—
left by myself in the house. It was a scream.

—Franz Wright

Since Eang no longer had the strength to work in the fields, she was assigned to care for the two young sons of the officer in charge of the village. She was able to find her way around, but everything looked to her as if it were dissolving, as if she were seeing it through water. Theap would leave in the morning, before light, to dig irrigation ditches in the camp garden. He knew how sick his wife was, but the soldiers made him work and wouldn't allow him to stay home to care for her.

One evening, Eang made a fire in the shed and put in it, one at a time, the photographs of her family. She feared that the soldiers might kill her for cherishing mementos, especially of people they had executed. Behind a board in the wall she concealed a picture of her father, who had died, so that she could pray to him.

When her eyes got a little better, she was sent back to the fields to transplant seedlings, even though she couldn't really see what she was doing. She would feel with her hand for the last seedling in the row and then move her fingers along the earth to the place where she thought the next one ought to fall. Sometimes juice from betel leaves cleared her eyes, but never very much. Whenever she wept for the death of a friend or another relative, or from fear, her eyes swelled, and everything looked blurred.

Another villager told Eang that the soldiers knew she had learned of her brother's death and how it had happened. She began to be oppressed by the feeling that the soldiers were waiting for her to make a mistake that would allow them to take her away.

A month after her brother was killed, he appeared to her in a dream. He was naked, and he said, "I am going to live in Phnom Penh." She woke Theap and described the dream, but he did not know what it meant.

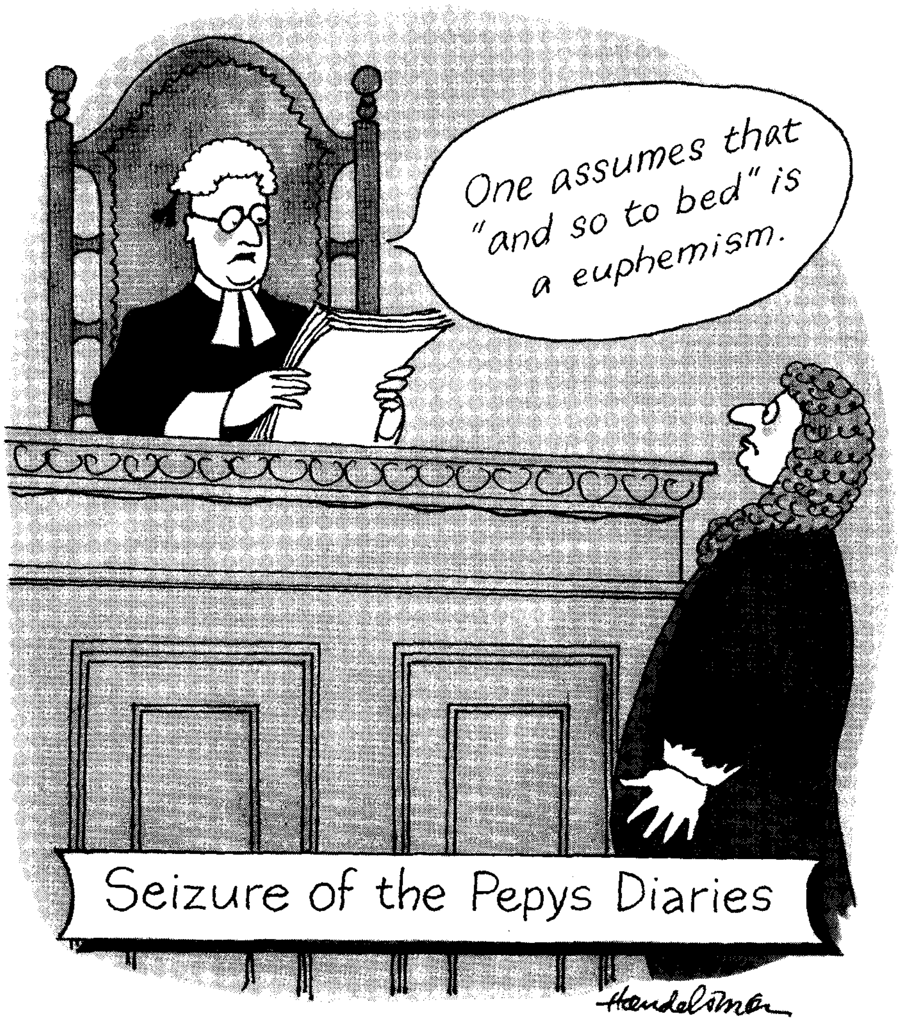
A few weeks later, Eang collapsed in a field from a fever and was carried to her shed by people who had been working beside her. The soldiers gave her medicine in the form of a ball of dried leaves, which tasted bad and did not make her any better. All the Western medicine from before the war—mainly from France—the soldiers kept for themselves. Soon her legs grew numb and would no longer support her. The muscles began to lose their tone. A medicine man made splints for her legs from bamboo and applied a concoction of herbs to her muscles. Her legs swelled, and the numbness spread to the lower half of her body, and she lay on a mat on the floor of the shed for a number of days before she was able to rise.

Along any trail that someone might take to escape from the camp, the soldiers dug trenches and planted bamboo stakes cut to sharp points. Sometimes they concealed the stakes and sometimes they left them in sight and hid others where they believed that someone might step to avoid the ones he could see. Around the borders of the camp they buried land mines. "For almost all of them who tried to escape, their escape was only as far as the bamboo stakes," Eang says. Those who succeeded were believed to have had the protection of a god. Theap had a friend who planned to escape and wanted Theap to come with him. The friend was from the province and knew the forest; an escape undertaken without knowledge of the forest was sure to fail. Theap knew that, once he was discovered to have gone, the soldiers would kill Eang and their daughters: it was their habit to kill the wife and children of any man who escaped, even if he ended up impaled on the bamboo stakes. Theap resolved that he and Eang would meet their death in the camp together. His friend slipped away deep in the night. Years later, after the war ended, Theap learned that by the morning his friend had made it to Thailand.

Sometimes Theap was sent to work in fields so close to the border that he could hear chickens in the yards of houses in Thailand. One day when it was raining, the soldiers sent Theap to mind cattle, because he had become too frail to dig ditches or carry heavy loads. He saw some nuts at the top of a tall tree and climbed up to get them and fell. When he came to, he was lying on the ground and he could not see his left arm: it was pinned behind him, and his hand was joined to it at an angle that made him sick to look at. He had also broken his left ankle, and the left side of his body was numb. He crawled through the mud to a shed at the edge of the field. After a few hours, a boy on a bicycle passed by the shed, and he carried Theap on his bike to the camp. By the time they arrived, it was dark. Eang had been waiting for him all evening. When she saw him, she began to cry and said, "This is the end. There is no more." What she meant was that Theap had always managed to find food for them in the forest or by hiding vegetables in his pockets when he was working in the garden, and she was sure that with him crippled they would perish. While his body was numb, he set his bones. There was nothing to be done later for his pain. The only medication available was the kind that the medicine man made from roots he ground and mixed with sugar, but that was intended for fevers and infections and had no anesthetic qualities. Eang was certain that the soldiers would kill Theap for no longer being useful, but all they did was allow him less food until they judged that he could go back to work and earn what he ate.

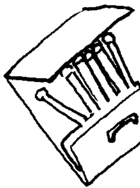
The cloth of the villagers' shirts and pants grew thin and frayed, and there was no fabric in the camp to patch them. The women became embarrassed by having intimate parts of their bodies revealed. The soldiers worked everyone so hard and gave them so little food that no one looked anymore as he had in the past. Their heads and their knees had become the biggest parts of them. "Mothers couldn't recognize children," Eang says. "Sons couldn't tell their mother, daughters couldn't tell their father." To divert herself, Eang sometimes recalled meals she had eaten before the war, but once the recollection was complete she was still hungry. A man in the village crawled to a potato field and began to dig and died before he reached anything. "People were dying like falling fruit," Eang says.

Often, the only thought in Eang's mind was of when the soldiers would bang on the door of the shed and tell her and Theap to pack and report for transfer. Obedience preserved her, she felt—she did everything the soldiers said to do as quickly as she could—but she


One assumes that "and so to bed" is a euphemism.
Seizure of the Pepys Diaries
Handelsman

also felt that it only deferred the end that she was certain awaited her and Theap. She had seen people taken from the fields for a dispute with a guard to a place just inside the forest and shot, so that everyone heard the report. A man she knew came down with an illness and was confined to a storage room where rice had been kept. He collected grains he found in the cracks in the floor and concealed them in his pants and brought them back to his family when he recovered. A spy betrayed him, and the soldiers shot him. When, as a means of discipline, the soldiers wanted the villagers to see the dead, they sometimes assigned villagers to gather leaves for fertilizer from just inside the edge of the forest, where corpses were strewn. A person the soldiers planned to kill might be assigned to drive a wagon of rice under escort through the forest. The soldiers who returned would say that he had tried to escape and they had shot him. Or, more cynically, they would simply say that he had escaped. Often, Eang was too afraid to eat, and that struck her as ironic, since there was no food to speak of anyway.

In the shed at night or in the morning, or in the fields under the scalding sun, with buzzards turning slow circles above her, Eang prayed vigilantly, always in silence. The men and women had become so ashamed of their sunken faces and scrawny bodies that they pulled the brims of their palm hats forward or draped their faces with scarves. The scarves and lowered brims also let them hide the dismay that crossed their faces in response to what they saw and the things they heard the guards say. Even if no guard stood at hand to observe how someone reacted to hearing that his or her mother or father or child or husband or wife had been beaten or tortured and then killed, spies carried word from the fields to the soldiers in no time. Beneath her scarf, Eang kept up a plea to her ancestors and the angels and the gods of the fields and the forest and the trees to shield her from Pol Pot's soldiers.



"Block my enemy from seeing me," she would say. "Block their minds from noticing me."

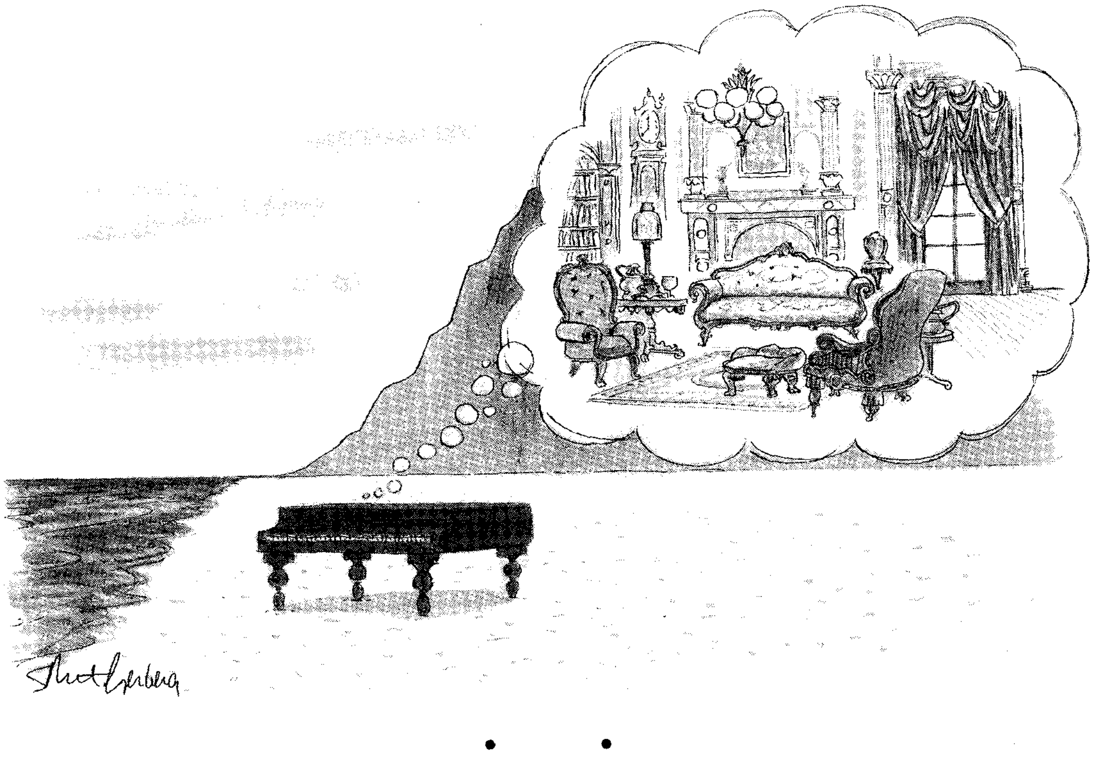
PEOPLE at the social agencies in California who saw Eang and Lar Poy and Im Cheann and other blind Cambodian women often tended to think that the women were either exaggerating their symptoms or inventing them. Malingerers, though, are less likely to be women. They tend to be men who invent problems with their backs after an accident on the job, or people who have been in car accidents, or young men trying to avoid the draft or an assignment to a battlefield. Hysterics adore examinations, but malingerers tend to resent them. They aren't sure what they are being tested for, particularly as the procedures become more arcane. If they are pretending to be blind, they sometimes refuse to look at charts, or they blur their eyes by putting substances in them such as pepper or tobacco or lime or lye. If they detect anything painful in the course of an exam, they are quick to object and refuse to continue. The Cambodian women submitted to tests without resistance. Malingerers who say they are blind often walk toward walls and stop just short of them. If they are asked to sign their names, they frequently trace a scrawl or a series of loops; blind people have no difficulty signing their names. A malingerer who is asked to look at his hands will often pretend he can't find them, though the request is not a test of vision but of sensation in one's hands.

Physicians trying to expose a malingerer will sometimes place chairs in the path he is likely to take through their waiting rooms and then surreptitiously watch him arrive. They abruptly make faces in front of his eyes. They might watch from their windows as he leaves the office, to see how he makes his way on the street. Doctors who heard that the Cambodian women spent a considerable portion of their lives crying, or sitting by themselves and staring into space, or lying on their sides on the floors of their houses with their arms curled toward them and their knees drawn up to their chests, often thought that the women were terribly depressed. No doctor believed that any of the women had invented their troubles.

EANG'S sentence of death arrived early one morning, in the form of a soldier who banged on the door of the shed and told her and Theap to pack their belongings. In the camp it was said that among the first people the Khmer Rouge had killed were Chinese who had been in Cambodia for trade and were stranded when Pol Pot took over. The soldiers worked their way down the list until they arrived at the category of people with Chinese blood. As it happens, Theap is half Chinese, but the soldiers didn't know this. He and Eang had received their summons because somebody in the camp had informed the soldiers that Eang was Chinese. She pleaded with the officer in charge of the camp to be allowed to stay. One of the soldiers recognized her as the porridge seller from Svay Sisophon, so the officer struck her name and Theap's from his list.

Anxiety over Theap's well-being and her own often made Eang feel as if her head were swelling and her eyes filling with smoke. After that, everything would break into patterns of light, as if someone had struck her in the face. Sometimes she felt as if a needle were piercing her eyes. Mostly, she arrived home from the fields and slept without dreaming. She felt no better when she woke, but at least she had been able to forget for a time where she was. There is an account of a survivor of a Nazi concentration camp being awakened by a man beside him having a nightmare. The inmate started to wake the dreamer, then thought that whatever was happening to the man in the nightmare was less awful than the life he would wake to. On the days when Eang had been unable to work, she fell asleep less easily. She spent her nights worrying about which relative would be taken next and what would happen to her and Theap and their children. "What day, what hour were they going to kill us?" she says. "That was our only thought. That constantly ran through our minds."

Making his way back from the outhouse one night, Theap perceived a shadowy form, dressed in black and wearing a black hat, lying under the shed, where he could listen to anything that Theap and Eang said. Theap waited several days to tell Eang that they had been deprived of one of the last comforts left them. From then on, they returned to the shed from the fields and said nothing. They just lay down and went to sleep. If they had anything to say, they would contrive to cross each other's path in the fields. They would look all around them, and only after they had assured themselves



that they were alone and couldn't be seen would they whisper.

Eang occasionally saw her daughters at work in the fields. She could never get close to them. They worked from early in the morning to the end of the day. Sometimes they carried burdens on their shoulders that were bigger than they were. Eang cannot read or write Cambodian, because her parents could imagine no circumstances under which she might need to, and it pained her to think of how hard she had worked before the war to insure that her daughters could go to school. One of her daughters was asked to be a group leader. She didn't want the position, because leaders were expected to work harder than everyone else, as an example, and also because there was a good deal of cruelty involved in the position. She cut her gums with a knife. The cut became infected and swelled her cheek, and the swelling allowed her to say that she was sick and couldn't attend the meeting where she was to be proposed for the position.

Eang's daughters and the others in the Little Children Labor Camp would sometimes be sent to work in a far province, and she would hear nothing of them for weeks, until they returned. These periods were among the hardest for her. When her children were away, she felt as if her soul were disengaged from her body and had travelled with them wherever they had been taken. She performed her work and went about the rest of her life with no feeling, as if she were a machine.

THONG BUN, Eang's son, who had gone with his grandmother to find a safe haven, appeared to his mother in a dream. He was naked, his face was black, and his body was pale. She woke Theap. She was so worried about Thong Bun that she didn't care whether there was a spy under the shed or not. Theap said that the message of the dream was that Thong Bun was very sick. Eang put her hands together and inwardly asked the gods and all the angels who possess and watch over the earth to please care for her son as if he were their own.

Someone from Svay Sisophon told the soldiers about the porridge that Theap used to make and the fried noodles and the flour cakes, and they assigned him to be a cook. This happened during a time when the soldiers were harassing Eang by reducing her rations. As she arrived one day at the place in line where she was to be given her portion, the servers ran out of gruel. A soldier told Theap to make more. When it was ready, Theap stood beside the pot, facing his wife, but he did not serve her, because he was aware that the soldier hadn't given him the order to. Once the soldier had, Theap was careful not to serve her more than he had given anyone else. The soldiers came to value Theap, because he could prepare the villagers' food and at the end of the month still have rice left over. When he began, they told him that if he ran out of rice before the month was through they would know that someone was stealing and they would blame him, so he substituted leaves and plants and creatures he found in the forest.

One day a few weeks after Eang had dreamed about Thong Bun, she went secretly to a fortune-teller to see if he could divine anything of her son. What it may have been beyond his means to know was that recently Thong Bun had been sent to cut bamboo in a province notorious for a fever that afflicted nearly every outsider who entered it, and that this was the sickness that Thong Bun was suffering. Eang was careful to enter the fortune-teller's hut when she thought that no one could see her. He told her that Thong Bun had recovered and was being protected by a guardian spirit, who would keep him from any more harm.

At night, Eang lay on her mat and thought, If I live through the night to the morning, I will live one more day. That was because in her camp the soldiers usually came for their victims at night. To illuminate the shed, she and Theap wrapped cotton around the end of a bamboo stalk and smeared the cotton with tree sap. Sometimes she hoarded salt with other women, and they fried it and mixed it with pepper and used the mixture to place a curse on Pol Pot and the soldiers for starving them and causing them such harm. *Let them live in poverty and suffering a hundred years* is what they would ask for. Or, thinking of a particular soldier, *May you die and suffer in fire just like the fire in this pan.*

The soldiers encouraged children to

listen to the conversation of their parents and observe how they behaved, and betray them. Eang was aware that boys and girls were searching among their elders in the fields for people without calluses on their hands. The children would report them as shirkers. Sometimes, when a child's testimony led to a sentence of death for an elder, the soldiers let the child perform the execution.

One day, Eang and Theap heard that a young man who was trusted by the soldiers had seen their older daughter in the camp—she was now about sixteen—and had asked the soldiers for permission to marry her, and that they had given it.

AFTER Eang had been living in the camp for four years—and had given up hope that any of the circumstances of her dismal life would change—she was working with a group of old women spinning cotton into threads, which was a task she could do without having to see, when one of the women said that a number of young men and women with pale complexions had been caught in the forest near the village and killed. The woman wondered whose children they were; they had all had foreign suitcases, she said. Everyone in Eang's family had a pale complexion. She thought immediately that one of her brothers, who was a doctor and would have a suitcase, had come looking for her, or that Thong Bun had been among them. The woman told her where in the forest the corpses had been left, but she was too frightened to go and look at their faces. For several days, she felt dizzy, and whenever the subject of the young men and women was brought up she thought she might faint. Her vision grew cloudy, and she could see nothing except changes of light; she had to follow the movement of the dark outlines of the people in front of her to find her way around.

At a meeting one evening, she found herself walking toward a soldier and unable to stop, as if she were in a dream. Aware that everyone was watching her, she asked the soldier if he knew what had become of her son. The meeting fell silent. The soldier stared at her. She expected that he would kill her.

"Mother, why do you wish for your son?" he said. "I am your son. Your former son is in another village. He has other mothers. I am here with you now." The look that he fixed on her before walking away was haughty and taunting.

She was able to contain herself, but she wanted to reply, "You can't be my son. My son could never be that cruel and that dark-skinned. He had light skin and was kind."

Eventually, the day arrived when the forest seemed full of gunshots and soldiers running, and the villagers knew that Vietnamese troops were close at hand. Someone said that the officer in charge of the village had been shot. As the Khmer Rouge fled, they ordered the villagers to come with them, to serve as shields between them and the enemy. A soldier told Eang to follow him. She said that she was waiting for her husband and would leave as soon as he arrived. The soldier said not to delay, but he left without her. Several days after the Khmer Rouge left, one of the villagers turned up a document in the building that the soldiers had used as their headquarters. It said that as soon as the harvest had been brought in the soldiers intended to kill the whole camp. A ditch that the villagers had begun digging by the edge of the forest was where their bodies were to be thrown.

Eang and Theap collected their daughters and their son-in-law and walked back to Svay Sisophon. Thong Bun and his grandmother also left the village where they had been stranded when the Khmer Rouge arrived, and returned home. When Thong Bun got to Svay Sisophon, he walked toward the market. He saw a small, shrunken woman coming toward him, and stopped and told her his name and asked if she had any idea of what had become of his family. He had been so altered by starvation that Eang, standing before him there in the road, did not recognize him until she heard his voice; and he did not recognize the emaciated woman as his mother until she began to weep and threw her arms around him. She told him the dream she had had of his being ill, and he said that at that time he had been so sick that he expected to die.

Thong Bun was appointed by the Vietnamese to superintend the village. He was quick to learn, and they considered him to have sufficient promise to be sent to Vietnam to study. Eang and Theap feared that Pol Pot could return. They wanted to escape to Thailand but didn't know the way through the forest and were afraid of the land mines and thieves along the way. A few weeks before, their married daughter and her husband had reached the border only to meet some Thai soldiers, and the soldiers had beaten her and then chased them back into the forest. After the two returned to Svay Sisophon, the husband continued to seek a route through the jungle. Eang asked why the rush, and he said, "The new government is the same truck—they are just switching the driver." He would leave after nightfall and return before morning until, one night, he didn't come back. Two stories reached his widow to explain his disappearance. One was that he had stepped on a land mine and been killed, and the other was that he had been killed in the forest by bandits among the group he had set out with, for the gold that they believed he was carrying.

Eang suggested to Thong Bun that he marry his girlfriend, a nurse; the Vietnamese would give him a day off to celebrate, and the family could use the holiday to escape. Eang and Theap and their daughters and Thong Bun and his wife and Eang's mother and an elderly aunt left one morning before dawn. To conceal Thong Bun from soldiers who might know him, they threw a cloth over his head and pretended he was sick. Eang entered the forest with her hand on Thong Bun's arm, as if she were a débutante with an escort; anxiety over the escape had caused her vision to fail completely. They fell in with a group of about thirty villagers also heading for the border. Each person set his foot in the print of the person in front of him, in order not to step on a mine. No one knew how long they would have to walk. The Vietnamese soldiers they met along the way they bribed with dried fish. They carried rice for themselves, and when they ran out of water they bought more with gold. As the day wore on and they got farther into the forest and beyond areas where there were likely to be mines, they began to spread out, according to the speed at which each person was able to travel. Sometimes Thong Bun carried his mother; sometimes he pulled her in a cart; sometimes he wheeled her on a bicycle he had borrowed. Other times, Eang walked with her aunt; the two of them kept falling behind. Eang urged the old woman to walk as fast as she could, because thieves were more likely to set upon stragglers. The forest grew dark and quiet and cold. Sometime during the night, the aunt sat down and told the others to leave her behind, but Thong Bun ran back and picked her up and carried her.

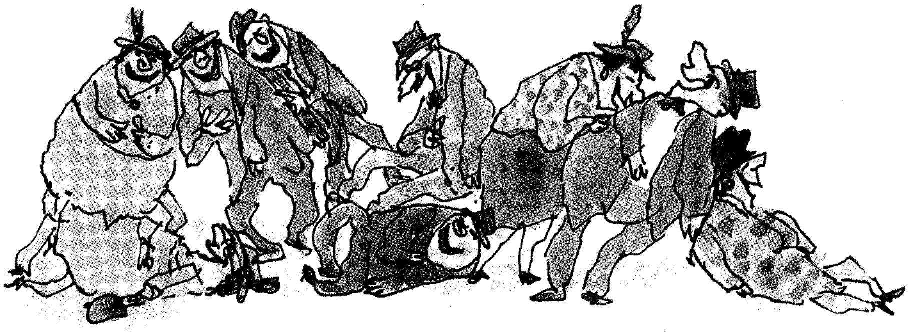
"We walked one whole day and night," Eang says. "I thought we were so tired that we would go back, but we knew that nothing would be waiting for us there except thieves and land mines and soldiers who would shoot us for leaving. Along the road, there were no houses—just big, tall trees and pitch-dark. My eyes were almost totally blind, day and night.

"When we got near the border, there was only a small clearing in the forest, but there were a lot of people. We just collapsed anywhere, just slept on the ground. I was relieved but not happy. When I woke up, night was almost falling again. We were about to build a fire, but we were told not to, because thieves might see it, or Thailand soldiers in the forest, or planes from the air that might bomb us. This was just a camp for food and sleep."

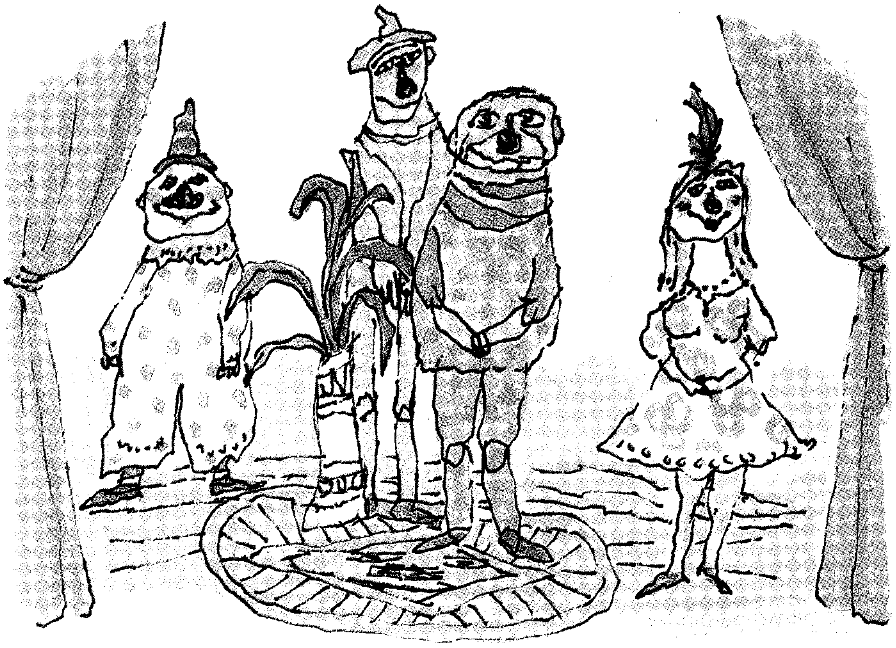
Theap was too anxious to sleep, so he wandered around the camp watching gambling games. Eang's foot had a blister that had swelled up "like an egg," and she was so tired by the time they arrived at the clearing that, when she tried to sit, her body seized up on her and she froze halfway, her knees bent and her legs spread, and she was unable to stand or sit. Thong Bun saw her stuck that way, her face grim, and he said, "Is this the face that wanted to go to a foreign country?" and she started to laugh. With that, something in her relaxed, and she was able to reach the ground. The next morning, they set out for a refugee camp across the border.

"When we arrived, they measured a piece of land and tossed me a stick and a piece of plastic, and they told us, 'You build your home,' " Eang says. "My hus-

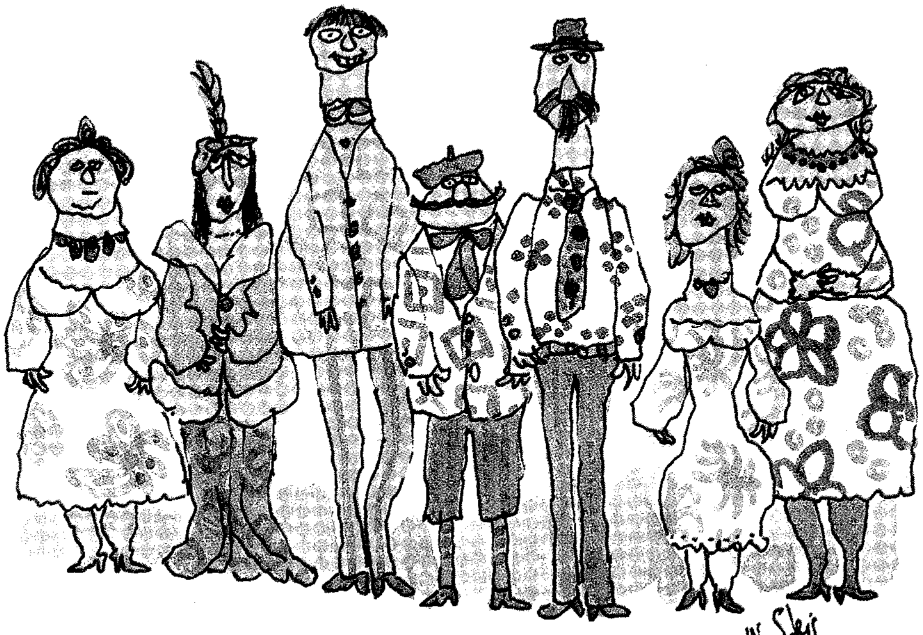
DRAMATIS PERSONAE



Contagious Laughter



The Cast



It takes all kinds.

band got some bamboo to hold the plastic, but a storm with wind took our plastic away, so that night we used the sky as our cover."

They couldn't light a fire, because it was raining, so they couldn't get warm, and they couldn't cook anything, either, so they were hungry. They wrapped blankets around their heads to keep the rain off their faces and tried to sleep. In the morning, they looked for their plastic to start again. "It was difficult," Eang says. "But I was very happy, because they gave us food. And I had the feeling then that I would live again."

An American woman helping evacuate refugees saw Eang and decided that she needed to go to the hospital. To load Eang onto the truck that would take her there, the woman picked her up as if she weighed no more than a child, and that was when Eang realized how shrunken she had become from starvation. A little while after she left, her aunt died.

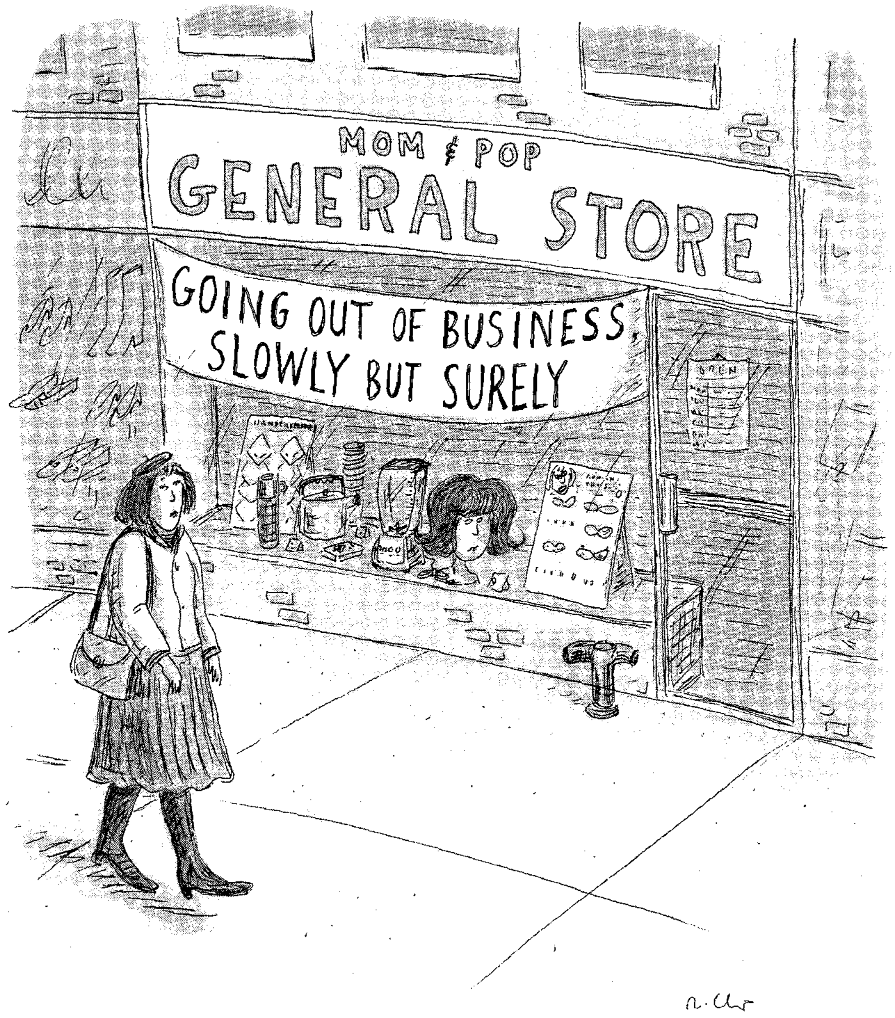
The doctor noticed Eang squinting. He put drops in her eyes and shone lights in them, and he asked her to read letters from a chart, but she couldn't see the chart. For a month, she made weekly visits to the hospital, a one-room concrete building in a clearing with bamboo benches. By her third visit, she could see the chart, but the letters were so blurred that it looked to her as if they were all stuck together. Sometimes she sat next to women on the benches who did not look in the direction of the person who was speaking to them, and she asked the nurse what was wrong with them. "The same thing as you," the nurse said. When Eang asked one of the women what had happened to her eyes, the woman said that she had been forced by the soldiers to work too hard.

Then began a period of waiting for word of when Eang and her family could leave the camp. Her life still resembled the life of a prisoner. Thai soldiers beat the Cambodians whenever they felt like it, and at night they roved the camps raping women. Women in the camps often said that rape was as common as the night. The soldiers allowed peddlers into the camp, but sometimes when the Cambodians bought the food and jewelry they offered the soldiers beat them. Not infrequently, they beat people to death. The meat that Eang was given was not sufficient to feed her family, so she would have to trade it for chicken, and the chicken for enough fish. Eang's eyes were sometimes clear and sometimes not. Mostly, her sight depended on how frightened she was. At times, her eyes would water uncontrollably.

Thong Bun had been writing to his in-laws, who had escaped to Salt Lake City before the war, in the hope that one of them would act as the family's sponsor. Eang had no special desire to live in America, but she knew she could not go back to Cambodia, and life in the camp was too harsh. Each day, she would visit a board on which was posted the list of names of the people who had sponsors and could leave. Unable to read—or, usually, even to see—the list, she asked others to help her. Day after day, she heard, "Your name is not there," and she returned to her family feeling tired and defeated. Watching others pack made her wonder what would ever happen to her.

Three years passed. Now and then, Theap made a little money building beds of bamboo. Her daughters wove thread into fabric and made clothes, which they sold. In the camp were missionaries attached to a schismatic Christian sect. Eang had been raised a Buddhist. The missionaries told her that Christ and Buddha both taught one how to become a good person; they taught you how to walk the same road, the missionaries said. The idea that all gods were the same appealed to Eang, and so she became a convert.

One day, an acquaintance of Eang's pointed out a man in a crowd of people buying fish from a peddler. Everyone in the camps knew that among them lived Khmer Rouge soldiers who had fled the Vietnamese. Most of the soldiers tried not to draw attention to themselves, because when they were exposed people sometimes beat them to death or stabbed them while they slept, but occasionally someone recognized them from their former life or they got drunk and bragged about what they had done. Eang walked up to the man and narrowed her eyes and stared hard at him—so hard that he stopped what he was do-


MOM & POP
GENERAL STORE
GOING OUT OF BUSINESS, SLOWLY BUT SURELY
OPEN

ing and turned and faced her—because what the acquaintance had said was "That is the man who killed your brother and his family." The rest of his fate she left to the gods.

On the day that the name of Eang's family appeared on the list, her neighbors came to watch her pack. They wept and embraced. Happy as Eang was, she also felt sad for the people she was leaving, who still had no idea of their future. She and Theap and the two girls left with all they had in the world—two changes of clothes and two hundred dollars borrowed from the American woman.

When the plane took off and Eang watched the ground fall away beneath her, she felt as if she were going to Heaven. She had never been in an airplane before, and was excited by the sight of the forest from above and of the ocean, which looked like stone. The stewardess served her a whole chicken. It was the first time in seven years that she had eaten until she was full. Her destination was Salt Lake City. She had never seen a picture of Utah, or heard it described, and she had no idea what to expect. She imagined the landscape of the United States as a safer and more bounteous version of the Cambodian jungle. From above, it didn't look that way. She arrived in Salt Lake in the winter and was very surprised by the cold. Since no one said anything about how long it would last, she assumed that it was permanent.

A doctor put drops in her eyes, and this time they made her go completely blind for several days. He also gave her glasses with thick lenses. When the effects of the medicine wore off, her sight remained blurred, but the glasses helped her focus slightly.

For a month, she lay awake at night while the family slept. She hardly ever left the apartment, because of the cold, and because she could think of no destination where she would feel comfortable or where anyone would be happy to see her. To her, the city was distant and indecipherable. At night, it was still and aloof and as hard as metal, as if anything a person might say would echo, and nothing in it felt like home. Preparing lunch and dinner were the events of her day, but she was happy, because she felt that no one was going to kill her and that she would have enough to eat. She was nearly always hungry. Alone in the apartment after Theap had left to look for work and the kids had gone to school, she would eat bowls of cereal, and before long she noticed that her waist was expanding. She missed her friends, but she didn't miss the war. She would think of the machines for farming that existed in America and of all the food that she and Theap would be able to grow.

The weeks passed. As the elation she felt at being safe from harm began to fade, she came to realize that she and Theap were in a country whose language they did not speak, and that, even though they were fed, other people had jobs, and she began to grow afraid. She expected from what she had been told about America that the government would give her and Theap land, and now she realized that it wasn't going to, and she wondered where they would ever find another plantation. When she looked around Salt Lake, she didn't see any land that was useful for farming, and the climate was inhospitable anyway. She and Theap were willing to work for anyone and do anything they were asked, but no opportunity presented itself, and they had no idea of how to find one.

Sometimes Eang could see reasonably well, with the help of the glasses, and at other times she saw nothing but bright lights or smoke. During those periods, about the best she could do was make out the shape of someone's hand passing in front of her eyes. She took medicine for headaches and to help her sleep, and it sometimes calmed her and made it easier for her to see.

The despair she felt is such a common human feeling that it is not difficult to imagine her at the window of her apartment, watching the blurred shapes of cars driving by and of city buses and of strangely dressed people going here and there with no sense of leisure about their movements, and to imagine her wondering where she and Theap would ever fit in.

A year passed. One of Eang's brothers called from Ohio. He had been a preacher in Cambodia, and now he was living with their mother and working as an interpreter at a church. Theap told him their difficulties, and the brother suggested that they come to Ohio, where the rest of the family was. He said that Ohio was fun. Theap said that Utah was fun, too, but he agreed that it would be better for all of them to be together. At a bus station in Ohio, Eang's brother bought a ticket to Salt Lake. His wife gave him thirty dollars' worth of food stamps she had saved, and told him to be careful with them. Waiting for his bus, he met a man who asked if he had any money, and the brother showed him the food stamps. The man volunteered to buy him what he needed for the trip if he gave him the stamps. Two days later, when the brother stepped off the bus, Eang's first thought was that he looked pale and was sick. It turned out that he had not eaten since leaving Ohio.

When the brother saw the clean buildings of Salt Lake City and the mountains behind them, he thought that it looked new and full of promise, especially compared with Ohio, and he was a little sorry that he had not proposed that his family join Eang and Theap there. He stayed two nights, and then Eang, Theap, her brother, her older daughter, and a grandchild arranged themselves in an old Buick that someone had given them. It was January. The car broke down for the first time during a snowstorm on the Plains. There was no heat in the car, and Eang's hands and feet grew numb. She held her grandchild close. The police rescued them, and took the daughter to the hospital to recover from exposure. Eang and Theap and the rest of the family spent the night on cots in the basement of a church. The trip took three days and nights. The third time the car broke down, they had nearly reached the Ohio state line. Eang pronounces "Ohio" "Oh-hi-*yo*," as if she were a cowboy, and it is the only word other than "*Oo*-ta" that I can ever make out in her conversation.

When Eang first saw Ohio from the window of the car, she was disappointed, because of all the leafless trees and the snow. Everything seemed dull and gray. Ohio struck her as colder than Utah and as having much more snow. The houses were too old, the streets were too narrow, there was no sunshine, and the color of the sky was oppressive.

Theap went to school to learn his ABCs, but he found it difficult to concentrate. Whenever he learned a new word, he tried to fix it in his mind by repeating it, but as soon as anyone spoke to him the word vanished. Before Pol Pot, he had often spent hours memorizing Buddhist scriptures, and had been able to recall nearly entire books. Sometimes, when he tried to eat or sign his name, his hand shook so badly that he had to give up.

The family talked about moving again, to a place with a sympathetic landscape or with work they could do, but they always came back to wondering how they could travel without any money. None of their relatives were prosperous or had money to lend them. And there was no way to be sure that any other place wouldn't be just as severe and unwelcoming.

It became an increasing effort of will for Eang to resist an idea that came to her sometimes late at night—that she could solve her difficulties by waiting until everyone was gone from the apartment and then looping one end of a belt around the shower rod and the other around her neck. She dreamed one night that she was wandering in the forest looking for her mother's house and was set upon by wolves, which chased her. Then she was building a fire from corncobs and was about to step into it when her father appeared and told her to be careful. Theap said that the fire was a symbol of anger, and that her father was warning her not to let matters go too far. Theap himself had grown despondent. He could not find work or any way to occupy his time except for his studies, and he, too, was worried about not having any money. A few weeks after the dream, he told Eang that if they did not leave Ohio he was going to hang himself.

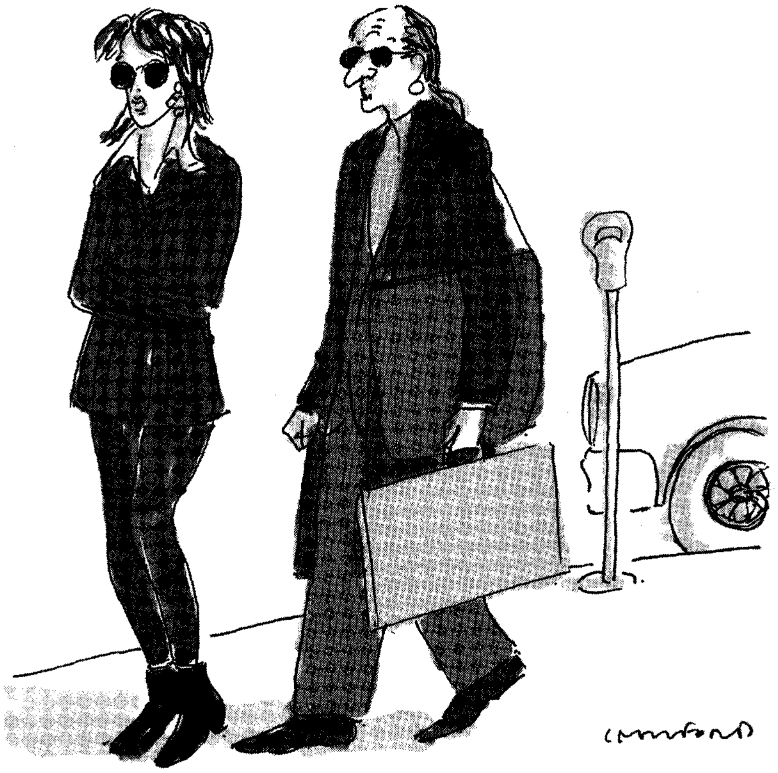
One day, in the office of a doctor where Eang was having her eyes examined, a woman told her that the climate of Long Beach, California, was a lot like that of Cambodia, and that many Cambodians lived there. The woman also said that old people often went there to be cured by the weather.

Asking, "Please keep us safe, and don't let the car break down or bad luck overtake us, and please protect us from harm," Eang made an offering to the gods and her ancestors of fruit she had bought with part of a hundred dollars in food stamps that her daughter had saved. Then seven of them—she and Theap, their two daughters, a son-in-law, and two grandchildren—climbed back into the Buick and put Ohio behind them. What Eang could see of the landscape from the windows seemed all plains and low hills, and she kept up a prayer the whole time for safe passage.

They arrived in California, having spent nearly all their money, and moved in with a Cambodian family her brother had written to, asking if they would help his sister. The family had an apartment with two bedrooms, and now there were ten people in it. At night, they all slept on mats on the floor. During the day, everyone left. Eang had no money to contribute to the rent, and her brother had had none to lend her to find an apartment. She sought to borrow money from a neighbor, but the interest he demanded was more than she could afford. She gathered all her jewelry and her daughters' earrings and took them to a pawnbroker, but he said that there was not enough value in them to pawn. She was afraid to tell people she met why she and her family had come to California: because they had failed to find a place for themselves in Utah or in Ohio. One way and another, over the next few weeks, she collected enough money to rent an apartment. A church group filled the refrigerator with chicken and vegetables and bought the family fifty pounds of rice. After a few months, Eang's younger daughter took her to a clinic at a state hospital. Eang told the doctors that she couldn't see, but they were unable to tell her why. They gave her some medicine, and they told her not to worry so much and to be happy.

"He's a porcupine, and he's prickly. I accept that."

IN the annals of war, no other descriptions occur of a number of people isolated from each other losing their sight for reasons that no one can explain. A warrior in Homer goes blind on seeing the enemy. Soldiers have gone blind on the eve of a battle, or on hearing that they were to be transferred to the front, but they have recovered. It is a curiosity of the women's situation that no one can say what caused them to go blind or what they can do to get better. No doctor has ever seen more than nine or ten of them, over the course of several years, and few have seen even that many. The biggest difficulty facing anyone who hopes to learn what happened to the women to make them go blind is finding them. They move often and



"I'm eighteen, Clay. I don't have to work out."

suddenly, and rarely leave addresses behind. They have, in a sense, disappeared.

Another curiosity of their situation is that nothing can be done for the women to remove the anxiety they feel when the subject of their experiences arises. Before Freud, the elements of the mind that form the personality were believed to be able to repair any damage they suffered. Disease might alter the structure of a person's brain and deform his nature, but it was not thought possible that a harrowing experience could harm his sense of well-being or the pleasure he was able to take in life, or turn a person who had been vigorous into someone who was fretful and retiring. People who sat in rooms with the shades pulled or flinched at sudden noises were considered to be feckless or to be exaggerating their circumstances or to be victims of hysteria. Given rest and support, a man or a woman of even the most fragile nature was expected to recover from any setback.

Psychoanalysis assumed that a child could only imperfectly protect himself from distress, and that things that overwhelmed him might take up an active, if shadowy, residence within him and influence and unsettle him for the rest of his life. It also assumed that when he was grown the only events that could cause him persistent anxiety were ones that stirred feelings from childhood which he hadn't been able to master and so had repressed. What collapsed this supposition was the effects of adult experience on the men and women who survived the Holocaust. Disturbances in the realm of infant experience and childhood sexuality fell short of explaining the suffering the survivors felt even after they were free. Psychoanalysis had been a hopeful discipline before the Holocaust. Whereas surgeons sometimes had to tell someone who had broken his leg or his back that he might not walk again, psychoanalysts believed that of the afflictions of the mind which could descend on a person only schizophrenia and the most severe forms of melancholia were beyond the capacity of psychoanalysis to reverse or correct. The example of the survivors showed that it was possible to meet trouble in adult life which could work permanent damage on the way one thought of oneself, and that whatever strength one might summon to resist the dismantling of one's personality would in the end make no difference at all. The stronger, more confident, more resourceful man or woman might hold out longer than the one who was fragile, timid, and conflicted, but the nature of the experience was such that, in the end, both would collapse.

Suffering of the kind endured by survivors of the Holocaust or by the Cambodian women belongs either to antiquity or to periods of the distant past. Galley slaves, peasants in the Thirty Years' War, Jews awaiting a pogrom, and victims of the Holy Inquisition are examples that Freud cites in "Civilization and Its Discontents." Today, such suffering is mainly an experience of wartime. The trauma it causes is more formidable and thuggish than the emotional result of an earthquake or a flood or an accident or a kidnapping, or even a beating or a rape. I am obliged to Erwin K. Koranyi, the author of "Psychodynamic Theories of the 'Survivor Syndrome,' " which appeared in the *Canadian Psychiatric Association Journal*, for a description of the differences between severe trauma and " 'civilian' trauma or natural disaster." In more ordinary trauma, "the damaging event" lasts a few seconds or days, whereas in severe trauma it continues for years. Someone harmed by more ordinary trauma is rescued by people sympathetic to his distress, and afterward is cared for by doctors or hospitals or other benevolent hands. A victim of severe trauma is a prisoner with no hope of rescue. Someone is constantly looking for an excuse to kill him. If he is injured or falls sick, he will receive no care, only further persecution. A victim of ordinary trauma is someone who was intact until the frightful event took place. A victim of severe trauma suffers attacks while he is "already damaged" and has already lapsed into a numbed and regressed and hopelessly apathetic state. The anxiety that pursues him is relentless and indefatigable.

The kinds of change worked by severe trauma in the minds of those who suffer its effects are beyond the ability of psychoanalysis or psychiatry or any other form of psychotherapy to repair. Seeking a connection between one's difficulties and one's experiences of childhood which have been repressed is irrelevant. What is responsible for how Long Eang and Im Cheann feel is things that happened to them as adults and were far too powerful for them to manage or deflect or somehow absorb, and were disfiguring. Their suffering is independent of any childhood reference. They have undergone an alteration of their personalities, a setback, a regression, that cannot be reversed.

Moreover, it is a hallmark of people who have survived a severe trauma that their experience is resistant to being diffused by means of recollection. Talking about what happened to them causes the experience to return, undiminished in its clarity and accompanied by the feelings they had while it was happening. Afterward, they often have dreams of persecution in which no detail is different from the details in scenes that actually happened.

IT strikes Eang as strange that, no matter how many things she forgets and how much difficulty she has remembering, she never forgets the things that happened to her in Cambodia. The images that arrive in her mind without invitation are so clear that they seem almost as if they were happening again. Sometimes they seem so real that her life appears wan by comparison; it is as if the visions were real and her life were imagined. When she has a nightmare, Theap shakes her awake, and it is a moment before the impression of being in danger in Cambodia dissolves and she realizes where she is. It is mysterious to her that, despite what she considers the relative good fortune of her present life, despite having met and become fond of many people who have helped her since she came to America, she never sees the faces of those people when she closes her eyes but sees only the faces of the Khmer Rouge soldiers, or moments of hardship and suffering. Reflecting on happier times from before the war eventually turns to sadness over the unlikelihood of her ever seeing her plantation again, and such thoughts lead her back to Pol Pot. If she has a dream that is set during that time, she is always working and feeling the pain of being starved.

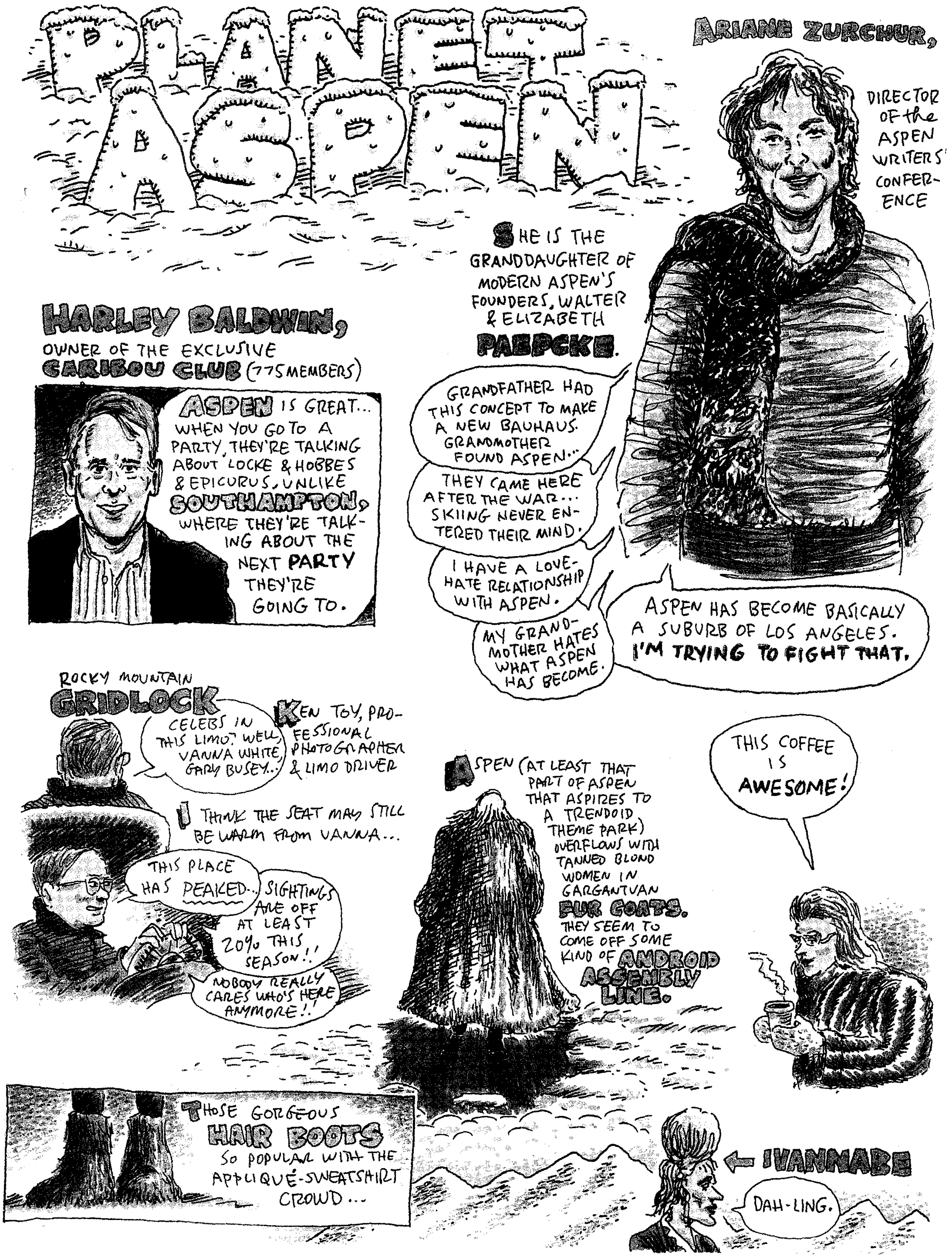
The disturbance that Mrs. Im Cheann feels when she wonders in California whether she died in Cambodia suggests that at least part of the injury to these women resides in their memories and the way these now work. By means of repression, one confines to distant parts of one's memory things that it would distress one to recall. What happened to Im Cheann and Long Eang in the war happened too recently, the experience of it is too clear in their minds, it was too horrific, and it went on too long ever to reside peacefully within them. Their relation to their memories has turned antagonistic. They are pursued by their memories; their memories harass them, and they cannot get rid of them except by the most contrived and mechanical resolve to forget, which takes all their energy and leaves them feeling cheerless and drained. They also feel differently about time. Whereas most of us believe that the future will be a continuation of the present, or perhaps a more or less favorable variation, Long Eang and Im Cheann fear that it will resemble the past. A part of them came to a standstill in the war, and they are drawn back to it with a frequency that is punishing. Time is mainly repetitive for them—not linear anymore. Their recollections of deprivation and suffering are a barrier between them and the people they were before the war.

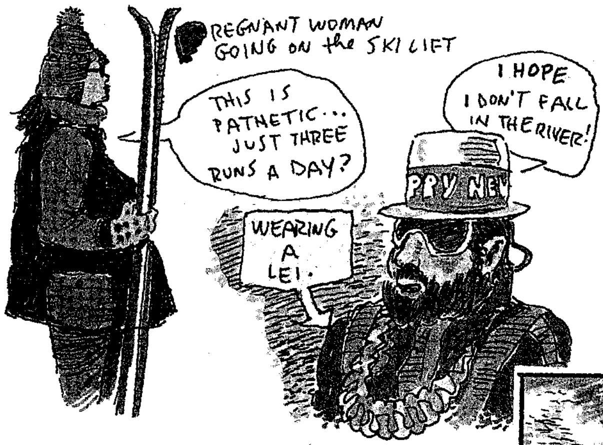
Eang and Theap live on the second floor of a run-down, two-story, flat-roofed, concrete-and-stucco building that looks like a motel. You walk down an alley, past windows and doorways in which sombre, dark-haired Mexican children sometimes appear, to watch you climb the staircase to the landing outside Eang and Theap's door. If Theap has not got one of his tapes of Cambodian music turned up too loud, he usually hears the doorbell and answers. He wears a sarong at home, the way he would in Cambodia, but puts on pants when he goes out. Their home is one of the cleanest I have ever been in. It has two bedrooms. Eang and Theap's widowed daughter and her children live with them. A line of photographs of Asian men and women hang high on two of the walls of the living room, like images in a temple. Mainly, the photographs are of ancestors and of Eang's and Theap's brothers and sisters. Eang collected them from relatives to replace the pictures she had fed into the fire. Many of the people they portray, of course, are dead, most of them murdered by soldiers. Over the kitchen sink is a window from which you can see the walls and rooftops of other houses and some telephone wires and, in the distance, the tops of hotels and office buildings down by the ocean. Above the kitchen table is an altar, where Eang makes offerings to her ancestors, in the hope that they will visit her dreams. She has not seen any of them except her father since she was baptized in the refugee camp. She thinks that the other ancestors no longer visit because "they consider Christ to be a higher authority than they are," and are afraid of him. She feels betrayed by the missionaries, who told her shortly after her baptism that she must give up her attachment to Buddha and follow only Christ. After brooding on this, she decided to follow both and to try to live the most exemplary life that she could. In her dreams, she occasionally finds herself at her plantation, sometimes during the dry season, when the family would sit on the sofa under the porch and receive guests, and sometimes in the rainy season, when the river flooded and everyone would go from place to place in canoes. In her favorite dream, her brother who was killed and his wife and children are present, and everyone is having dinner together the way they did before the war. No one is talking, but among them is a feeling of contentment at being together.

When you ask Eang about the war, she often shakes her head and says, "It was so long ago."

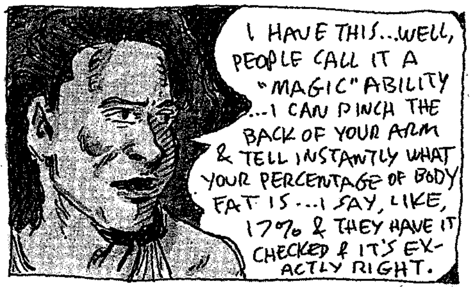
The last time I saw Mrs. Im Cheann, I hoped to ask her to explain something she had told me which I hadn't understood. In talking to the young woman who was my translator, Mrs. Im Cheann hung a few feet back from the door, one hand on the frame—a fragile, harmed figure as small as a child. I was acquainted with the way anxiety often caused her to run out of breath before she reached the end of a sentence, which made her voice rise in a way that was unintentionally coy, but as I listened to her I also heard a flatness, which I took to mean that it wouldn't be possible to talk, and I felt relieved, because she was defenseless and I didn't want it on my conscience that I had added to her tribulation by asking her to recall her shipwreck. I had the impression as her voice grew softer and the conversation appeared to be coming to a close that she had withdrawn into the shadows of the room. In any case, the sun behind me was strong, and I could no longer see her. The door closed softly. When I asked what Mrs. Im Cheann had said, she told me, "She said, 'I remember nothing.' " ♦

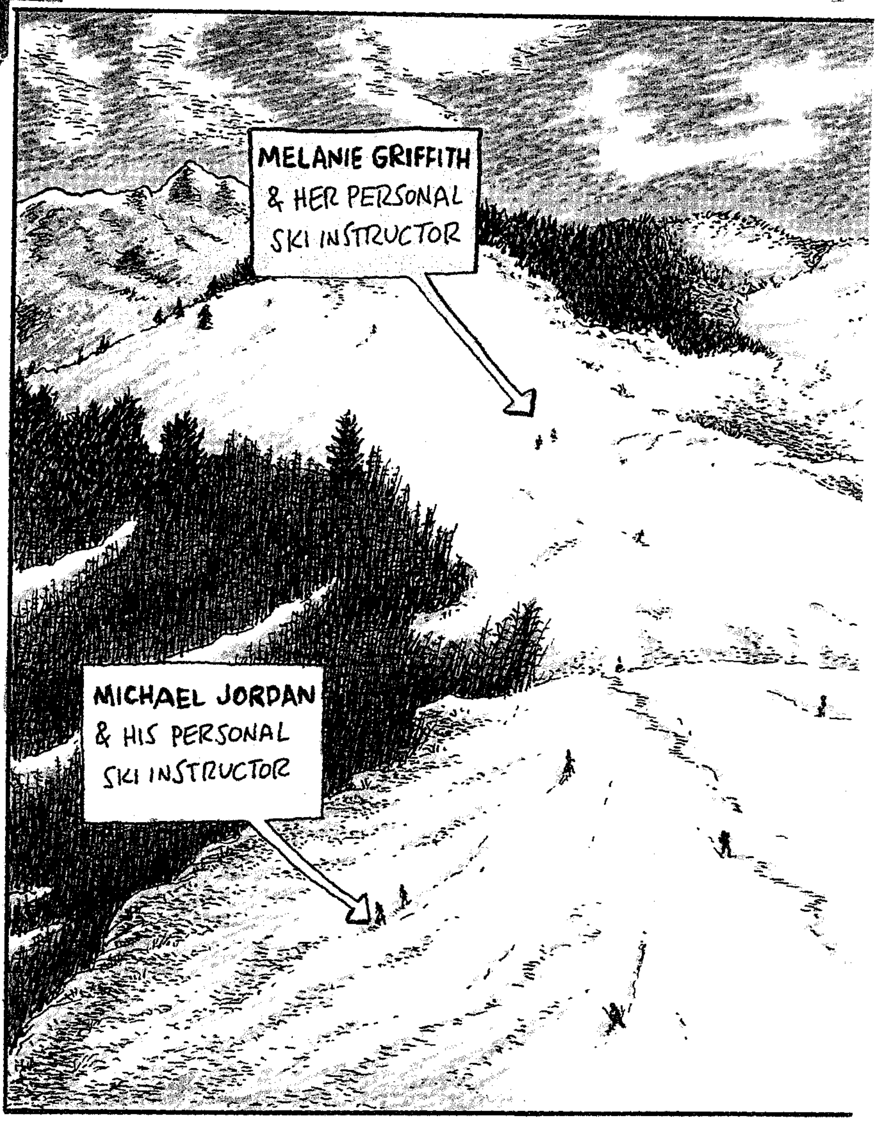
ARTIST AT LARGE • BY BILL GRIFFITH


PLANET ASPEN
ARIANE ZURCHUR, DIRECTOR OF the ASPEN WRITERS' CONFERENCE
SHE IS THE GRANDDAUGHTER OF MODERN ASPEN'S FOUNDERS, WALTER & ELIZABETH PAEPCKE.
GRANDFATHER HAD THIS CONCEPT TO MAKE A NEW BAUHAUS. GRANDMOTHER FOUND ASPEN...
THEY CAME HERE AFTER THE WAR... SKIING NEVER ENTERED THEIR MIND.
I HAVE A LOVE-HATE RELATIONSHIP WITH ASPEN.
MY GRANDMOTHER HATES WHAT ASPEN HAS BECOME.
ASPEN HAS BECOME BASICALLY A SUBURB OF LOS ANGELES. I'M TRYING TO FIGHT THAT.
HARLEY BALDWIN, OWNER OF THE EXCLUSIVE CARIBOU CLUB (775 MEMBERS)
ASPEN IS GREAT... WHEN YOU GO TO A PARTY, THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT LOCKE & HOBBES & EPICURUS, UNLIKE SOUTHAMPTON, WHERE THEY'RE TALKING ABOUT THE NEXT PARTY THEY'RE GOING TO.
ROCKY MOUNTAIN GRIDLOCK
CELEBS IN THIS LIMO? WELL, VANNA WHITE, GARY BUSEY...
KEN TOY, PROFESSIONAL PHOTOGRAPHER & LIMO DRIVER
I THINK THE SEAT MAY STILL BE WARM FROM VANNA...
THIS PLACE HAS PEAKED...
SIGHTINGS ARE OFF AT LEAST 20% THIS SEASON!!
NOBODY REALLY CARES WHO'S HERE ANYMORE!!
ASPEN (AT LEAST THAT PART OF ASPEN THAT ASPIRES TO A TRENDOID THEME PARK) OVERFLOWS WITH TANNED BLOND WOMEN IN GARGANTUAN FUR COATS. THEY SEEM TO COME OFF SOME KIND OF ANDROID ASSEMBLY LINE.
THIS COFFEE IS AWESOME!
THOSE GORGEOUS HAIR BOOTS SO POPULAR WITH THE APPLIQUÉ-SWEATSHIRT CROWD...
← IVANNABE
DAH-LING.

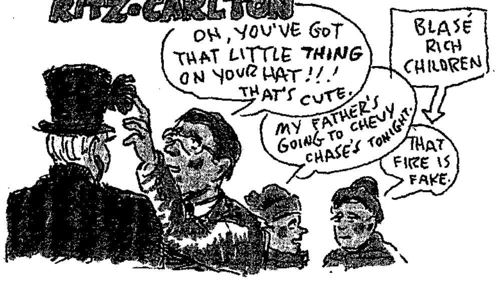

PREGNANT WOMAN GOING ON the SKI LIFT
THIS IS PATHETIC... JUST THREE RUNS A DAY?
I HOPE I DON'T FALL IN THE RIVER!
WEARING A LEI.
PPY NEW

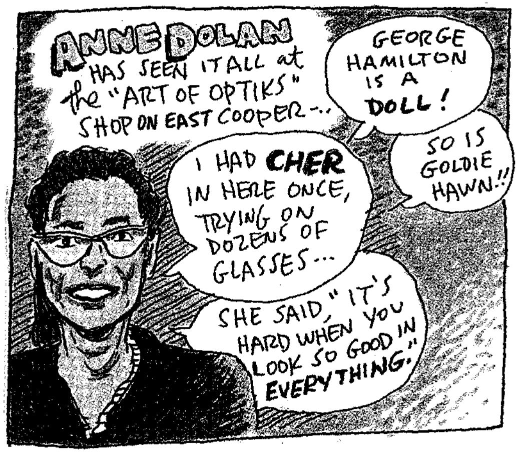
LEE HUTSON, PERSONAL TRAINER, MUNCHES ON A **POWER BAR** IN HIS WELL-EQUIPPED **GYM.**


I HAVE THIS...WELL, PEOPLE CALL IT A "MAGIC" ABILITY ...I CAN PINCH THE BACK OF YOUR ARM & TELL INSTANTLY WHAT YOUR PERCENTAGE OF BODY FAT IS...I SAY, LIKE, 17% & THEY HAVE IT CHECKED & IT'S EXACTLY RIGHT.


MELANIE GRIFFITH & HER PERSONAL SKI INSTRUCTOR
MICHAEL JORDAN & HIS PERSONAL SKI INSTRUCTOR

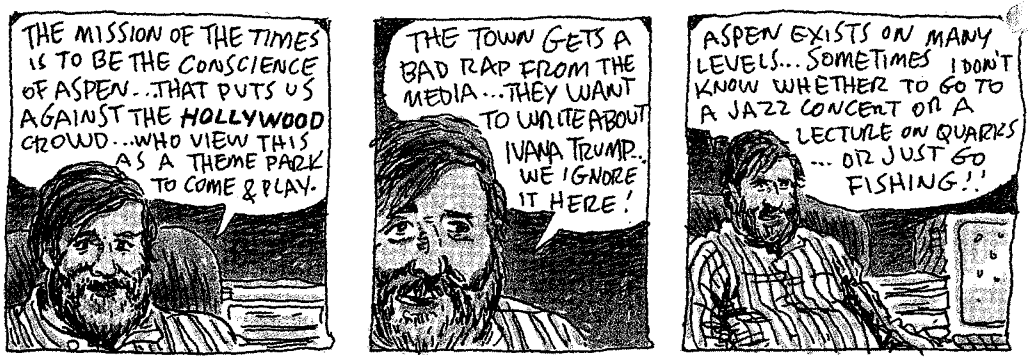
NEW YEAR'S EVE at the **RITZ-CARLTON**

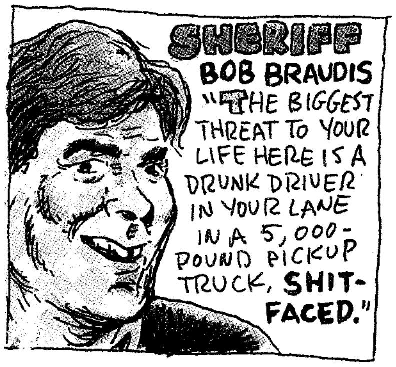

OH, YOU'VE GOT THAT LITTLE THING ON YOUR HAT!!! THAT'S CUTE.
BLASÉ RICH CHILDREN
MY FATHER'S GOING TO CHEVY CHASE'S TONIGHT.
THAT FIRE IS FAKE.

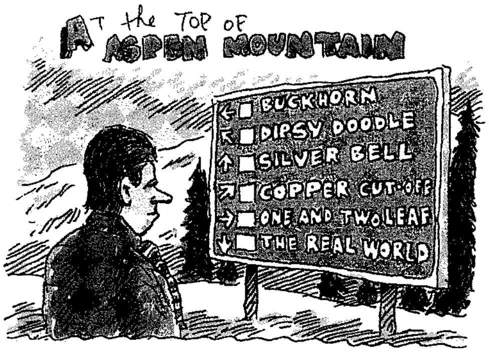

ANNE DOLAN HAS SEEN IT ALL at the "ART OF OPTIKS" SHOP ON EAST COOPER...
GEORGE HAMILTON IS A DOLL!
I HAD CHER IN HERE ONCE, TRYING ON DOZENS OF GLASSES...
SO IS GOLDIE HAWN!!
SHE SAID, "IT'S HARD WHEN YOU LOOK SO GOOD IN EVERYTHING."

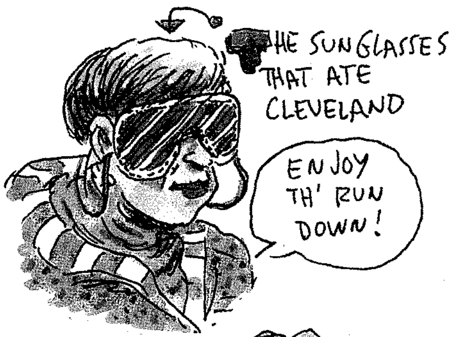
LOREN JENKINS, EDITOR & PUBLISHER OF **THE ASPEN TIMES**

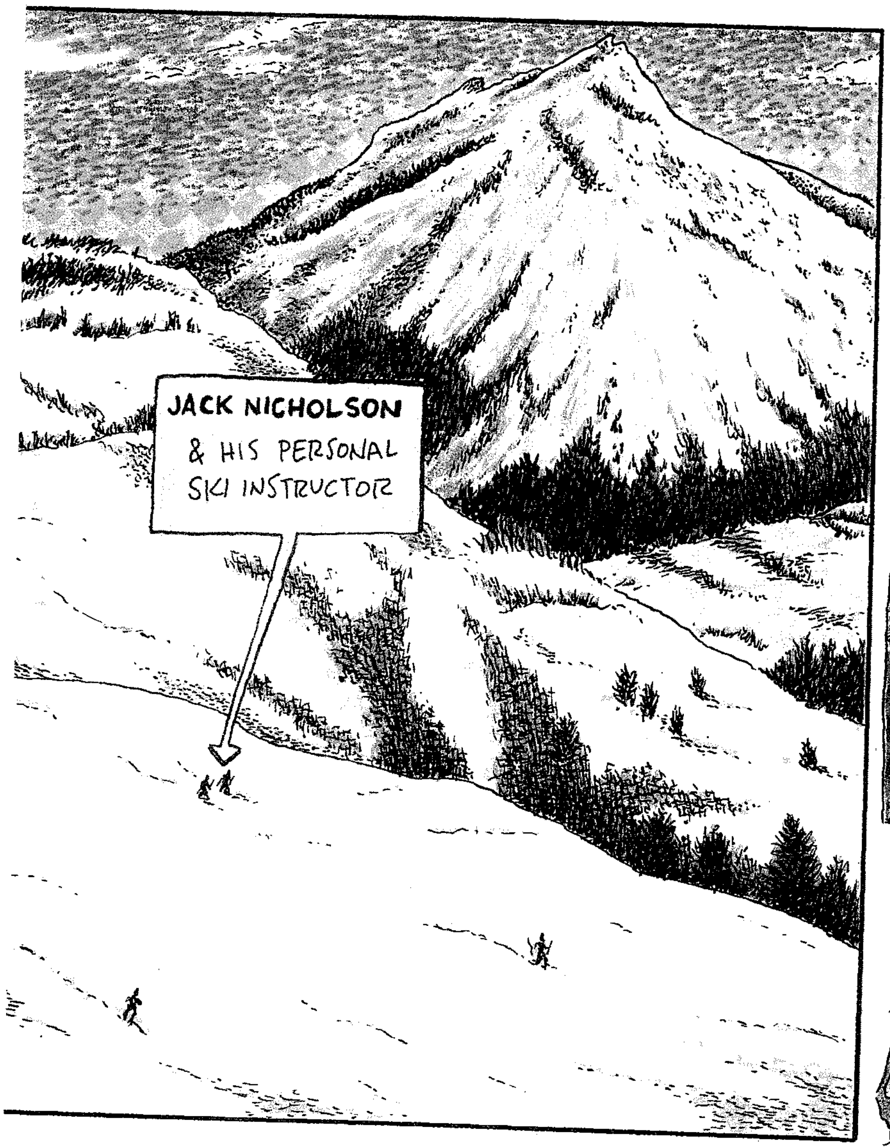
FORMER WAR CORRESPONDENT FOR NEWSWEEK & the WASHINGTON POST & A FAMILIAR VOICE ON **NPR**

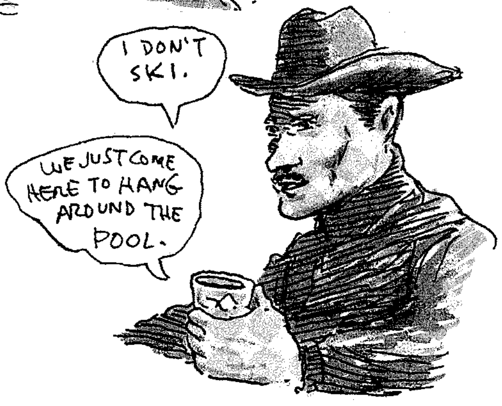

THE MISSION OF THE TIMES IS TO BE THE CONSCIENCE OF ASPEN...THAT PUTS US AGAINST THE HOLLYWOOD CROWD...WHO VIEW THIS AS A THEME PARK TO COME & PLAY.
THE TOWN GETS A BAD RAP FROM THE MEDIA...THEY WANT TO WRITE ABOUT IVANA TRUMP... WE IGNORE IT HERE!
ASPEN EXISTS ON MANY LEVELS... SOMETIMES I DON'T KNOW WHETHER TO GO TO A JAZZ CONCERT OR A LECTURE ON QUARKS ... OR JUST GO FISHING!

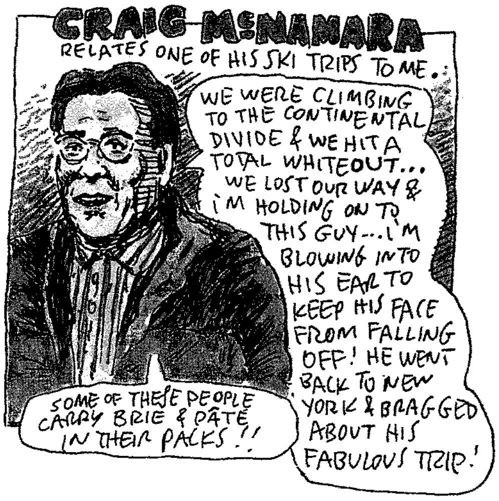

SHERIFF BOB BRAUDIS
"THE BIGGEST THREAT TO YOUR LIFE HERE IS A DRUNK DRIVER IN YOUR LANE IN A 5,000-POUND PICKUP TRUCK, SHIT-FACED."

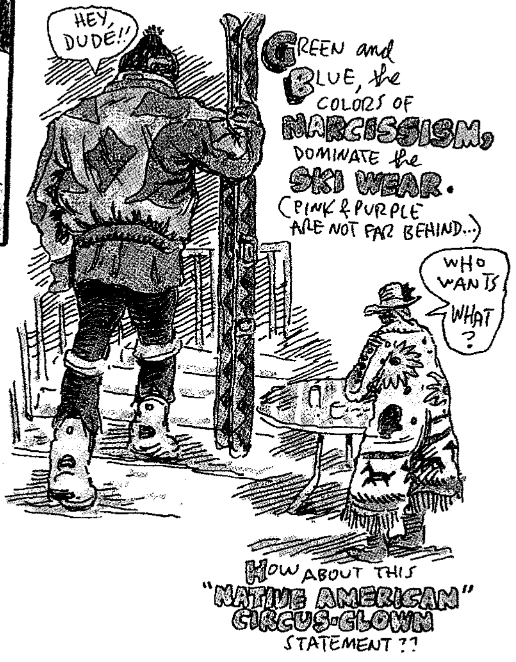

AT the TOP OF ASPEN MOUNTAIN
BUCKHORN
DIPSY DOODLE
SILVER BELL
COPPER CUT-OFF
ONE AND TWO LEAF
THE REAL WORLD

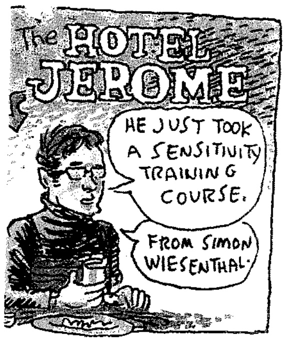

THE SUNGLASSES THAT ATE CLEVELAND
ENJOY TH' RUN DOWN!

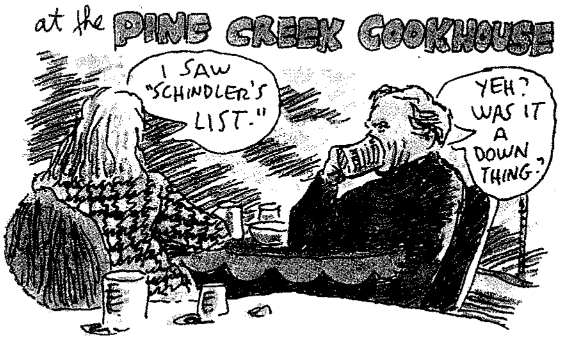

JACK NICHOLSON & HIS PERSONAL SKI INSTRUCTOR

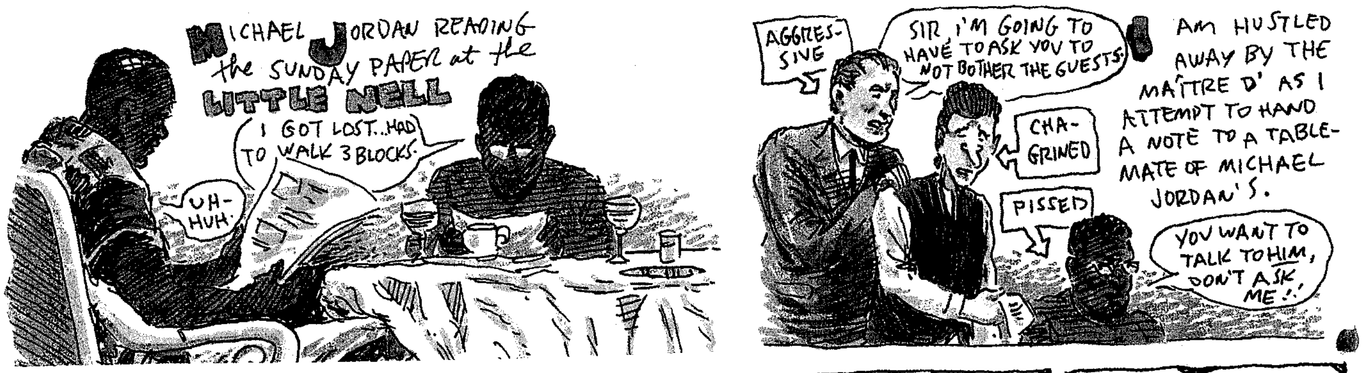

I DON'T SKI.
WE JUST COME HERE TO HANG AROUND THE POOL.

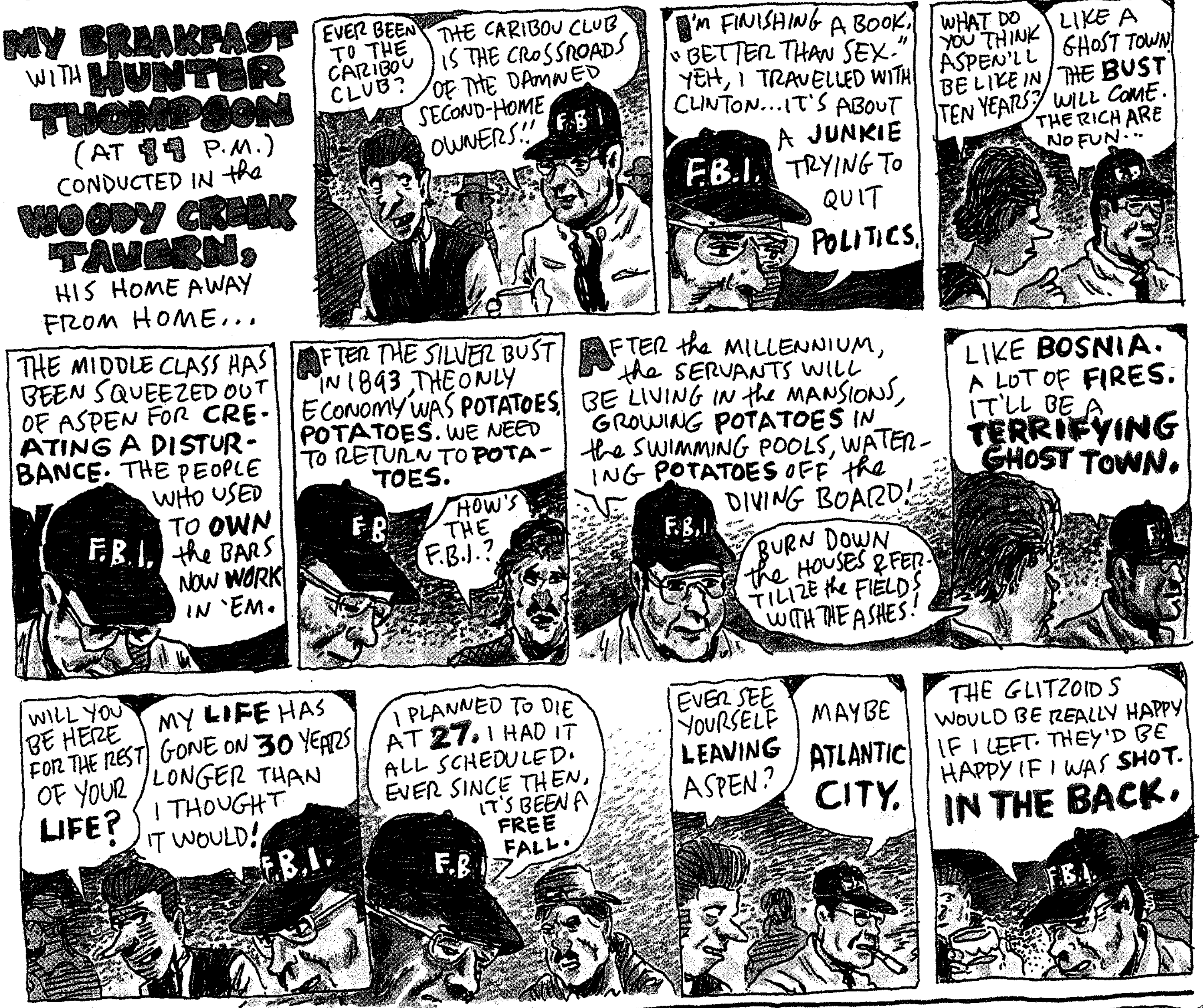

CRAIG McNAMARA RELATES ONE OF HIS SKI TRIPS TO ME.:
WE WERE CLIMBING TO THE CONTINENTAL DIVIDE & WE HIT A TOTAL WHITEOUT... WE LOST OUR WAY & I'M HOLDING ON TO THIS GUY...I'M BLOWING INTO HIS EAR TO KEEP HIS FACE FROM FALLING OFF! HE WENT BACK TO NEW YORK & BRAGGED ABOUT HIS FABULOUS TRIP!
SOME OF THESE PEOPLE CARRY BRIE & PÂTÉ IN THEIR PACKS!!

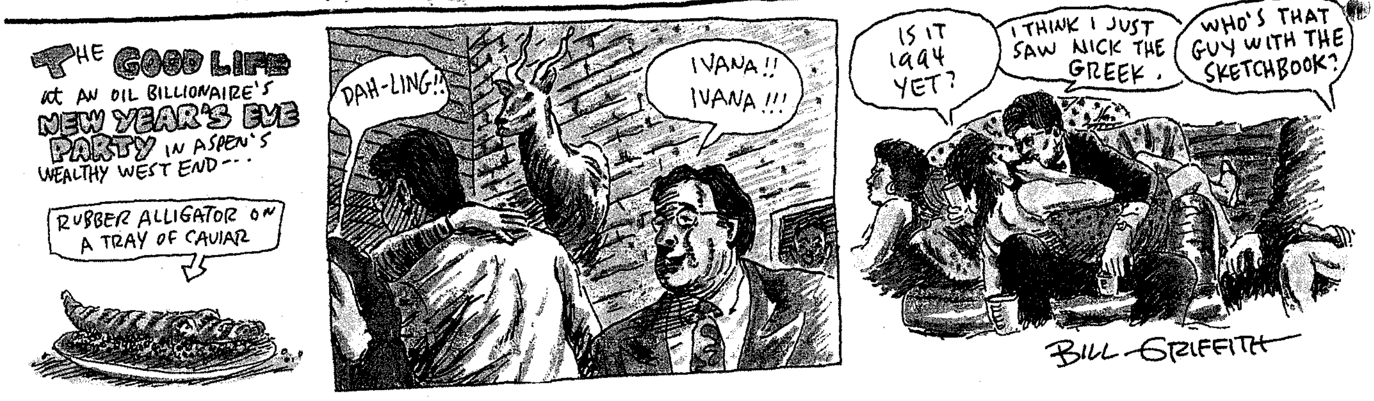

HEY, DUDE!!
GREEN and BLUE, the COLORS OF NARCISSISM, DOMINATE the SKI WEAR. (PINK & PURPLE ARE NOT FAR BEHIND...)
WHO WANTS WHAT?
HOW ABOUT THIS "NATIVE AMERICAN" CIRCUS-CLOWN STATEMENT??


The HOTEL JEROME
HE JUST TOOK A SENSITIVITY TRAINING COURSE.
FROM SIMON WIESENTHAL.


at the PINE CREEK COOKHOUSE
I SAW "SCHINDLER'S LIST."
YEH? WAS IT A DOWN THING?


MICHAEL JORDAN READING the SUNDAY PAPER at the LITTLE NELL
I GOT LOST.. HAD TO WALK 3 BLOCKS.
UH-HUH.
AGGRESSIVE
SIR, I'M GOING TO HAVE TO ASK YOU TO NOT BOTHER THE GUESTS.
I AM HUSTLED AWAY BY THE MAÎTRE D' AS I ATTEMPT TO HAND A NOTE TO A TABLEMATE OF MICHAEL JORDAN'S.
CHAGRINED
PISSED
YOU WANT TO TALK TO HIM, DON'T ASK ME!


MY BREAKFAST WITH HUNTER THOMPSON (AT 11 P.M.) CONDUCTED IN the WOODY CREEK TAVERN, HIS HOME AWAY FROM HOME...
EVER BEEN TO THE CARIBOU CLUB?
THE CARIBOU CLUB IS THE CROSSROADS OF THE DAMNED SECOND-HOME OWNERS!!
F.B.I.
I'M FINISHING A BOOK, "BETTER THAN SEX." YEH, I TRAVELLED WITH CLINTON... IT'S ABOUT A JUNKIE TRYING TO QUIT POLITICS.
WHAT DO YOU THINK ASPEN'LL BE LIKE IN TEN YEARS?
LIKE A GHOST TOWN. THE BUST WILL COME. THE RICH ARE NO FUN..
THE MIDDLE CLASS HAS BEEN SQUEEZED OUT OF ASPEN FOR CREATING A DISTURBANCE. THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO OWN the BARS NOW WORK IN 'EM.
AFTER THE SILVER BUST IN 1893, THE ONLY ECONOMY WAS POTATOES, POTATOES. WE NEED TO RETURN TO POTATOES.
HOW'S THE F.B.I.?
AFTER the MILLENNIUM, the SERVANTS WILL BE LIVING IN the MANSIONS, GROWING POTATOES IN the SWIMMING POOLS, WATERING POTATOES OFF the DIVING BOARD!
BURN DOWN the HOUSES & FERTILIZE the FIELDS WITH THE ASHES!
LIKE BOSNIA. A LOT OF FIRES. IT'LL BE A TERRIFYING GHOST TOWN.
WILL YOU BE HERE FOR THE REST OF YOUR LIFE?
MY LIFE HAS GONE ON 30 YEARS LONGER THAN I THOUGHT IT WOULD!
I PLANNED TO DIE AT 27. I HAD IT ALL SCHEDULED. EVER SINCE THEN, IT'S BEEN A FREE FALL.
EVER SEE YOURSELF LEAVING ASPEN?
MAYBE ATLANTIC CITY.
THE GLITZOIDS WOULD BE REALLY HAPPY IF I LEFT. THEY'D BE HAPPY IF I WAS SHOT. IN THE BACK.


THE GOOD LIFE at AN OIL BILLIONAIRE'S NEW YEAR'S EVE PARTY IN ASPEN'S WEALTHY WEST END...
RUBBER ALLIGATOR ON A TRAY OF CAVIAR
DAH-LING!!
IVANA!! IVANA!!!
IS IT 1994 YET?
I THINK I JUST SAW NICK THE GREEK.
WHO'S THAT GUY WITH THE SKETCHBOOK?
BILL GRIFFITH

FICTION

LEG

BY STEVEN POLANSKY

When Dave Long tagged up and tried for third, everyone had to laugh. A bonehead move, and, for Dave—typically a prudent guy—uncharacteristic. As he took off, Dave laughed, too, at his own folly. Church-league softball, one gone in the last inning, not a blessed thing on the line—the game was without meaning and out of reach—and he went on a shallow fly to left.

"Good Lord," his wife, Susan, said to the woman next to her. She was sitting in the aluminum bleachers with the rest of the Bethany Baptist bunch. She had arrived late—barely in time to see Dave reach second on an overthrow. He was surprised to see her. Susan Long was a busy, charitable woman. She worked half time keeping the books for Nuñez Chiropractic and gave her afternoons and evenings to business of the church, the school, the community. Before the game, Dave and his son, Randy, grabbed some food downtown—as they did two or three times a week. Given her responsibilities at the church, which included a leadership role in Christian education, her several Bible-studies and support groups, her involvement in such service arms as Member Care and Prayer Chain and Meals on Wheels, Susan had little time to prepare supper, or eat it. "What the heck is he doing?" she said.

Dave was trying for third. There was no question: he knew he should stay at second, he should not go, and he went. The left fielder, Pastor Jeff, of the Alliance Church, had a cannon. He looked at Dave as if Dave were pursued by demons. Pastor Jeff spoke to him. In shallow left field he was close enough to speak to Dave as he headed for third.

"Where are you going, Dave?" Pastor Jeff said. "You're dead, man."

Dave smiled. He liked Pastor Jeff. On the street. He hadn't cared for his manner in the pulpit, the few times he'd heard him preach. Pastor Jeff was too tall—he was six feet nine—and his preaching posture was stooped and condescending. He was also too familiar and digressive for Dave, who had been raised in the cooler, straighter logic of the Episcopalians. But Pastor Jeff had the straight truth here: Dave *was* dead. To rights. Dave had been fast, but he was forty-four now, and he was too slow to pull this sort of stunt.

Dave's son, his only child, Randy, stood a way off, down the third-base line, behind the Cyclone fence. He was hanging from the fence as if tethered there, his arms stretched out above his head, his fingers laced through the wire, the toes of his sneakers wedged in the bottommost holes. He shook his head back and forth, almost violently. Randy was thirteen. He had not wanted to come watch his father play.

"God," he said when Dave tagged up. "Stupid. You're stupid."

Randy was a big, strong kid. He was, almost all the time now, angry at his father. He could tolerate his mother, but everything about Dave, who you would have thought the more approachable parent, enraged him.

Randy hated the way Dave dressed. He hated his whole wardrobe, in particular a blue down jacket Dave had had for years and wore when he drove Randy to school on winter mornings.

"You garbageman," Randy would say to him. "You look like a garbageman. You grunge monkey."

Dave liked this latter expression; he tried not to smile.

"Laugh," Randy said. "Laugh. The garbagemen dress better than you do."

Dave's beard, which he kept respectably trimmed, made Randy angry.

"No kisses, wolfman," Randy said, if Dave bent over his bed to kiss him good night. "You werewolf. You're scaring me, wolfman."

Randy spoke with stage disdain of Dave's friends. Dave's car, a Taurus wagon, was boring and dumb—for Randy, an emblem of all that was insufferable and pedestrian about his father. But the thing that really drove Randy wild was that Dave liked to read. Dave rose every morning at five so he could spend a quiet hour reading and thinking and praying. Which left him irredeemable in Randy's eyes. If Dave sent Randy to his room or otherwise disciplined him—this happened more often than Dave wanted—Randy would say, in his cruellest, most hateful voice, "Why don't you just go read a book, Mr. Reading Man. Mr. Vocabulary. Go pray, you praying mantis."

Watching Randy in his father's presence—the way his face went tight, the way his back stiffened—listening to the explosive, primitive noises he made in place of speech, you could see the boy's anger was beyond his control and understanding. It had sandbagged the kid, hit him blind side. It made Dave very sad. He missed the easy love of his son. He missed talking to Randy, he missed his companionship, and he felt sorry for him, because in the periodic rests between peals of rage, when he took breath, Randy was clearly dazed and spent and, himself, sad.

Sometimes it was hard for Dave to remember that this abrasive, scowling thing, always coming at him, was his own son. Randy would bump him or leer or growl, make some foul and belligerent gesture, and before he'd had time to set or check himself, Dave would have responded in kind. "You shut your mouth, punk, or I'll shut it for you," Dave might say. He would grab Randy's arm above the elbow and squeeze it hard, trying to hurt him, and he would fill with regret and shame.

Randy said, "Stupid. You're stupid," and Dave, slow but hellbent for third, heard him.

Shoot, Dave thought. Poor kid. What am I doing?

Pastor Jeff threw a rope to the third baseman, also named Jeff, who worked in the auto-salvage yard. This layman Jeff caught the ball and straddled the bag, waiting for Dave, who was still only halfway there.

"Dumb," Randy said. "You are stupid." He untangled himself from the fence and turned his back to the field.

The third-base coach, Pastor Rick, senior pastor at Bethany Baptist, was at a loss. When the ball left the bat, a weak fly, he had raised his hands, palms out, signalling Dave to stay put. "Hold up, Gomer," he shouted, but it was too late—Dave had committed himself.

Pastor Rick was Dave's age. They met downtown once a week for lunch to discuss Scripture and Dave's personal journey in faith. They had that day, over turkey melts and iced tea, considered Matthew 7:13-14, a familiar passage Dave had lately found compelling and vexing: "Enter through the narrow gate. For wide is the gate and broad is the road that leads to destruction, and many enter through it. But small is the gate and narrow the road that leads to life, and only a few find it." After a space of silent meditation, Pastor Rick asked Dave what he thought the Gospel writer might have meant by the word "narrow." They had their Bibles on the table before them.

"Apart from the obvious?" Dave said.

"Yes," said Pastor Rick.

"Are you asking because you know, or because you want to know?"

"The second," Pastor Rick said. "I don't know. How would I know?"

"You're Baptist."

"No shit," Pastor Rick said.

"If we knew what the Hebrew was," Dave said. "Or the Greek."

"Good question. I don't. So?"

Dave thought a moment.

"Maybe as in severe," he said. "I don't know. Narrow. As in pinched. It pinches you to go through. What's the word? Straits. Straitened. Maybe exclusive. Most people are excluded. They are left out. Unpopular. Maybe narrow as in simple. Sheer. Simple. Severe. Did I already say that?"

"Yes, you did."

"Yeah, well that's what I come up with."

"Good stuff," Pastor Rick said.

"What have you got?" Dave said.

"Half my sermon. Thanks."

A female fan on the Bethany side was yelling, "Slide, Dave, slide!" This was a joke, because no one slid in church league—the guys were too old, too sedate—and, besides, Dave was wearing shorts. Everyone laughed. Dave heard the call for him to slide, and he, too, found the proposition laughable.

Then he slid. He raised his right hand in a fist. He yelled, "Oh, mama!" And from six feet away, and at what was for him top speed, he slid into third. Under the tag. Around the tag, really. No one who watched could believe it. It was the best, the only hook slide anyone had ever seen in that church league.

The base paths were a hard, dry, gravelly dirt, and Dave tore up his leg. He stood up, called time, and limped off the bag. He looked down at his leg, the left, which was badly abraded from ankle to knee. Beneath a thin film of dirt, which Dave tried to wipe off with his hand, the leg was livid, strawberry, a crosshatch of cuts and gashes, bits of sand and gravel in the wounds.

Pastor Rick was beside him. He put his arm around Dave.

"Why did I do that?" Dave said. "Ouch."

"Wild man. You O.K.?" Pastor Rick said. "Nice slide."

"Thanks. I'm O.K. I think."

"Can you walk? You want a runner?"

"Nah," Dave said. "I'm fine."

"You sure?"

"Yeah," Dave said.

Pastor Rick patted Dave on the rump. "All right, then. Go get 'em."

Dave turned to the crowd. He smiled sheepishly and waved.

Susan stood up in the stands.

"I'm O.K.," he said.

"Big jerk," she said to herself as she sat down. Then, to the woman next to her, "I don't believe it." She took a magazine out of her purse and looked at the cover. She stood up. She shook the magazine at Dave. He pretended to cower, and the crowd laughed.

Randy, who had wheeled to watch the play from the left-field foul line, was embarrassed: that his father slid; that his father slid in shorts and hurt himself sliding; that the slide, in this context—a game for coots and feebs and wacko fundamentalists—was inordinately, ridiculously good; and, on top of it all, that his mother had got into this bad circus act. Randy began to drift in his father's direction, up the line. Dave watched his unwitting tack with gratitude and wonder. He looked at Randy, shrugged his shoulders, and smiled, a bit goofily.

It was only when Dave smiled at him that Randy realized he was moving toward his father. He wrenched himself away. Randy turned and headed for the parking lot.

Dave's leg looked bad, painful, but it didn't really begin to hurt until after the next batter, Lloyd Weeks, who worked for Dave at the cereal plant, tapped a ground ball to the pitcher, stranding Dave at third and rendering perfectly gratuitous his miracle slide.

RANDY caught a ride with his mother, who left as soon as the game ended, taking time only to tell Dave to get home and clean up his leg. To give Randy some time for his anger, Dave stayed to help gather the equipment, then wound up going for a beer with Pastor Rick and a few of the men. His leg was stinging. He doused it with cold water from a spigot by the backstop. At Tiny's, he ordered a beer and a Scotch. He poured out the Scotch on his napkin and swabbed his leg.

"Shoot," Dave said. "That stings."

"That is one ugly leg," said Pastor Rick.

Pastor Jeff of the Alliance Church held up his diet Coke and waggled it. "Just for the record," he said. "And if anyone asks, I wasn't here."

"Who was?" said Pastor Rick.

"Great slide," said Pastor Jeff to Dave. "I had you nailed."

"Never in doubt," Dave said.

Dave nursed his beer, listening to Pastor Rick and Pastor Jeff disagree about glossolalia and about the dangers (Pastor Jeff) and the appeals (Pastor Rick) of ecumenism, and then commiserate about the unremitting demands of the lectionary.

"You write me this week's," said Pastor Rick. "I'll give you half the take."

"I'll do it for nothing," said Pastor Jeff. "You preach what I write."

"Sure, sure," said Pastor Rick. He looked over at Dave. "My guys couldn't handle it."

"Talk about speaking in tongues," Dave said.

Pastor Jeff laughed, then sat up very straight.

"I cast thee out, little feller," he said to Dave.

"I was just leaving," Dave said.

When Dave got home it was half past nine, and Susan was already asleep. Randy was closed up in his room listening to his music. Dave stood outside the door. Randy had the volume down, but Dave could still feel in his feet the pulse of the bass and the drum. It was a song he knew.

They
They betray
I'm your only true friend now
They
They'll betray
I'm forever there

He knew the song, he knew the CD. Metallica. Randy played it often and loud, and Dave had listened to it several times, on his own, when Randy wasn't around.

> Hate
> I'm your hate
> I'm your hate when you want love

The boy had taste. This music was irtuoso stuff, and Dave thought it might lead him to other forms. But the lyrics, which seemed to speak to Randy so nearly—the spirit, pitch-dark and bereft, to which Randy vibrated with such sympathy—made Dave unhappy and fearful. He'd told Randy, once, that he liked the music.

Randy needed no time to work into his rage. "You don't like it. You don't know anything about it. You've never even heard it."

"I've heard it," Dave said, backing off. "I think it's good. Forget it."

"You don't know anything," Randy said. "Keep out of my room. Don't touch my stuff."

Dave showered, and dabbed his leg with a soapy washcloth. The injury was worse than he'd thought. There was almost no skin left on the wound, which covered a sizable portion of the leg, from the ankle to the knee. It looked as if someone had gone at his leg with a cheese grater. The tissue around the lesions was pink and swollen. When they were clean, they would not stop bleeding. The blood didn't flow so much as pool up, and he used a roll of toilet paper trying to stanch it. When it still would not stop, he wrapped his lower leg tightly in some gauze bandage he dug out of the vanity drawer and fastened that with adhesive tape. Almost at once, his leg began to throb. It felt hot. It was already infected, he figured. He lay down on the living-room couch and elevated his leg with a ushion. After a few minutes the blood had seeped through the gauze, and Dave gingerly removed it. There would be no way to stitch the thing—the surface area was far too large and irregular. He thought about going over to the emergency room. Instead, he boiled some water in a pot. He soaked a fresh dish towel in the water, lifted it out with salad tongs, and, thinking to cauterize the wound, applied it to his leg. It scalded him. He cried out but held the towel to his leg as long as he could bear to.

Then he sat down on the kitchen floor, his left leg stretched out before him, and prayed.

His praying was rarely premeditated or formal. Most often it was a phototropic sort of turn, a moment in which he gave thanks or stilled himself to listen for guidance. He shied from petitionary prayer. With all he had, it felt scurvy—scriptural commendation notwithstanding—to ask for more. This night, his leg hurting to the bone, he permitted himself a request.

"Father," he said quietly, "please help me to see what I can do for Randy. He is in great pain. I love him. If it is your will, show me what I might do to bring him peace."

Dave looked up. Randy was watching him from the bottom of the stairs.

"Amen," Dave said. He smiled. "Hey, bud."

Randy said nothing. He stood looking at Dave.

Dave got to his feet.

"Man, this sucker hurts," he said. "What are you up to?"

"You screamed," Randy said. He did not move from his spot on the stairs.

"I burned myself," Dave said.

"I came down."

"Thanks," Dave said. "I'm O.K."

Randy snorted. He shook his head and went back upstairs.

THE doctor used the word "suppuration." Despite Dave's homespun palliatives, the wound had begun to form and discharge pus. So much that by the end of the next day, when Dave came home from work and called the doctor, the pants he'd worn to the plant were sodden and glued to his leg.

"You'd better come in and let me look at it," the doctor said. "Can you come in sometime tomorrow?"

"I can't," Dave said. "I can't get away. What do I do for it on my own?"

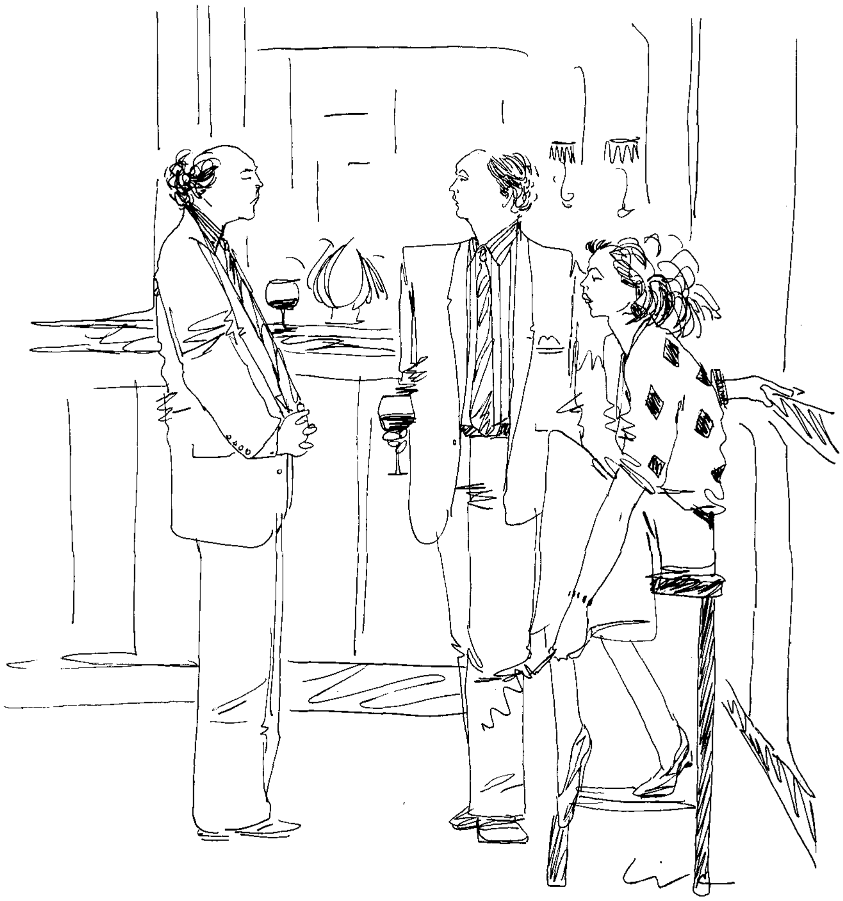
"You keep it clean," the doctor said. "You use a topical dressing. Bacitracin. Neosporin. I'll tell you this: if it's as infected as it sounds, you'll need a course of oral antibiotics. Perhaps even intramuscular."

"Or what?" Dave said.

"What are you asking?"

"I'm asking what might happen."

"That's not a question," the doctor



"Ryan, you remember Olivia McConnell—your first wife."

said. "All sorts of things *might* happen. Which is why we don't fool around. Staph. Strep. Massive swelling. You want more? Gangrene. Sepsis. Work at it, you could lose your leg. Does that scare you?"

"Yes," Dave said.

"Good," the doctor said. "Because we're not negotiating. You come in. Day after tomorrow."

"If I can," Dave said.

"No, no. Not if you can. You come in."

THE leg continued to weep. After several days, the pain was so bad, so deep, he could not put any weight on it. Though he tried keeping it clean, it had begun to smell. At night he removed the dressing and left the wound open to the air.

"Randy gone?" Susan said. She was on her way to Nuñez Chiropractic and stopped in the kitchen to sit with Dave for a minute while he ate breakfast.

"He's gone," Dave said.

"How did he go?"

"He was peaceful," Dave said. "I don't know—light. He seemed lighter. I said goodbye. Then he said goodbye. No agony. No outbursts. We had ourselves a remarkable morning."

"What's your day like?" Susan said.

"Good," he said. "The same. The usual. What about yours? You busy?"

"The usual," she said. "Listen a minute. I'm concerned about you. About your leg."

"Don't be," he said.

"It's bad."

"Not too bad," he said. "It's better today."

"I've thrown away two pairs of your pants," she said. "And I can see. You can't walk. How can you say it's better?"

"It is. I'll be fine."

"Why don't you go to the doctor? Did you call him?"

"I did call," Dave said. "He told me what to do for it. I've got an ointment. What about dinner? We in or out?"

"I'll make something," Susan said. "Dinner. You tell me now. What's going on?"

"What?" he said.

"Tell me what you're doing. Because I'm concerned. I'm worried. And I've got to go. Please. What are you doing?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing," she said.

"Hacking around. Whatever. You know me."

"I know you," she said. "We're talking about your leg."

"It will be fine," he said.

DAVE did not go to work. Without crutches or a cane he could not make it to the car. He phoned his secretary and told her he'd be out of town for several days, maybe a week. He devised, halfheartedly, a story about his mother, who suddenly needed tending to. His secretary was confused by the story, but she did not question him. He would call her again, that afternoon, he said, to fill her in. Could she handle things for a while in his absence?

He spent the morning stretched out on the couch, the living-room curtains drawn, in prayer. At one point he woke from a near trance to find his heart wildly beating, as if he'd just run a set of wind sprints. He was not flushed or dizzy or short of breath. He felt calm and relaxed, except for the steady thrum of pain in his leg and his heart thumping away. The strangeness of it made him laugh. He took a few deep breaths and closed his eyes.

In the afternoon, just before Randy got home from school, the doctor called.

"I called your office," the doctor said. "You weren't there."

"I'm here," Dave said. He was, by then, on the cool kitchen floor, supine, three crocheted hot pads beneath his head, his left leg raised slightly, the foot resting on a cookie tin.

"Your secretary said you were out of town."

"I haven't left yet," Dave said.

"I want to know how your leg is, David, and why you didn't come in as I asked."

"The leg is fine," Dave said. "I put that ointment on it. It's looking good."

"No more discharge?"

"None."

"It's healing?" the doctor said. "The pain is subsiding?"

"Seems to be," Dave said.

"So. Good. That's good. You're lucky. These things can turn nasty if they're not attended to. You got lucky. The next time I tell you to come in I want you to come in."

"I will," Dave said. "Thanks for calling."

Dave was on the kitchen floor when Randy came home from school. He thought about getting to his feet, but he had found a comfortable, if somewhat ludicrous, position and was unwilling, even for Randy, to suffer the pain that would attend trying to stand up. Randy came into the kitchen for his snack. He looked at Dave lying on the floor and stepped over him on his way to the refrigerator.

"Thanks for not stomping me," Dave said.

Randy got out the milk and poured himself a glass. "What are you doing?" he said.

"It's cool down here. I'm having a little trouble standing."

"What is it?" Randy said, without looking at him. "Your leg again?"

This was the first mention Randy had made of Dave's leg, though Dave could see, in the way Randy had behaved the past few days—restrained, even equable—that he'd been aware of it.

"How was school?"

"O.K.," Randy said.

"Any trouble?"

"No."

"Have you got homework?"

"No. A little."

"Get yourself something to eat," Dave said.

"I am," Randy said, and he began probing the refrigerator. He took out packages of Muenster cheese and sliced ham and a jar of mayonnaise. "Where's Mom?"

"Out," Dave said. "What do you need?"

"Nothing. Where are we going for dinner?"

"Here," Dave said.

Randy made himself a sandwich.

"You hungry?" Dave said. A question he regretted as soon as he had asked it. It was the sort of question—nervous and dumb and self-evidently posed to fill the uneasy space between him and his son—that invariably caused in Randy a detonation.

"Starving," Randy said.

"Well, leave some room for dinner."

"I am," Randy said.

SUNDAY afternoon was hot, and Pastor Rick came by the house, in cutoff jeans, tank top, baseball cap, and flip-flops, to see Dave. Susan had put him up to it. She'd lingered in the narthex after the service to talk to him. Pastor Rick had begun to worry about Dave on his own. He hadn't heard from him in nearly a week, and, seeing Susan in church alone that morning, he thought something might be wrong. Dave was as steadfast a parishioner as Pastor Rick had. Susan was undisguisedly afraid. She said the whole thing was inexplicable. Dave could no longer walk at all. No matter how tenderly she urged, no matter how forcefully she insisted, he would not go to the doctor. He claimed it was simply a matter of keeping off the leg for a few more days. But, so far as she could see, it was worse. She admitted that he seemed calm and reasonable and in amazingly good spirits, but he could not get off the couch, and spent his time now in the living room.

"Where is that gimp?" Pastor Rick said, loudly enough for Dave to hear. Susan had gone to the door to let him in. "Why is this room so dark? What is this thing on the couch? Can't we open the curtains?"

"It's cooler like this," Dave said. He was glad to see Pastor Rick. "Sit down. Relax. You're not in charge here. This is my house, bud."

"Tough guy," Pastor Rick said as he sat in a cane rocker opposite Dave, who, to receive his friend, had worked himself up to a sitting position.

"What's with you?" Pastor Rick said.

"Not much."

"Where you been?"

"Here and there. Mostly here."

"You missed a game. Susan, you got anything to drink?"

"What would you like?" She was standing at the entrance to the living room.

"You got a beer?"

"We do," she said.

"Cold?"

She nodded.

"Bring it on," he said. "You want one, Dave?"

"I'm fine," Dave said.

The two men talked for about an hour in the darkened room. Susan delivered the beer, then left them alone. They talked, first, about baseball. At one point Pastor Rick turned on the TV, and they watched the last two innings of a game. They talked about their children, their faith. Pastor Rick had been chafing under denominational expectations, these having especially to do, as he described it to Dave, with his maverick preference for the indicative Gospel over the imperative, for the good news over the dos and don'ts. There were, likewise, the expectations of the particular body of believers at Bethany Baptist, which he divided roughly into two camps. Those with what he called a "mature" faith were at ease with a theology and homiletics less than prescriptive. The others, new to the faith, or unable to push beyond a relatively simplistic version of it, were skittish without a neatly packaged set of rules and admonishments.

"I think you got it backward," Dave said.

"Oh, yeah? How's that?"

"It's we mature ones who need the hard line. We don't know what to do with grace once we've got it. It's too much for us. It's too much. We don't know how to behave. And so we behave as we always did, grace or no. I've been thinking about this."

"I see that," said Pastor Rick.

"I have. We're sloppy. We're slack. We're smug. We're just flat-out disappointing. You got to whip us into shape, or we embarrass ourselves. And each other."

"Be careful what you ask for," Pastor Rick said.

Just before he left, he turned the conversation directly to the question of Dave's leg.

"You don't need to do this," he said. "It isn't called for."

"I know," Dave said.

"It's crazy."

"What do I say?"

"You don't say anything," Pastor Rick said. "You go to the doctor, is what you do."

"Maybe I will."

"Don't, and I'll be back to take you myself."

THE family had supper that night in the living room—Dave ate on the couch, Susan on the cane rocker from a tray, and Randy on the floor in front of the television. Susan fixed a light salad and made fresh lemonade; it was too hot to eat much else, though Randy asked for a grilled-cheese sandwich. It was a quiet meal. Dave and Susan hardly spoke. Randy watched a sports-magazine show; he was subdued, well-mannered. Dave, who was light-headed and running a low-grade fever, was happy. After supper he fell asleep on the couch. He was not aware of Susan and Randy going up to bed.

At two in the morning, he woke when Randy came down the stairs. Dave turned on the table lamp behind his head, and when his eyes got used to the light, he could see that Randy was crying. He was standing at the foot of the couch, a plaid cotton blanket draped shawl-like over his shoulders. He was wearing boxer shorts and nothing else, and he was weeping. Dave looked at him for a moment, certifying that he was neither dream nor delirium.

"Randy," Dave said. "You O.K.? What time is it?"

"I don't know," the boy said. "Two. I'm O.K."

"What's wrong?"

"I came down."

"Have you been asleep?"

"No."

"I was out cold," Dave said. "What's going on?"

"Nothing," Randy said.

"You're crying."

"I'm not crying," Randy said. "I came down because I want to say something. Go to the doctor. That's all I came down for."

"Hold a minute," Dave said. "Let me get up here."

Without thinking, Dave swung his feet off the couch and tried to stand up. He wanted to touch Randy. To make some sort of physical contact with his son. To comfort him, put his arm around his shoulder, hold him. Dave's left foot touched the floor, and the pain in his leg was astonishing. It knocked him flat on the couch.

"Whoa," Dave said. "Hold the doors. Good Christ."

"Do you see?" Randy said. "For shit's sake, Dad. Do you see? Are you nuts? What are you doing?"

"I'm not sure," Dave said. "I'm really not sure."

"Oh, man. Oh, man. What are you doing? Go to the doctor."

It was, by then, too late. He would lose the leg.

"That's not a bad idea," Dave said. "I will." ◆

ONWARD AND UPWARD WITH THE ARTS

LETTING IT BE

Hidden in the vaults of Abbey Road Studios are hundreds of hours of unreleased Beatles recordings. Now the surviving Beatles are coming together to mine that archive for new CDs to accompany a video documentary that will finally tell their own story—and maybe even to record a new album.

BY MARK HERTSGAARD

TWENTY-FOUR years after breaking up the most important musical partnership of its time, the Beatles are about to burst back onto the world stage. Beatles fans have been hoping for, and perhaps dreading, a reunion of their heroes since the breakup heard round the world, in 1970. Now it seems finally to be happening. The murder of John Lennon, in 1980, makes a full-fledged Beatles reunion impossible, but his three former bandmates are definitely working together again, both in front of the cameras and in the recording studio.

In their first true creative collaboration since the group disbanded, Paul McCartney, George Harrison, and Ringo Starr have decided to tell the Beatles' life story on camera. The story is told largely in the words of the former Beatles themselves, who have been extensively interviewed for the project. Work on "The Beatles Anthology," a collective autobiography in video form, is approaching completion. The shooting is finished, rough cuts are in hand, and the series—which may run as long as twelve hours—is expected to air on television systems around the world sometime in 1995.

In conjunction with the "Anthology" series, the former Beatles have also decided to open the vaults at Abbey Road Studios in London and to release anywhere from four to six CDs of music from their heyday, most of which the general public has never heard. George Martin, the Beatles' longtime producer at EMI Records, will be overseeing the compilation of what he calls "a historical outlook on the music" of the Beatles. The former Beatles and Yoko Ono will have final approval over the package. "We hope it will be a set of two double CDs that give an over-all flavor of the Beatles' music," David Hughes, EMI's vice-president of communication and external affairs, says. "It will be a combination of material that is currently available, possibly some alternative takes of already released songs from the archives, live stage performances, BBC radio performances, and selections from the Beatles' private collections."

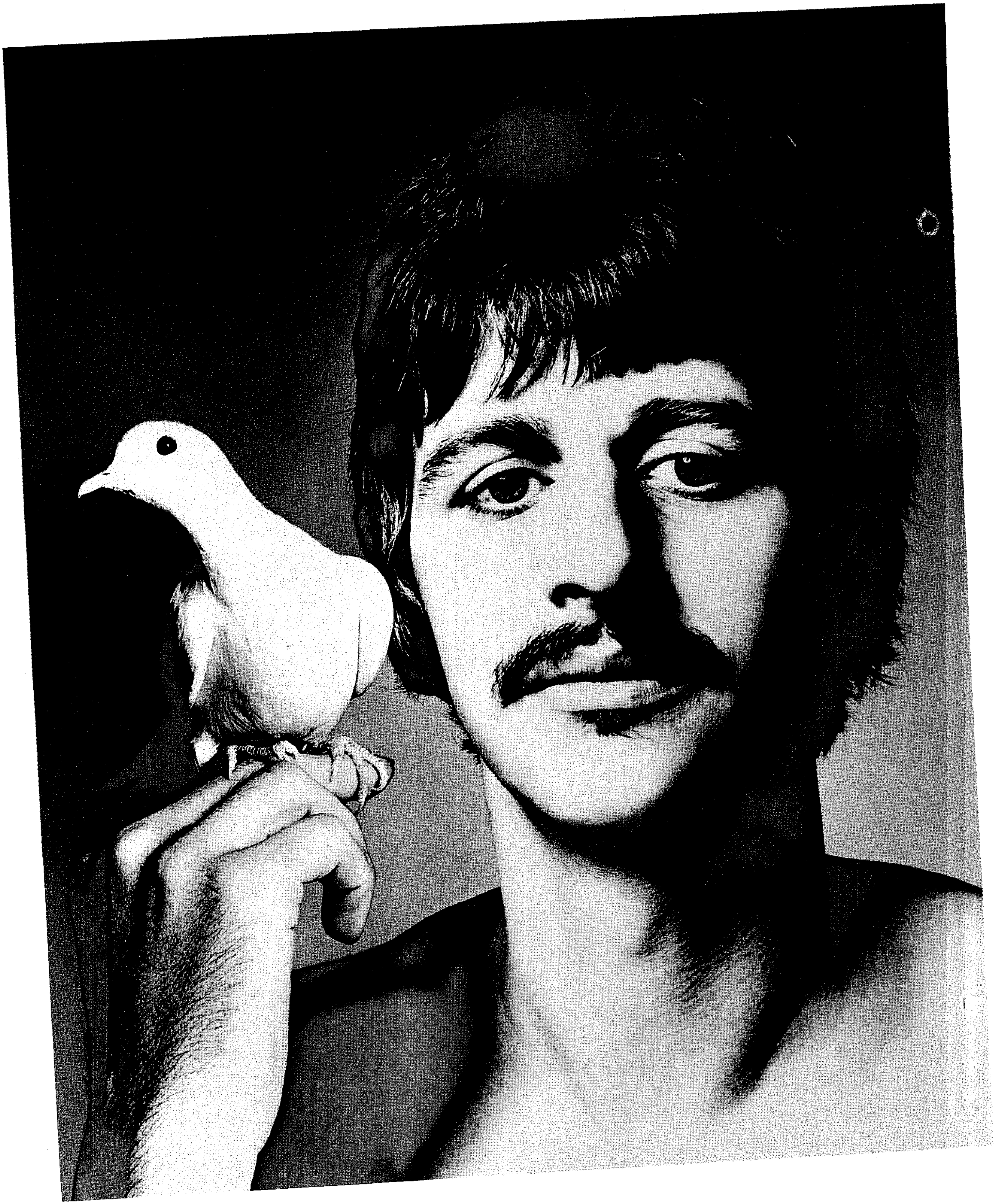
Finally, and most daringly, McCartney, Harrison, and Starr, according to two sources at EMI, are going into the studio next month to record new music together, also for possible release with the video series. They will not be using Abbey Road Studios, where they recorded virtually all of their Beatles records, one of the sources explained, but they will be recording new compositions, not remakes of old Beatles songs. Contrary to published reports in Europe and the United States, the recording has not yet begun, the other source says. "Yes, they are going to be working together again, but they haven't begun yet. It is supposed to be ultra secret. They are planning to go into a studio together in February to record new music to be used in the 'Anthology' project."

Speaking on the record, officials at EMI and Apple Corps, the company owned by McCartney, Harrison, Starr, and the estate of John Lennon, neither confirm nor deny that studio sessions are in the offing. EMI's David Hughes emphasizes that Paul, George, and Ringo have not yet entered the studio, but concedes, "they are closely involved in putting together the video and in working

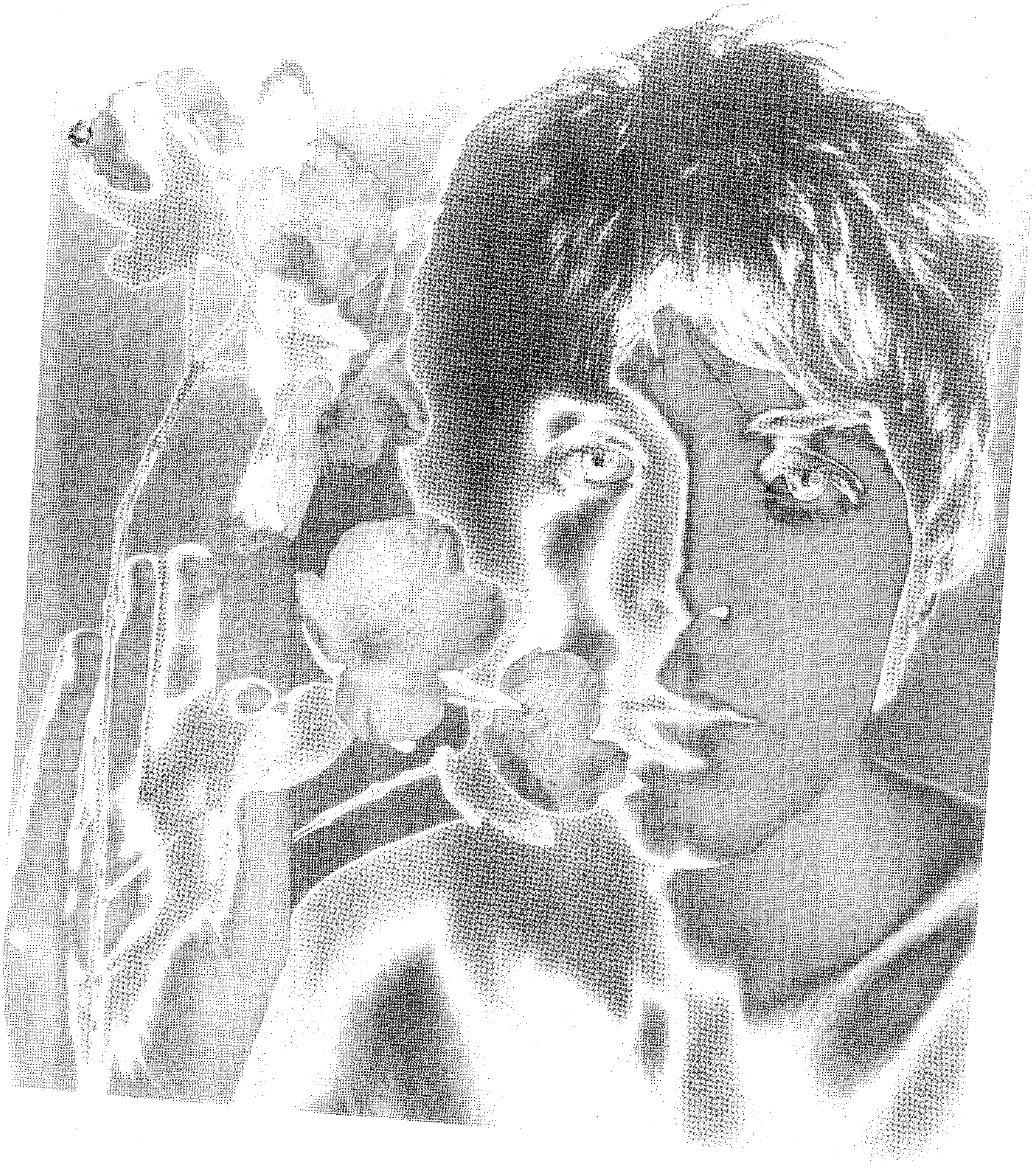
PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICHARD AVEDON

London, August 11, 1967.

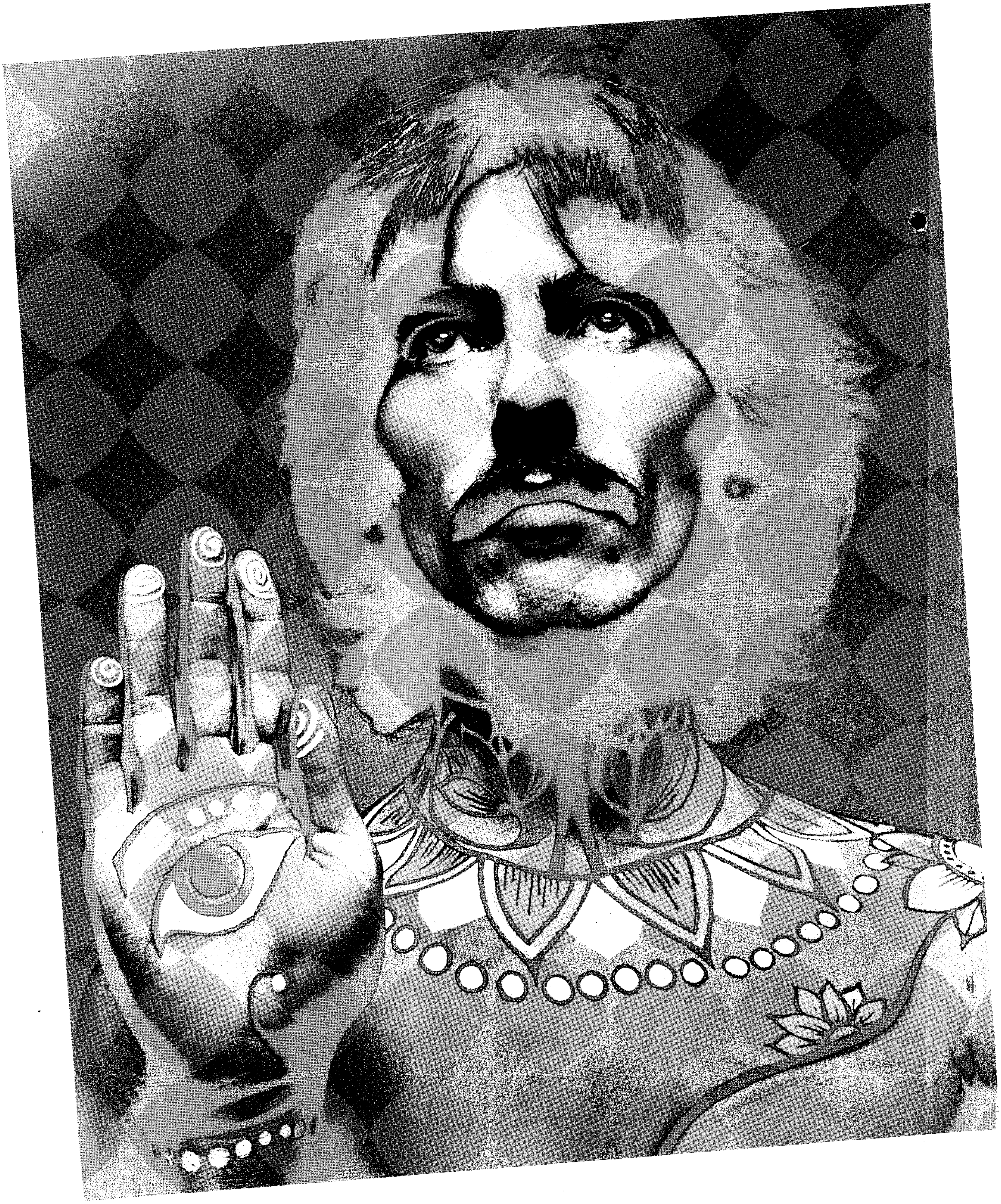
John Lennon



Ringo Starr



Paul McCartney



George Harrison

with George Martin on the accompanying CDs, so you can make your own deductions from there. It's not inconceivable, to use the double negative, that they might decide to have some new songs in the collection as well. But it's too early to know for sure." Neil Aspinall, who runs Apple Corps, will only say, "There's still nothing firm."

Whether going back into the studio together will alter the Beatles' legacy remains to be seen. But in any case, the release of the "Anthology" videos and their accompanying CDs promises to be a major cultural event.

One reason that the former Beatles are now able to work together again, according to Derek Taylor, who was the press officer for the Beatles and is now a consultant at Apple Corps, is simply the passage of time. "All three of them have done Beatles songs in concerts," he said. "It becomes comfortable for everybody. They have reclaimed their own history, and with that any embarrassment evaporates, and a lot of things that once seemed difficult become easy." Another important factor is that the various lawsuits that had been pitting the Beatles against EMI since the seventies and against one another since the eighties have been resolved.

The "Anthology" project may actually turn out to be a three-pronged endeavor. In addition to the CDs, the video series may be accompanied by a companion book. The video coverage will begin in 1940, when both John Lennon and Ringo Starr were born, and extend until 1970. The Beatles are interviewed separately, with questions being posed off-camera by the British television personality Jools Holland, who was formerly the keyboardist for the pop group Squeeze. These contemporary interviews will be interspersed with photographs and film footage from the era, including materials drawn from the Beatles' private collections. Each of the surviving Beatles, and Yoko Ono as well, must approve the final version of the story.

For his part, George Martin worries slightly about the enormous public expectations of the Beatles. "One must be very selective" in releasing archival material, Martin says, adding that he is not inclined to put out "everything they did, warts and all." One selection he does favor releasing is Take 1 of "Strawberry Fields Forever," which he has said is "well worth people hearing now."

During an interview at his AIR Studios building in North London, I ask Martin about an unreleased take of George Harrison's "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," which a bootleg-collector friend had played for me. It is the first recorded take of the song, and it is plaintive and spare. Virtually the only sounds on it are Harrison's acoustic guitar and his aching, meditative vocal. It includes a last verse, later dropped, in which the singer, resigned to the idea that the world will go its own way no matter how he may wish to awaken "the love there that's sleeping," finally moves beyond mourning to acceptance. It's a spine-tingling performance, made all the more poignant by its contrast with the electric version on "The Beatles" (better known as "The White Album") featuring Eric Clapton's shimmering lead guitar.

"I've got no problem with that," Martin says when I ask if he would consider releasing it. "The important thing is to get the aspects of each of these things right. The trouble is, the Beatles got to be so damn big that if you were to issue anything like that it would be construed as another gem. It would be like now discovering an unrevealed manuscript of Bach, almost—without being too pretentious—and people would therefore expect a great deal of it. And, if it were less than bloody perfect, people would say, 'Oh, I knew they weren't so good.' "

Martin will certainly have a great deal of archival material to choose from. The Beatles released only ten and a half hours of music—the contents of the group's twenty-two singles and thirteen albums—during their eight-year studio career. Yet the tapes inside the Abbey Road archives, it turns out, contain more than four hundred hours' worth of Beatles recordings.

The collection extends from June 6, 1962, which is the date of the audition that narrowly persuaded George Martin to sign the Beatles, to January 4, 1970, when Paul, George, and Ringo (John was in Denmark on holiday) recorded the final overdubs for the group's farewell album, "Let It Be." In between are the tapes of everything else, stored in red-and-white cardboard boxes the size of large telephone books. Pick a favorite Beatles song; the archives hold not only the master tape of that song as it is heard on the album but also the working tapes that trace the song's evolution from its first run-through to its polished final version. There are also lots of off-the-cuff jam sessions, arguments, horseplay, and studio chat, as well as a few songs that the general public has never heard.

Because the tapes are irreplaceable and, in effect, priceless, EMI quietly transferred them from an underground vault in West London to their own separate archives a couple of years ago, to safeguard them against theft and unauthorized copying. The door to the archives is intentionally nondescript, the sort of door a person would walk right past without thinking twice. Security is so tight that EMI's own Beatles archivist, a researcher and writer named Mark Lewisohn, is not allowed inside the archives room. In order to play selections from the archives for me during a visit to Abbey Road, Lewisohn had to send a fax days in advance listing the specific tapes we wished to hear. The tapes were delivered to an assigned studio in the morning and returned to the vault in the evening. In all, Lewisohn and I spent six days at Abbey Road listening to archives tapes of the Beatles and of the solo work of John Lennon.

Lewisohn is the only person except the Beatles (and their producers and engineers) who has heard all four hundred-plus hours of recordings in the archives. A thirty-five-year-old former finance clerk for the BBC and later a freelance music writer, he was granted this privilege in 1987, when EMI asked him to review all the tapes in the archives and catalogue their contents. For Lewisohn, who had been a devoted Beatles fan since the age of four and a half, when his mother played him their first No. 1 single, "Please Please Me," and told him that "these boys are going to go a long way," it was a joy beyond description.

Lewisohn's immersion in the archives resulted in a book called "The Complete Beatles Recording Sessions." Published in 1988, it is an indispensable companion for anyone wishing to understand how the Beatles worked in the studio. Virtually every page adds something new to the public record. Based on Abbey Road tapes and documents and on interviews with seventy-odd engineers, producers, musicians, and other participants in the sessions—most notably Paul McCartney and George Martin—the book provides extensive and authoritative information about every recording session the Beatles ever did. Lewisohn says that there are no undiscovered masterpieces buried in the archives, but he is quick to add that there are nevertheless plenty of tracks that are worth listening to.

ONE day at Abbey Road, Lewisohn arranges for the two of us to listen to the first seven takes of "A Day in the Life," the closing song on "Sgt Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band," which were recorded on January 19 and 20, 1967. It is the first time Lewisohn has heard any of the Beatles tapes since 1988, so he's as excited as I am, though the thrill of being inside the very studios his idols immortalized has long since worn off for him. We are in Room 22, the Sound to Picture Transfer facility, which boasts Abbey Road's one remaining four-track tape machine—the only machine on the premises capable of playing recordings from the nineteen-sixties.

The most poignant moment in George Martin's 1992 documentary, "The Making of Sgt. Pepper," takes place in Room 22, when Martin is discussing "A Day in the Life." "Probably the most momentous song on the album," he calls it, adding, in reference to John, "Even in this early take, he has a voice which sends shivers down the spine." He has just heard John's entranced delivery of the opening lines—"I read the news today, oh boy / About a lucky man who made the grade"—and the deep gaze on Martin's face and the slight glistening in his eyes suggest how moved Martin still is by the memory of his friend.

But the first words Lewisohn and I hear when the tape starts are John's murmured "Sugarplum Fairy, Sugarplum Fairy." This is in lieu of a proper count-in to the song—something Lennon was virtually incapable of, according to Lewisohn's "Recording Sessions." "While Paul or George's 1-2-3-4 count-ins were always appropriately sensible, John's—from the earliest surviving archive tape to the last—were anything but," he writes. "Only John Lennon could have devised so many demented ways of saying four simple numbers."

Next we hear John's acoustic guitar, strumming lightly through the song's opening bars, backed by a piano, maracas, and, later, bongos. Though the tune is recognizable as "A Day in the Life," it sounds much simpler, almost like a folk song. The goal of this first take is to get down a basic rhythm track that the Beatles can elaborate upon, but the others are still finding their way, and it is John's vocal that stands out. Heavily echoed, it is as moving as George Martin has testified, and, in contrast to the occasionally tentative backing instruments, it is perfectly controlled, the phrasing and the delivery virtually indistinguishable from those on the album.

At this point, Paul McCartney's vocal is missing, yet "A Day in the Life" is perhaps the ultimate Lennon-McCartney collaboration—a classic example of the way the songwriting style of each man perfectly complemented that of the other. Although John later said that he and Paul wrote many songs "eyeball to eyeball," especially in the early days, their usual practice by this time was for one of them to provide the missing middle or the accents for a song that the other had almost completed. Thus, in "She's Leaving Home," a song written primarily by Paul, John rounds out the lyric by forgiving the parents whose teen-age daughter has fled their oppressive grasp: "What did we do that was wrong" and "We didn't know it was wrong." And in "Getting Better" John answers Paul's cheery declaration "It's getting better all the time" with the line "It can't get no worse." But in the case of "A Day in the Life" it is Paul who makes John's composition whole. John has the melody and the story line—the verses about a man who "blew his mind out in a car," the English army that "had just won the war," and the "four thousand holes in Blackburn Lancashire"—but the song needs something more. Paul has the fragment "Woke up, fell out of bed . . ." lying around. It's agreed that its peppy portrait of the alienating hustle of modern urban life—based on Paul's memories of rushing to school in the morning—makes the ideal counterpoint to John's gently ominous, dreamlike commentary on the hollow absurdity of status, order, and worldly attachments.

The question is how to join the two parts. The orchestra's crescendo of chaos which is heard on the album has not yet been conceived of; what Lewisohn and I hear in its place, after the line "I'd love to turn you on," is the voice of Mal Evans, an assistant to the Beatles, loudly counting from one to twenty-four while Paul discordantly hammers the keyboard behind him. The purpose is to mark off the twenty-four bars that will later be filled by the still unknown link to Paul's part of the song. The account in Lewisohn's book of this exercise, and the rest of Take 1, aptly describes what he and I hear next: "And to enter into the true spirit of the Beatles recordings 1967-style, this laboured counting was plastered with tape echo, increasing with the numbers until by 24 it sounded like he was in a cave. . . . To mark the end of the middle eight overdub section an alarm clock was sounded."

Four takes are required for the Beatles to achieve a rhythm track they are pleased with, and the session devoted to these efforts lasts from 7:30 P.M. to 2:30 A.M.; apparently, most of the seven hours are devoted to untaped run-throughs aimed at finding the sound and tempo the Beatles are looking for. By Take 2, the piano is a far more confident element, no longer merely pounding out chords but fingering the climb-and-fall fills beneath Paul's still absent vocal. Take 3 breaks down after a false start, but Take 4 is a winner. This is the rhythm heard on the album: melancholy, purposeful, gathering from calm containment to resounding climax.

Lewisohn's "Recording Sessions" is full of stories of the Beatles working with Abbey Road engineers to distort their voices and instruments in fresh ways. Geoff Emerick, who once suspended a plastic-bag-encased microphone in a milk bottle filled with water in order to give John Lennon an unusual vocal sound, recalls, "The Beatles would say, 'We don't want the piano to sound like a piano, we want it to sound like a guitar. But we then want the guitar to sound like a piano.' We used to sit there thinking, Well, why play the wretched thing in the first place?"

"A lot of time in 1967 in the studios

was spent actually just trying to get sounds," George Harrison has said. "We'd spend hours and hours trying to invent sounds. Nowadays, it's pretty easy, because there's so many sounds available just by hitting a button—in fact, it's too easy."

George Martin agrees, arguing that overreliance on machinery and technology has taken the soul out of much of today's music. "All the sounds we were making in '67-'68 you can now get by pressing a button," he has said. "So people *select* rather than *create*. Nobody's *playing*, just assembling digital information, and we get a lot of sterility, which is why music is going down the pan and Nintendo and Sega are taking over."

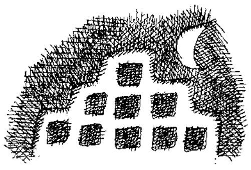
Lennon, as it happens, was particularly enamored of heavy echo on his vocals. As we listen to the last verse of Take 4, Lewisohn flicks some console knobs, the rhythm section drops out, and we hear John's voice by itself but sounding somehow expanded. "John added three vocal overdubs, with heavy echo, onto the completed rhythm track before they called it a night," Lewisohn explains. "It gives it a nice, almost choral, churchy feeling."

Meanwhile, in the back pew, two naughty boys are giggling at a private joke. Paul and George, their voices pinched into pompous, indescribably accented weirdness, are slating the next take—a task that usually falls to an engineer. Take 5, as we can barely make out before the voices dissolve into laughter, is not actually a new recording but a four-track-to-four-track "tape reduction," which is a technical procedure that clears space on the tape for additional overdubs. No one outside the studio is going to hear Paul and George's clowning, but "they devoted an entire track to that," Lewisohn says, shaking his head in bemusement.

Takes 6 and 7 are also reduction mixes, attempts to find the right blend of the already recorded rhythm and vocal tracks; Take 6 is chosen as the best. The Beatles overdub Paul's bass, Ringo's drums, Paul's vocal, and a second Lennon vocal onto Take 6 during the second session for "A Day in the Life." These additions are short of perfect, but they do bring the song very close to its final form. Someone must have taken a copy of that night's work out of the studio, because it later became available on bootleg, including a funny moment when McCartney, having botched the last line of his vocal, mutters, "Oh, shit." Lewisohn and I don't hear these overdubs, however, since they were "wiped" when the parts were retaped during the next session, two weeks later. The song is now complete except for the two twenty-four-bar gaps.

The hurricane of sound that ends up filling those gaps is the kind of innovation that people associate with John Lennon, but Lewisohn reports in "Recording Sessions" that it was actually Paul McCartney, the Beatle most involved in the alternative-art scene in London at this time, who originated the notion of bringing in an orchestra and having it go musically crazy.

Because neither Lennon nor McCartney was able to read or notate music, it was George Martin who explained what the Beatles wanted to forty outside musicians gathered at Abbey Road on the evening of February 10, 1967. The musicians were told to begin at the lowest notes their instruments could play and to end, after twenty-four bars, at the highest note they could reach in an E-major chord. Martin recalls instructing the orchestra, " 'And, whatever you do, don't listen to the fellow next to you, because I don't want you to be doing the same thing.' Of course, they all looked at me as though I was mad." Paul, who helped conduct the orchestra, says in his interview with Lewisohn, "It was interesting, because I saw the orchestra's characters. The strings were like sheep—they all looked at each other: 'Are you going up? I am!' and they'd all go up together, the leader would take them all up. The trumpeters were much wilder. . . . The jazz guys, they liked the brief. . . . But it made for a great noise, which was all we wanted."



The orchestra's opening blast sounds portentously sinister when Lewisohn and I listen to it isolated from the rest of the track, but Lewisohn reports in his book that the atmosphere at the recording session was bizarrely festive. The Beatles had requested that George Martin and the orchestra wear full evening dress for the occasion, and, on top of that, they were urged upon arrival to don silly party disguises; the leader of the violins, for example, wore a gorilla's paw on his bow hand. Afterward, the Beatles remained behind with some friends and taped four attempts at a long hum, intended as the song's coda. Lewisohn and I hear the group break down in laughter the first three times, with John teasing them, "Stop freaking out." At last, they succeed, but the hum lasts barely five seconds, a feeble anticlimax after the orchestra's huge, out-of-control buildup.

John had said that he wanted the song to rise up to "a sound like the end of the world." Finally, the Beatles hit upon the idea of simultaneously striking an E-major chord on three pianos, the sound to be drawn out as long as possible with electronic enhancement. The last sounds on the tape that Lewisohn and I are listening to come from the February 22nd session, when it takes John, Paul, Ringo, and Mal Evans nine tries before they all hit the keys at precisely the same time. When that overdub is attached to the end of the orchestra crescendo, John gets his wish. The crashing E chord, followed by fifty-three seconds of gradually dwindling reverberation, brings to mind nothing so much as the eerily spreading hush of the mushroom cloud.

"HAPPY birthday to me, happy birthday to me!" It is October 9, 1970, John Lennon's thirtieth birthday, and he is spending the evening at Abbey Road Studios recording the first studio album he will release since leaving the Beatles half a year earlier. In the background, his bandmates, Ringo Starr and the bassist Klaus Voormann, chuckle at John's tongue-in-cheek greeting to himself, but the jolly studio atmosphere is nothing like what will be heard on the finished record. Entitled "John Lennon/Plastic Ono Band," the album will shock listeners with its stripped-down production style and stark, confessional lyrics. The album's first lines refer to John's abandonment by his mother when he was a child: "Mother, you had me but I never had you / I wanted you but you didn't want me." In "Working Class Hero" Lennon sings of a world where "As soon as you're born, they make you feel small," and in "God" he declares

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that "God is a concept / By which we measure / Our pain"—a truth he feels so strongly that he sings the lines twice before delivering a litany of icons he no longer believes in, including Jesus, Elvis, and, of course, the Beatles.

"You listen to this album and you think he's almost suicidal," Lewisohn says to me as we eavesdrop on the session twenty-two years after the fact. "But actually on the tapes you hear John laugh a lot during these takes. It's been really nice for me to find out how happy these sessions were."

The most delightful moment comes when George Harrison drops in unexpectedly. John, Ringo, and Voormann are nearing the end of Take 4 of the song "Remember," but John hasn't figured out the song's ending yet, so the band keeps vamping. At last, John stops playing and interrupts the others. "O.K., O.K.," he says, laughing. "If *one* of us doesn't stop— I mean, *somebody's* got to set a pattern." An instant later, John exclaims, with real life in his voice, "George!" and Ringo chirps "Great!" as their old pal enters the studio. Harrison, who is working in a studio down the hall on his own solo album, "All Things Must Pass," is apparently carrying a slide guitar, for the tape picks up a few of its notes, and also John's question "Is it tuned to open E, then?" George answers enthusiastically, "No, it's probably F sharp, because it was strung so slack before." The tape runs out at that point, so the rest of the conversation is lost.

One of Mark Lewisohn's main activities these days is compiling a set of compact disks containing John Lennon's unreleased solo recordings. To judge from the tracks that he and I listen to during our days together inside Abbey Road, it will be a spectacular collection. There will be outtakes from all of Lennon's studio work, ranging from the "Plastic Ono Band" sessions to "Double Fantasy," the last album released during his life. Yoko Ono has given her blessing to the project, and EMI expects it to be ready for release in a year or so.

Returning to the George Harrison incident, I ask Lewisohn if it isn't odd that John, George, and Ringo sound so happy with one another in October, 1970, less than a year after what was thought to have been a very bitter breakup.

"That's a misconception," he replies. "At any given moment, they might all have cussed each other, but the real trouble was between the three of them and Paul. Ringo never fell out with John, for example, and George went on to play on John's next album, 'Imagine.' There may have been the odd moment, but in general the rift was with Paul."

It was McCartney who, in 1970, initiated the legal proceedings to dissolve the Beatles' partnership, a move that involved "suing my best mates and being *seen* to sue my best mates," he later said. "That was the worst." The breakup of the Beatles was the result of too many complex, overlapping dynamics to summarize briefly, but its proximate cause was the failure to agree on who should be their new business manager: Allen Klein (John's and, later, George's and Ringo's choice) or John and Lee Eastman (Paul's choice and, incidentally, Linda McCartney's brother and father). The disagreement resulted in a bitter impasse, and by the spring of 1969 the Beatles were heading for separation.

The final Beatles tape that Lewisohn and I listen to comes from this troubled period. Only John and Paul are present on April 14th for a hush-hush, behind-the-other-guys'-backs session. With Paul substituting for Ringo on drums, they record "The Ballad of John and Yoko," John's brisk and biting complaint that the media's hounding of him and his new wife is "gonna crucify me." In "Recording Sessions" Lewisohn writes that during this session, "despite the wranglings, arguments and bitter business squabbles so widely reported of them in 1969, John Lennon and Paul McCartney's great talent, humour, musical understanding and togetherness shone through from start to finish."

There *are* some wonderful moments on the tape. Before Take 2, John asks, "O.K., Paul?" and Paul replies, in a mock-servile voice, "Yassuh." Before Take 4, John tells Paul, "You could go a bit faster, Ringo." Paul snickers, "O.K., George." John's vocals are right on target from the start, but the song keeps breaking down, because Paul can't quite master the pause and shift in the drum pattern that whacks the song into the homestretch, right after John yells "Think!" They practice the passage separately after Take 5, but it's tricky, and when Paul misses it again, during Take 6, John sighs, "Ah, buggers." Paul finally clobbers it on Take 10, and the two longtime partners spend the rest of the six-and-a-half-hour recording session overdubbing bass, piano, lead guitars, more percussion, and McCartney's harmonies. By the end of the evening, the song gallops like a thoroughbred.

As we sit listening, Lewisohn murmurs to me, "Great musical kinship on this. They were coming apart in every other way, but they could still bury that under the music."

Well, yes, but just barely, it seems to me. Lennon and McCartney may not be chewing each other's heads off—in fact, they seem to be trying very hard to get along—but there is a forced, polite quality to their joking, and none of the enthusiastic electricity heard during earlier Beatles sessions (or during John's first post-Beatles sessions eighteen months later, for that matter). Making a record has become a job—a job that John and Paul do extremely well, but a job nevertheless. They are coming apart, and they know it.

"A HUNDRED years from now, people will listen to the music of the Beatles the same way we listen to Mozart," Paul McCartney was quoted as saying two years ago. The claim is a grand one. Indeed, some people might regard it as no less blasphemously self-important than John Lennon's notorious 1966 remark that the Beatles were more popular than Jesus.

"I suppose it is pretentious to say that the Beatles are as important as those great people in the past, and it's not *really* for us to say," George Martin says. Then, grinning, he adds, "But we will say it all the same. Because the great value of the Beatles was in their being the voice of the people, being the expression of the music of their age. The music we did together in the nineteen-sixties was the best music that was happening in those times. It was the best also of *all* music at that time. I like not to have barriers in music. So if we're talking about contemporary music we're talking about Boulez as well as the Beatles, and I claim that the Beatles were the most important writers of contemporary music. On that basis, they've got to be recognized."

But, leaving aside the Beatles' undeniable importance as a popular phenomenon, what about their *music*? Is the music alone of a stature to rank them as the Mozarts of their time?

"The music is what distinguishes the Beatles from people like Elvis Presley," Martin replies. "People don't remember Elvis Presley for 'Heartbreak Hotel' or the other songs; they remember Elvis Presley. That's the first focus—the songs come after. With the Beatles, there is their enormous songbook. It's like Gershwin. Gershwin is not remembered as a performer at all; he's remembered for his music. The Beatles have been able to combine the two things—they've got this great songbook, à la Gershwin, and they've got the great performance record, à la Presley."

Paul McCartney has observed that in the years since Lennon's murder, a myth has grown up that John was virtually the sole creative force behind the Beatles—a myth, McCartney added, that John would be the first to deflate. Certainly John was always the leader of the group. But it was above all the magical synergy created by those four young men that made the Beatles the most influential musical phenomenon of their time. "It was a brotherhood," George Martin says today. "It was like a fort, really, with four corners, that was impregnable. Nobody got inside that fort once they were together, not even Brian Epstein"—the Beatles' manager—"nor I. They had an empathy and a kind of mind-reading business, an almost kinetic energy, such that when they were together they seemed to become another dimension. It is absolutely true that the sum of the four of them was much, much greater than the sum of the individual parts."

The Beatles themselves used to say that they felt like four aspects of the same person. To an amazing degree, their collaboration cancelled out the weaknesses while magnifying the strengths of each individual member; collectively, they projected not only the finest music of their era but irresistible personal charisma. Comparisons to Mozart aside, McCartney may well be right that the Beatles' music will transcend its time and place and be enjoyed in centuries to come. But the message of the Beatles, as Lennon once said, is "Be here now." And right here, right now, their music sounds as fresh as it ever did, and ever will. ◆

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THE CRITICS

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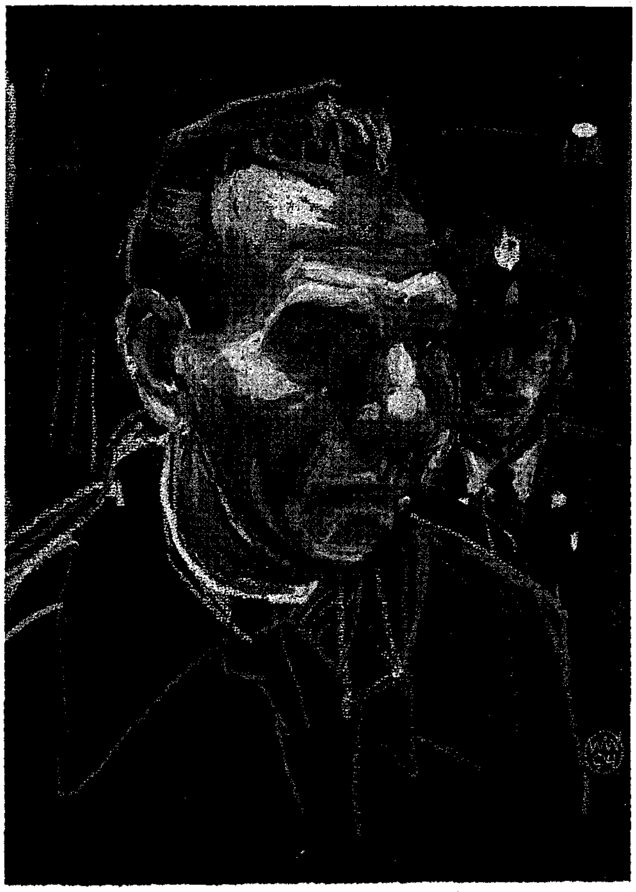
CONVICTIONS

BY TERRENCE RAFFERTY

JIM SHERIDAN'S ragged, fascinating new movie, "In the Name of the Father," is based on the autobiography of Gerry Conlon, a Belfast Catholic who spent nearly fifteen years in British prisons for a crime that he didn't commit. Conlon (played by Daniel Day-Lewis) was accused of participating in the 1974 bombing of a pub in Guildford, a town south of London; this atrocity—five people were killed—marked the beginning of an unusually intense campaign of terrorist violence in England carried out by members of the Irish Republican Army. The most significant result of the I.R.A.'s bloody deeds was confirmation of the English public's low opinion of the Irish; and the terrorists, acting in the name of patriotism, created the conditions for repressive measures that effectively denied the civil rights of Irish suspects like Gerry Conlon. A few days after a pair of pub bombings in Birmingham left twenty-one people dead, Parliament passed the Prevention of Terrorism Act of 1974, a grotesque "temporary" statute that allowed the police to detain a suspected terrorist for up to seven days without a warrant or a formal charge. (The powers granted by this act remain in force.) In effect, the police could pick up anyone they wanted to and interrogate him (or her) in any manner they chose. In the case of Gerry Conlon—a young drifter and petty thief who had been named as a Guildford conspirator in a statement forcibly extracted from his friend Paul Hill—the interrogation techniques included stripping him naked, depriving him of food and sleep, beating him, and threatening the lives of his family; the police didn't even need the full seven days to coax him into signing a confession.



Quiet strength: Pete Postlethwaite in "In the Name of the Father."

WENDY WILSON

Conlon was living in London at the time of the bombing but had never set foot in Guildford. And he hardly fit the profile of an I.R.A. commando: that organization doesn't look kindly on undisciplined lads like Gerry, whose everyday life consisted of drinking, smoking dope, betting on the horses, working odd jobs, and performing an occasional burglary. His co-defendants were equally unlikely: Hill, whose life style was similar to Gerry's; another chum from Belfast, Paddy Armstrong, who had moved to a London commune and settled into the contented, plantlike existence of a gentle acidhead; and Armstrong's teen-age English girlfriend, Carole Richardson. These aimless kids were all induced to sign self-incriminating statements—believing, undoubtedly, that their accounts were too ludicrous and contradictory to stand up in court—and so became the infamous Guildford Four, sitting helplessly in the dock at the Old Bailey as they were tried, convicted, and sentenced to long prison terms, solely on the basis of the coerced "confessions." (According to British law, a confession unsupported by other evidence can be considered sufficient proof of guilt, and the defense lawyers were unable to refute the cops' contention that the statements were obtained in a perfectly legal manner, without prodding or intimidation.) For good measure, the police arrested several of Gerry's relatives and friends, including his aunt, Anne Maguire, and his father, Guiseppe, and charged them with running a bomb factory in Mrs. Maguire's London home; the evidence against these defendants (known collectively as the Maguire Seven) was shaky, but they, too, were convicted. The juries in both cases were apparently satisfied that where there was smoke, no matter how wispy, there had to be fire.

"In the Name of the Father" argues persuasively that in the hysterical atmosphere of the mid-seventies such incriminating smoke could attach itself to and obscure the features of almost any Irish Catholic in England. The British public, in its zeal to avenge the innocent victims of the I.R.A.'s brutality, gave the police and the courts permission to suspend the inconvenient civil liberties of the accused, and the trials that resulted from this corner-cutting approach to justice were, for all their apparent decorum, barely more civilized than lynchings; in the courtroom scenes, Sheridan makes the wigs and robes of the British jurists look as sinister as Klansmen's hoods. The peculiar thing about the movie is that its journalistic-objective manner often seems at odds with the director's real concerns, which are grander and more elusive than simply dramatizing a hideous miscarriage of justice. The trial, which you would expect to be the centerpiece of Gerry Conlon's story, isn't especially memorable, because Sheridan's staging tends to blur the details of the case. What you take away from the sequence isn't a patient, scrupulous narrative of the progress of injustice but a series of hasty sketches of the participants' moods: the defendants' bewilderment, the policemen's smugness, and the prosecutors' and the judge's genteel animosity toward the prisoners in the dock.

It's clear in these passages—and in the climactic courtroom scene of the 1989 hearing that overturned the convictions of the Guildford Four—that Sheridan and his co-screenwriter, Terry George, aim to transcend the limitations of docudrama. When the filmmakers try to function as historians, the movie's energy flags. (As does its persuasiveness. Sheridan and George don't violate the essential truth of the Guildford Four and Maguire Seven cases, but they're rather cavalier about incidental facts, and their little improvements on history—such as having the two sets of defendants stand trial together—are sometimes so improbable and fanciful-seeming as to undermine

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the credibility of the whole enterprise.) "In the Name of the Father" is at its best when it operates in areas peripheral to the public record—in the odd, obscure corners of Gerry Conlon's story. Gerry's goofy-hippie existence in London before his arrest provides Sheridan with the opportunity for some flaky and sweetly evocative comedy, and he and Day-Lewis make the most of it. Gerry's delight in the early-seventies urban wonderland of sex and drugs is charming and hilarious, but the scenes are a little disturbing, too, because we've previously seen Gerry in his working-class Belfast neighborhood, pilfering scrap metal and trying to stay out of the crossfire between the I.R.A. and the Protestant authorities, and we realize that his enthusiasm for swinging London is largely simple relief at being away from the chaos of his home town. We're aware, too, that there's an edge of hopelessness to Gerry's hedonism. He clearly feels that partying in the grubby, gutted row house where Armstrong and Richardson squat is the best that life has to offer for the likes of him. When he comes into some (ill-gotten) wealth, he splurges on a white Afghan coat and platform shoes, and totters through the streets looking like a clown. Gerry's flamboyant tastelessness when he is, for once, in the money tells us a lot about the way he sees himself: he seems to be announcing to the world that prosperity just wouldn't suit him—success isn't his style.

The comic truths of these early, apparently digressive scenes pay off in a big way later in the film, after Gerry and Guiseppe (Pete Postlethwaite) have begun serving their time. Most of the film's emotional power is concentrated in the prison sequences, and Sheridan is in his element here. Everything that's important to him about the story is contained in the relationship between this father and this son; once he has them alone together in a cell, his direction, which seemed so erratic and distracted in the courtroom scenes, suddenly becomes precise and fiercely purposeful. "In the Name of the Father" slows down in prison: released from the obligation to sustain a hectic docudrama pace, the filmmakers get to work exploring their real theme, which is the intimate emotional consequences of oppression and prejudice. The potent idea that informs Sheridan's version of the Gerry Conlon story is that Gerry's false conviction is, in a metaphorical sense, a kind of self-revelatory event, a fulfillment in the guise of an accident. The British authorities' assumption of Gerry's guilt proceeds, of course, from a general disdain for Irish Catholics; and the movie shows us that the Irish don't always behave as if they were sure that the British are wrong. When Gerry gets to prison, he seems almost at home there. Although he's innocent of the crime for which he was sentenced, he doesn't feel out of place, and satisfies his need for dignity by casting himself as a good con doing his time. His willingness to take what's dished out to him is infinitely sad; it's as if there were a voice inside him telling him that this is the fate he deserves.

Guiseppe, who is frail and pious, tries to set his son straight—to instill in him the self-respect he needs in order to fight for his rights. Sheridan, with the help of Postlethwaite's subtle and unsentimental performance, makes Guiseppe's quiet strength entirely plausible, and the character's virtuousness never becomes oppressive. But thick Gerry doesn't learn his father's lessons very quickly. For a while, he's more impressed by a chillingly self-possessed I.R.A. man whose hard-bitten attitude toward prison life seems to him the last word in Irish manliness. (This character, a composite based on the actual Guildford bombers, is superbly portrayed by a newcomer named Don Baker.) Eventually, Gerry comes to understand that the I.R.A.'s brand of national pride has too much hatred mixed into it. This recognition, which dawns not long before his father's death, helps spur him to act in his own defense; he shakes off his I'm-no-good torpor, and, encouraged by an activist lawyer (played by Emma Thompson), starts demanding justice. By the end of "In the Name of the Father," we realize that Gerry Conlon has had to struggle against several kinds of false images of himself, some of which he collaborated with his oppressors in creating. As a kind of stylized morality play about the right and the wrong ways for Irishmen to respond to distorted portraits of their character, the movie is terrifically effective. The young Gerry Conlon was helpless against his interrogators; without a solid sense of his own identity, he was a miscarriage of justice waiting to happen. The fiery, defiant Gerry we see in the film's last shot no longer looks like a man who would let his persecutors tell him who he is. ♦

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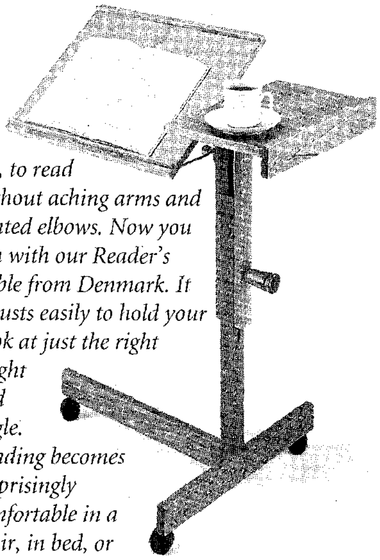

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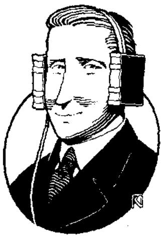

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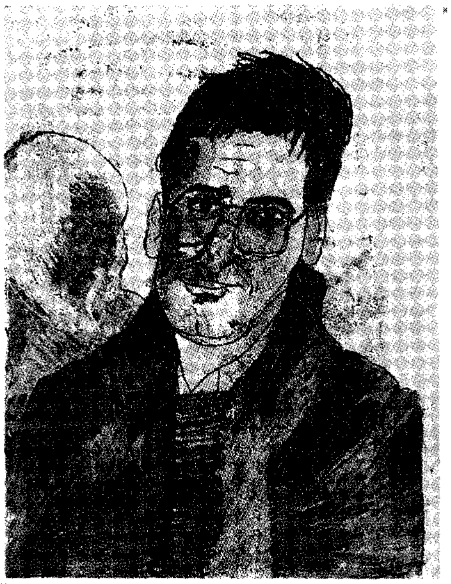
DUBLINERS

BY ANTHONY LANE

RODDY DOYLE'S fourth novel sounds great even before you open it. Singing out from the front cover, the title feels braced and ready to go: "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha" (Viking; $20.95). It makes you laugh, which is surprising—surely a title *containing* laughter is pushing its luck? But Doyle does this all the time: his books fizz with phrases like "They roared" and "A giggle ran through her, and out" and "Bimbo burst his shite laughing." By rights, you should resent this blatant signposting, but somehow you just follow instructions; far from congratulating himself on his own jokes, Doyle genuinely seems to be letting the characters loose and jumping on for the ride. In place of Joycean invisibility, the author refined out of existence, we have an author shouted down by his own creations.



Roddy Doyle hits perfect pitch in "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha."

ROBERT ANDREW PARKER

There are enough of them. Doyle sets all his tales in Barrytown, a fictional district of north Dublin, which, for all its other virtues—tolerance, initiative, Guinness—could never be described as a haven of monastic quiet. Opening his first novel, "The Commitments," was like walking into a party in full swing: you could hardly hear yourself think, and soon you stopped thinking altogether. (The Commitments were a soul band, after all.) Whole pages went by in a chorus of cursing and dropped consonants:

> —Tell us an'annyway. Are yeh in a group these days?
> —Am I wha'?
> —In a group.
> —Doin' wha'?
> —Singin'.
> —Me! Singin'? Fuck off, will yeh.
> —I heard yeh singin', said Jimmy. —You were fuckin' great.
> —When did you hear me singin'?
> —Christmas.
> —Did I sing? At the dinner dance?
> —Yeah.
> —Fuck, said Declan Cuffe. —No one told me.
> —You were deadly.
> —I was fuckin' locked, said Declan Cuffe.

This is more artful than it looks. Doyle hurries the patter along by using dashes rather than quotation marks. (I guess this makes him the Emily Dickinson of north Dublin, though she might not welcome the comparison.) The effect is to blur speech and action together, until you can't tell where one ends and the other begins. To complain that Doyle characters never do anything except talk is beside the point, because to them talking *is* doing—a moral chase, with its own brand of violence and charity, shoving the world remorselessly onward. Their closest relatives are the Bostonians of George V. Higgins, with their own essentially Irish gift of tongues. The friends of Eddie Coyle would get on famously with the friends of Roddy Doyle.

Paddy Clarke is in many ways a departure. Ten years old, a bright kid, often near the top of his class, he has almost the whole book to himself. Never before has Doyle used a first-person narrator, and it takes you a few pages to acclimatize to this singular atmosphere. Where its predecessors crackled with excess, the new book is deadpan: it doesn't chant in your face but dips into pathos and bemusement. Paddy hasn't had time to tire of the world. It's still growing on him, and he logs that growth with curt,

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rather solemn amazement, pausing every now and then to unload a newly acquired fact: "Snails and slugs were gastropods. They had stomach feet." Or "The life expectancy of a mouse is eighteen months." You laugh in recognition: if none of us can retrieve our innocence, we can all remember our eagerness to get rid of it—that ludicrous, undiscriminating appetite for scraps of knowledge. Doyle has perfect pitch for this, tuning in to the frequency of a child's mind and summoning an odd poetry out of Paddy's scrambled sensations:

> Kevin poked my eyes the way the Stooges did it—we were in the field behind the shops, all of us—and I couldn't see for ages. I didn't know about that at first because of the pain; I couldn't open my eyes. It was like all the headaches I used to get; it was like the headaches you got when you ate ice-cream too fast; it was like being hit with a soft branch across the eyes.

Where does this flawless re-creation come from? From snapshots of a real childhood, for a start: the novel is set in the late nineteen-sixties, and Doyle himself was born in 1958. Until recently, moreover, he taught English and geography at Greendale Community School, in Kilbarrack, north Dublin, where he must surely have spent his days besieged by an ululating army of Paddy Clarkes. But beyond that there is another, ancestral voice: nobody can create an Irish child without hearing the tones of Stephen Dedalus. "When you wet the bed, first it is warm then it gets cold. His mother put on the oilsheet. That had the queer smell." From the first page of "A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man" it's a short ride to page 8 of "Paddy Clarke Ha Ha Ha": "I liked halibut oil. When you cracked the plastic with your teeth the oil spread over the inside of your mouth, like ink through blotting paper. It was warm; I liked it. The plastic was nice as well." These clipped sentences betray a formidable tradition of truthtelling, a ruthless reduction of ornament brought to perfection in Ireland, barely noticed in England, and weirdly transposed into the idiom of Hemingway and the pulp novelists. It's a style that will do for kids and tough guys but nobody in between: for those who tell everything they know but don't know much, and those who know but won't tell.

Paddy Clarke is a kid who dreams of being a tough guy, and the dream springs back: "He was groaning. I got around him. I punched the side of his face; it hurt me." The book smarts with all the hurting that goes on; though Paddy is not much older by the end of the book, he is definitely a little wiser. As the tale hops from one schoolboy antic to the next—killing a rat and setting fire to it, stealing magazines from the local shop—we become aware of an unwelcome backdrop, a mist stealing in to darken Paddy's contentment, with the chaffing between his parents taking on a shriller, more fractured edge. The very structure of the book feels under threat; it is the least tightly plotted of Doyle's works, with free-floating paragraphs stirred by sequence rather than consequence, and there is a danger that readers will get irritated and start to skim, hardly aware that the tale is drifting toward its submerged climax. Paddy's naughtiness shades into delinquency, although he himself can hardly tell the difference, let alone give a reason; he catches unhappiness off those closest to him, the very people who are supposed to make him happy. When the title finally comes into play, on the penultimate page, the "Ha ha ha" is not a laugh at all but a public mockery of a fatherless son.

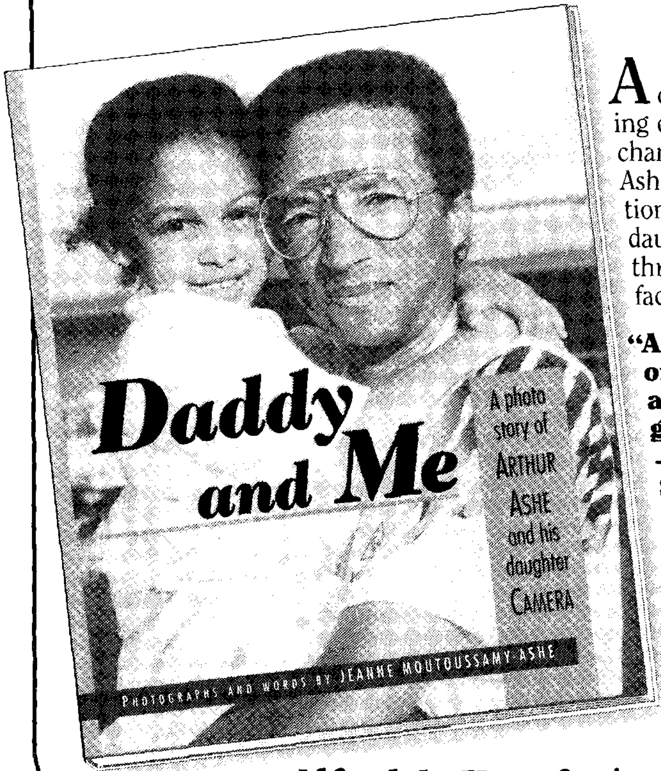
All this is delicately handled, and it's hard to cavil at Doyle's achievement; but I must confess to nostalgia for the days when he put that delicacy to rougher uses. Most people were first turned on to Roddy Doyle by the 1991 movie of "The Commitments," and, more recently, by Stephen Frears' tender and ebullient version of "The Snapper," Doyle's second novel. He is a gift to the cinema, with his ready-made chunks of dialogue and the solid geography of his settings. But you could say the same of Elmore Leonard, and look at the hash the movies made of *him*. What gives Doyle the edge? It can't be his plots, which are hardly plots at all but, rather, humdrum events that take root and spread through a community: band discovers soul, girl has baby. But the life of that community, as in old Hollywood musicals, feels non-stop yet honorable: it bristles with folk who shock us by persisting in thinking well of each other, as Doyle does of them. His critics argue that this is no more than thinly veiled sentimentality, a complacent belief that, whatever happens, Irish eyes will carry on smiling around the clock. But you never get the sense of Doyle laying anything on us, and the characters themselves tend to mock each other's aspirations and check any fuzziness of feeling before it gets out of hand; that was certainly the guiding principle of the Rabbitte household, home to his first three novels. Here is Jimmy Rabbitte's dad, Jimmy Sr., breaking down in front of his daughter in "The Snapper":

> He pulled the sleeve of his jumper over his fist and wiped his eyes with it.
>
> —Sorry, Sharon.
>
> He looked at her. She looked as if she didn't know how she should look, what expression she should have on.
>
> —Em—I don't know wha' to fuckin' say. —That's the first time I cried since your granny died. Hang on; no. I didn't cry then. I haven't cried since I was a kid.
>
> —You cried last Christmas.
>
> —Sober, Sharon. Drunk doesn't count.

Only the best novelists have the nerve to do this: set people on the track of firm feelings and then pull them off, distract the flow of tears with second thoughts. A sentimentalist presumes that we follow our hearts even when they are not worth pursuing; an empiricist like Doyle knows that hearts run on devices as well as desires, and prefers to think of us as scruffy emotional tacticians. His stories are more, not less, moving for this: Jimmy Sr.—a bit player in "The Commitments," a reluctant grandfather in "The Snapper," and finally the central figure in "The Van"—is a touching study in frustration and semi-articulated love. When he loses his job as a builder, we get the full force of human redundancy, of time and effort drooping uselessly in his hands. The relish of plain pleasures, always acute in Barrytown, takes on a new and elegiac sting:

> My God, he'd never forget the taste of the first cup of tea in the morning, usually in a bare room in a new house with muck and dirt everywhere, freezing; fuck me, it was great; it scalded him on the way down; he could feel it all the way. And the taste it left; brilliant; brilliant.

That is an object lesson in *style indirect libre,* trickiest of all narrative immersions—the capacity to describe a character's environment as he would describe it himself. To get the point of Doyle's heroes, you don't need a taste for Dublin, or soccer, or foul language, though these are the prime components of their lives; all you really need is an appreciation of the word "brilliant." Jimmy's tea is brilliant, Paddy has a teacher who is brilliant at football, and James Brown singing "Get Up (I Feel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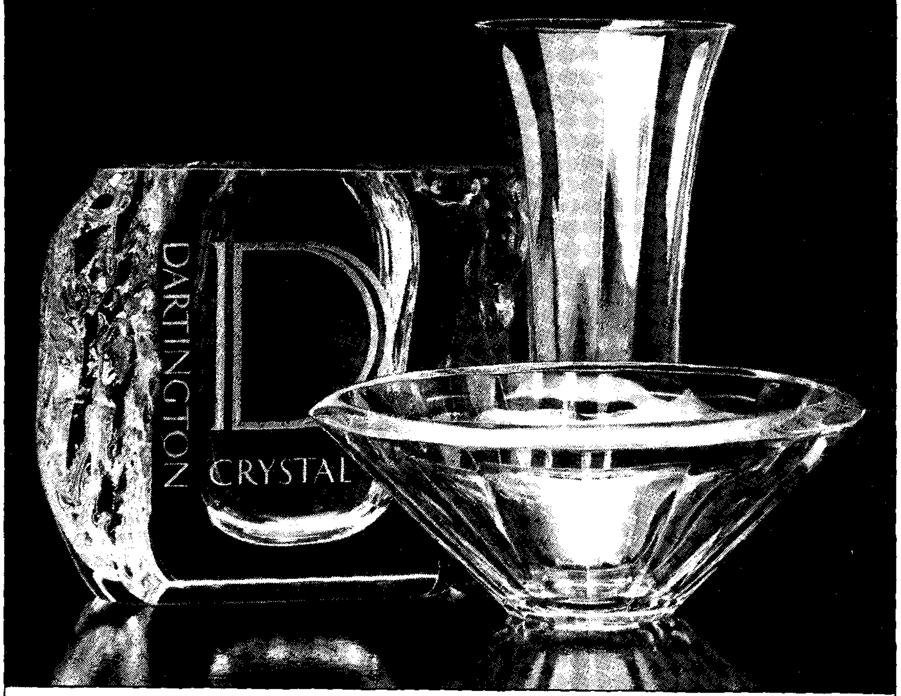

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Like Being a) Sex Machine" is, it goes without saying, fuckin' brilliant.

This is typical Doyle procedure; the more a word is bounced around in common use, the more eagerly he reaches out to grab it for himself. Not for him the patient crossbreeding of phrases, the Nabokovian chuckle of joy as one nets a rare adjective on the wing. In Doyle's world, indeed, a new word poses a bit of a threat. When the pregnant Sharon Rabbitte complains that her uterus is pressing on her bladder, her father is taken aback: "I don't want to hear those sort o' things, Sharon, he said. —It's not righ' ." Paddy Clarke goes one better: he gets a kick out of using long words for the first time, often without a clue to what they mean. "Renegade renegade renegade!" he and his friends shout. "Substandard substandard substandard!" Even more invigorating is the panic-stricken plunge into an oath:

> Fuck was the best word. The most dangerous word. You couldn't whisper it. . . . When it escaped it was like an electric laugh, a soundless gasp followed by the kind of laughing that only forbidden things could make, an inside tickle that became a brilliant pain, bashing at your mouth to be let out. It was agony. We didn't waste it.

The agony is ecstasy: Paddy is on the brink of the great Celtic discovery that bad language is good for you, that foul mouths clean the air.

There's something cheerily democratic about this conviction, which brushes aside any warnings you may have heard about the sick state of English. Doyle has heard this language for himself—in the classroom, on the streets—and he can vouch that it's alive and well. Eliot once pointed out that "an artisan who can talk English beautifully while about his work or in a public bar, may compose a letter painfully written in a dead language bearing some resemblance to a newspaper leader." The language of most contemporary fiction is, by these standards, close to death, so we might as well rejoice when we meet the living thing. Roddy Doyle is that rare species: the artisan who comes home from the public house and makes art from what he heard there. The Commitments played soul because, as one of them said, "anyone with a bin lid can play it. —It's the people's music." But they were hardly needed; the people were making enough music as it was. ♦

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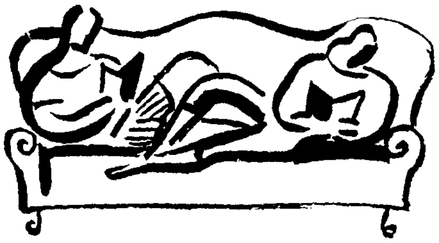


BOOKS BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

The Robber Bride

by Margaret Atwood

(Doubleday; $23.50)

ONE of Atwood's refreshing characteristics as a feminist writer is her unapologetic interest in female cruelty—an interest that runs gleefully unchecked through her eighth novel. In this fairy tale of feminine bad behavior, petite Tony is a military historian who gives lectures on spontaneous massacres and subscribes to *Jane's Defence Weekly*. Charis works for a spiritual-novelty shop and lives on an island in the Toronto harbor, where she can view the wicked city from a pleasingly blurring distance. Roz runs her own company and tears around town in her Mercedes, throwing money and chatter at the problems in her life. These three heroines have nothing in common except that they have all been betrayed by the same enemy: the cunning, stunning, and spectacularly evil Zenia, who won their trust, stole their men, and casually destroyed their lives—mostly, it seems, for the hell of it. This shared trauma makes them fast friends, and when Zenia is blown up in Beirut they can't stay away from the funeral. Imagine their dismay when, five years later, this goddess of destruction materializes during their monthly lunch at the Toxique, her breasts and cheekbones as high as ever. This time the women decide to fight back, but in order to prevail they must examine their earlier tactical blunders—ask themselves why, exactly, they first opened their doors to Zenia and invited her to come sit by the fire.

ON WAR

A History of Warfare

by John Keegan

(Knopf; $27.50)

THE tenth book by Keegan, the author of "The Face of Battle," is a masterpiece properly so called: the summing up and synthesis of a career's preoccupations. Here is the story of why men fight, how they fight, and why they fight differently in different times, along with speculations on whether fighting is something they do because they are men or something they will do only as long as they convince themselves that it is manly. Although the book is dense, at times almost donnish, in its detail (in a discussion of Attila we are introduced to "Maenchen-Helfen, the most meticulous collator of Hunnish data"), it is not a compendium but a history with an original and sharply argued thesis. Keegan wants to demonstrate that Clausewitz's widely accepted attempt to reduce warfare to politics—to see battle-making as an extension of policy-making—is fatally flawed. For his part, Keegan sees warfare as an autonomous cultural activity that generates a world view and a momentum of its own. "War embraces much more than politics," Keegan argues. "It is always an expression of culture, often a determinant of cultural forms, in some societies the culture itself." This is one of those rare books which could still be required reading in its field a hundred years from now.

For Our Beloved Country: American War Diaries from the Revolution to the Persian Gulf

edited by Speer Morgan and Greg Michalson

(Atlantic Monthly; $27.50)

THE diarists whose writings are excerpted here were mostly from the ranks, six men and one woman (a nurse, an expert on yellow fever, in the Spanish-American War) who experienced their particular wars from very close up. Although all were committed to the cause they fought for, they were liberal with their gripes—especially sixteen-year-old Joseph Martin, who saw his service in the Revolutionary War as one long struggle with starvation. Little is said about patriotic ideals in these down-to-earth factual accounts, and none of them display any particular literary flair, but young George Sargent, a bugler with the First New England Cavalry, was a sharp and articulate observer. This is his comment on President Lincoln's appearance at a review of the Army of the Potomac: "I must say he is the most awkward looking figure on horseback I ever saw, long legs, dangling down most to the ground, his body bent forward, looking as though he was about to pitch headlong, and an old stovepipe hat many years behind the fashion." Sargent then adds, "I could not help but notice how pale, haggard, and careworn he looked, as though there was a heap of trouble on the old man's mind."

Atomic Harvest: Hanford and the Lethal Toll of America's Nuclear Arsenal

by Michael D'Antonio

(Crown; $22.50)

THIS book tells the harrowing story behind the recent revelations about Hanford, the federal nuclear facility that was built in 1943 in eastern Washington state to produce plutonium for the Manhattan Project and is estimated by the author to be the most radioactively and chemically contaminated site in the Western world. In the mid-nineteen-eighties, local reporters began piecing together government documents about Hanford and the medical records and eyewitness accounts of nearby farmers, who suffered inexplicably high rates of cancer, thyroid problems, and birth defects, and who had watched scientists obsessively testing the soil on their land, not long before their livestock began giving birth to bizarrely deformed offspring (one farmer called them "the little demons"). D'Antonio chronicles the attempts to keep from the public the dirty secrets of Hanford's deliberate releases of radiation—hundreds of times the amount released during the Three Mile Island accident—and the sloppy safety practices encouraged by Reagan's manic military buildup. Ultimately, the journalists, the "downwinders," and a Hanford whistle-blower together created a firestorm of publicity, which resulted in the closing of Hanford's reactor and the exposure of similar conditions at other facilities. Although the prose is marred by the occasional cliché, and the lack of citations raises some questions, "Atomic Harvest" is a compelling analysis of this country's tragic Cold War with itself. ♦

SHOUTS AND MURMURS

UNPLUGGED

BY CALVIN TRILLIN

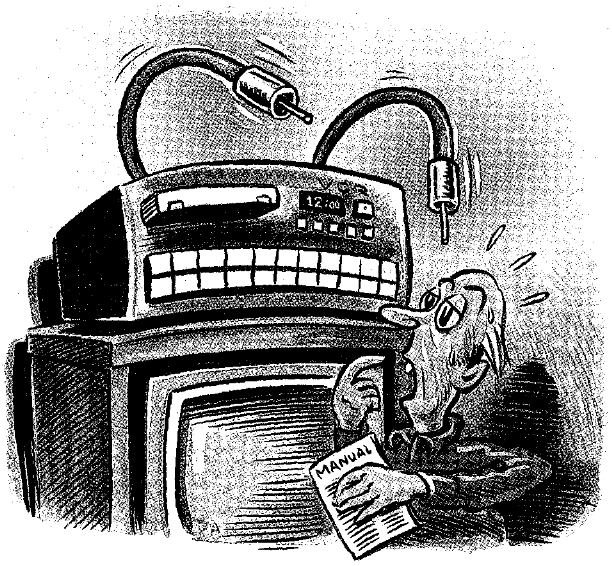
A DAY or two after the Webers' son, Jeffrey, aged twenty-six, finally moved out of the house, they realized that they had lost the ability to tape. I heard about this from my friend Horace, who seems to specialize in stories about our contemporaries—people who are in that awkward phase between the end of paying tuition and the beginning of playing with grandchildren. Very few of those people are much good with a VCR.

Until Bennett and Linda Weber discovered the effect that Jeffrey's move had on their taping operation, Horace told me, they had been pleased by his departure. It wasn't that they weren't fond of Jeffrey, who had always been a bright and sweet-tempered boy. It was simply that, as Linda Weber sometimes put it, "if Jeffrey's going to find himself, it would probably help for him to look somewhere other than his own room."

Jeffrey, who sometimes worked as a technician for avant-garde theatre productions, had moved into a cheap railroad flat found by his college friend Jason, who was clerking at a record store while he carried on what he somtimes referred to as his true life's work—trying to decide whether to go on to graduate school. Helen, the third roommate, was working as a waitress while she took acting lessons, although she made it clear that the object of the lessons had never been a career in the theatre.

Since not just Jeffrey but all three roommates were sometimes described as trying to find themselves, Bennett Weber sometimes referred to them collectively as "The Lost Patrol," the name of his favorite old Victor McLaglen movie—which was, ironically, the movie he was about to copy off one of the cable channels until he realized that Jeffrey was the only person in the family who knew how to tape from the excruciatingly complicated cable box.

"I had a lot of sympathy with his predicament," Horace said. "I don't know if you've ever tried taping off one of those cable boxes without a kid around, but it's no joke. The other night, I figured I'd tape 'Charade,' with Cary Grant and Audrey Hepburn, and I found myself trying to hold three different remote-control gizmos, plus the instructions. I finally put everything down and called my daughter in Phoenix."



I counted my blessings: I have a daughter who lives just around the corner. "So what did Bennett do?" I asked.

"He called Jeffrey, of course, who printed out instructions for taping that even Bennett could understand, and took them over there. Jeffrey's O.K. I wouldn't call him highly motivated, but he's O.K."

"If he has an extra copy of those instructions, I wouldn't mind seeing it," I said. "Just out of curiosity."

"The next time Bennett called Jeffrey," Horace continued, "Jeffrey said, 'What happened, Pop? You lose the instructions and now there's a Lawrence Welk retrospective you want to save for posterity?' The kid's clever. Anyway, that wasn't the problem at all. The problem was that the Webers' answering machine got unplugged, and Bennett didn't know how to reset the access mechanism."

"I think there's a little thing in the back," I mumbled. "The last time that happened to ours, my daughter happened to be home using the washer, so naturally . . ."

"So Jeffrey went right over and reset the access mechanism," Horace said. "And while he was there he showed Bennett how to set the alarm on his digital watch. Bennett can now do it himself perfectly."

"It sounds like Jeffrey might have a gift for helping pre-microchip people survive," I said.

"Exactly what Bennett and Linda thought," Horace said. "And out of that came Jeffrey's company—TechnoKlutz Ltd. He does an in-home course on how to work your machines. Most of his customers are people whose kids have just moved out. He's doing so well he might franchise."

"The Webers must be proud of him," I said.

"They are," Horace said. "In fact, Linda told him that a big executive like him shouldn't be living in a crummy railroad flat. She's hoping that he'll move back home." ♦

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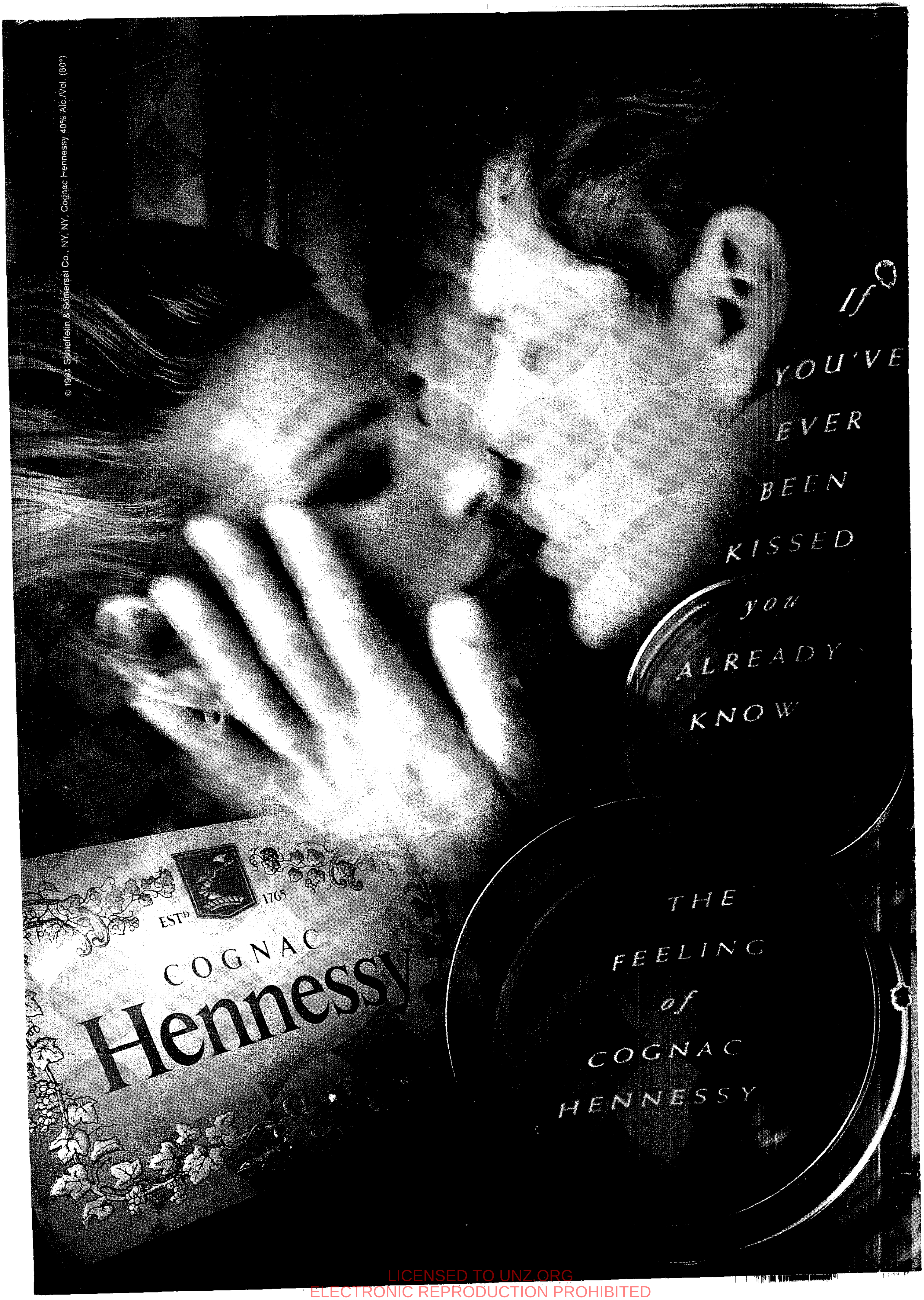
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